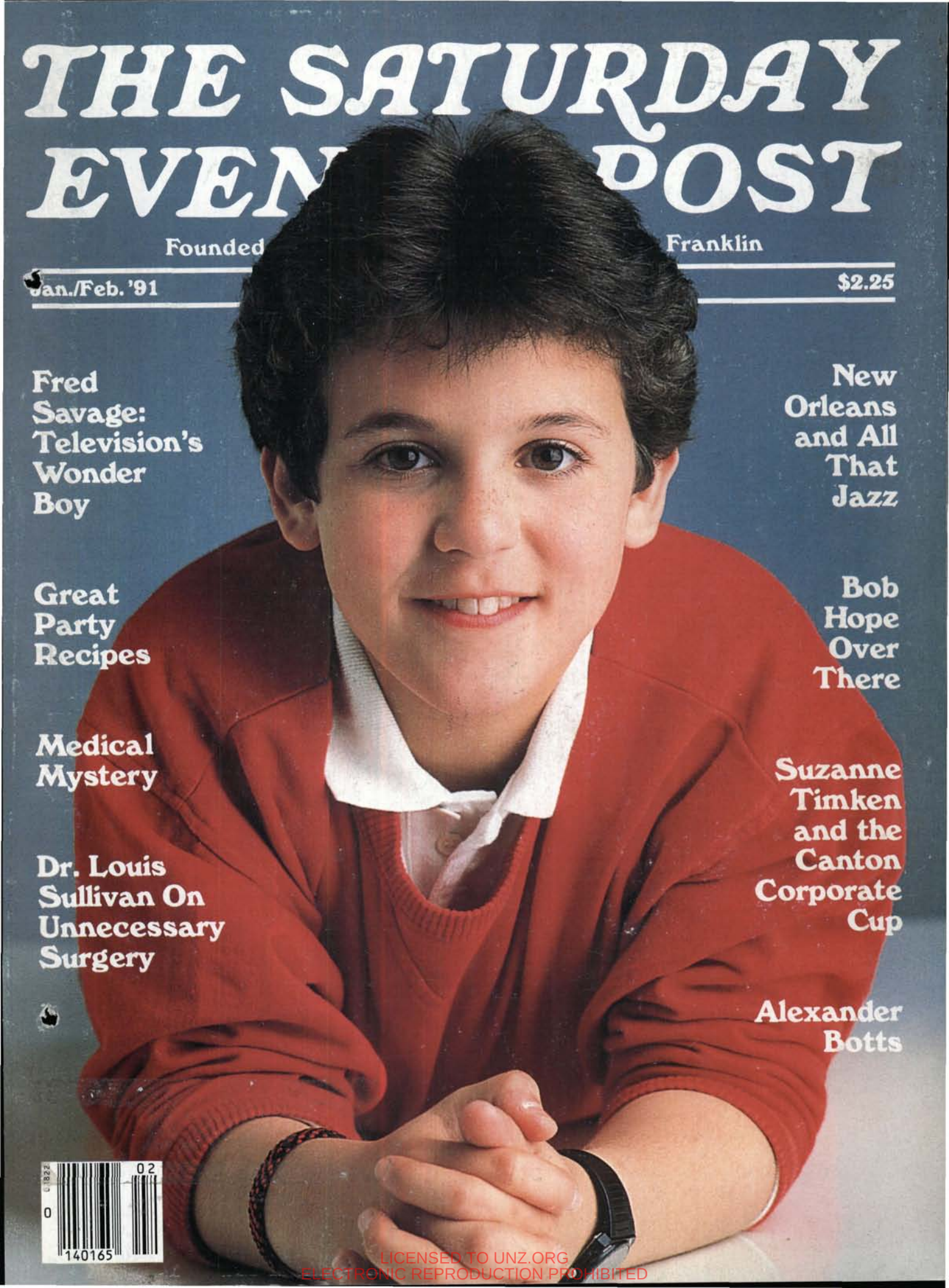
# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded [illegible] Franklin

Jan./Feb. '91 $2.25



Fred Savage: Television's Wonder Boy

New Orleans and All That Jazz

Great Party Recipes

Bob Hope Over There

Medical Mystery

Suzanne Timken and the Canton Corporate Cup

Dr. Louis Sullivan On Unnecessary Surgery

Alexander Botts

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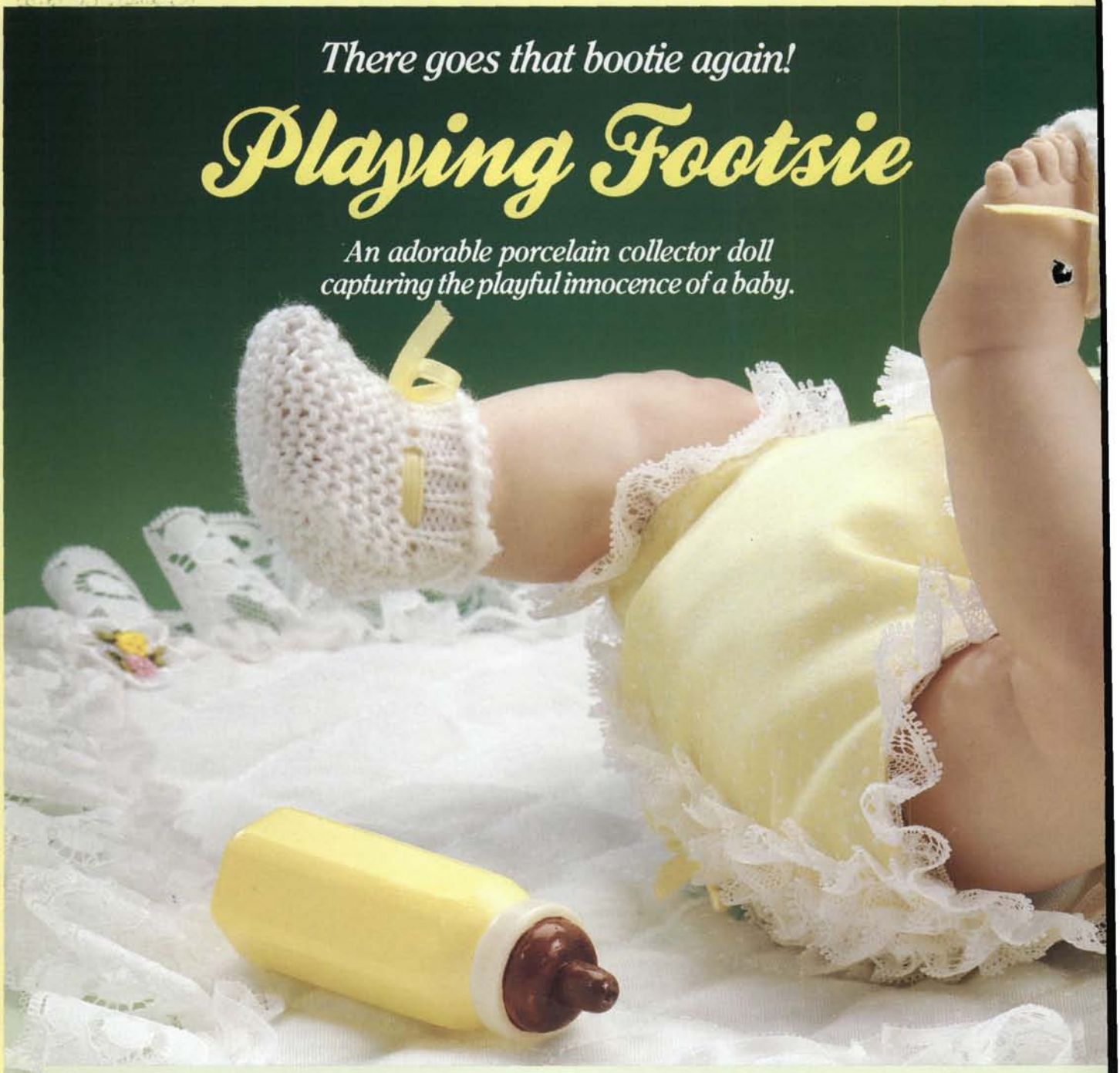
*There goes that bootie again!*

# Playing Footsie

*An adorable porcelain collector doll capturing the playful innocence of a baby.*



Quick…come and see what the baby's doing! Watch the sweet little face beam with excitement and delight, as baby pulls its bootie off and wiggles its tiny pink toes! It's an enchanting sight proud parents will cherish forever.

Now, this moment of playful innocence has been captured in a precious new porcelain doll—*Playing Footsie.*

*An extraordinarily lifelike baby doll.*

Superbly sculpted in a remarkably lifelike pose, the baby actually seems to be captured in motion. Just look at that exuberant expression, those chubby legs and the dimpled hand tugging at the bootie! The baby's head and limbs are crafted from fine bisque porcelain to reflect every adorable detail. Its precious features are painted entirely by hand. Notice the radiant complexion and rosy knees. Even the baby's eyebrows are delicately colored to match its wispy blond hair. From head to toe, *Playing Footsie* is a rare collecting treasure!

*Meticulously dressed and diapered.*

*Playing Footsie* comes dressed in a fine hand-tailored two-piece outfit. The jacket is lavishly trimmed with lace and accented with dainty bows of green satin ribbon. The charming pants are adorned with a wide lace ruffle. Underneath, the baby wears a delicate white camisole and a soft cloth diaper fastened with real safety pins! Completing the outfit are those adorable knitted booties, adorned with satin ribbons.

*Charming accessories complete the endearing scene.*

*Playing Footsie* comes with its own quilted blanket, bordered with eyelet lace and decorated at each corner with dainty hand-stitched roses. A miniature baby bottle is included too—all at no additional charge.

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Doll shown actual size.

the Danbury Mint

47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, Conn. 06857

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*Surprisingly affordable; satisfaction guaranteed.*

*Playing Footsie* is offered at the remarkable price of just $79.50, payable in three monthly installments of $26.50 which you may charge to your MasterCard or VISA, if you prefer. Available exclusively from the Danbury Mint, your doll includes all accessories as shown, plus a serially-numbered Certificate of Ownership. If you are not delighted, you may return your doll within 30 days of receipt for replacement or a full refund.

The joyful innocence of *Playing Footsie* will delight your family and friends for many years to come. To reserve your doll, please complete and return the Reservation Application today!

RESERVATION APPLICATION

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

**Playing Footsie**

Please return promptly.

Please accept my reservation for *Playing Footsie*, a hand-painted baby doll with head, arms and legs of bisque porcelain. The quilt and baby bottle will be included at no additional cost.

I need send no money now. I will pay for my doll in three monthly installments of $26.50* each, the first to be billed prior to shipment. If not completely satisfied, I may return the doll within 30 days for a replacement or full refund.

*Plus any applicable sales tax and $1.25 shipping and handling.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Charge each installment to my: ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Discover

Credit Card Number _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

All orders subject to acceptance.
Allow 8 to 12 weeks after initial payment for shipment.

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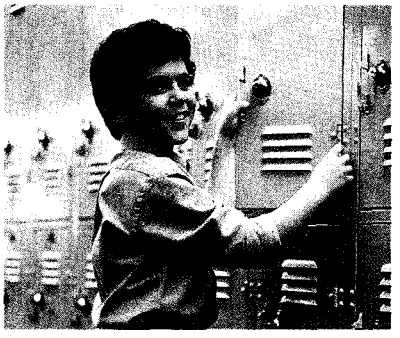

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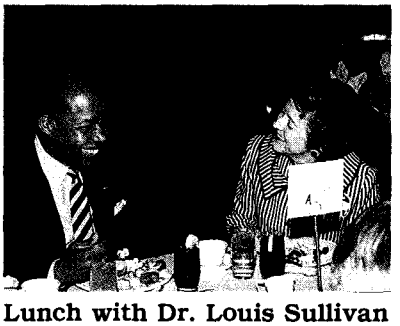

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728

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a division of THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LITERARY & MEDICAL SOCIETY

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(Cover photo courtesy of ABC)


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# If you don't, buy this box.

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in one Crunchy Taste.
Multi Bran Chex.®
Brand Cereal

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- Rice Bran
- Corn Bran

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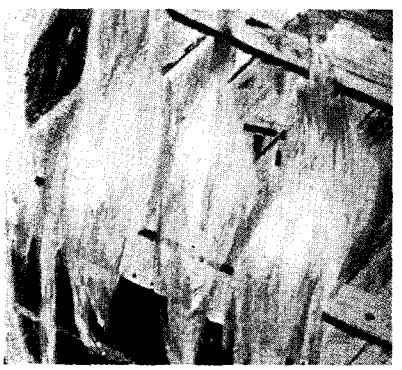
**Thanks for the Memories**—of Bob Hope as he recalls some hilarious highlights from his celebrated U.S.O. tours. **62**



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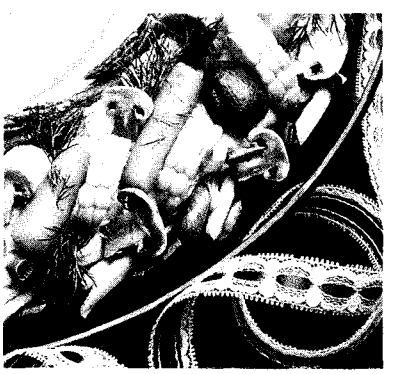

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# Letters

## Write On

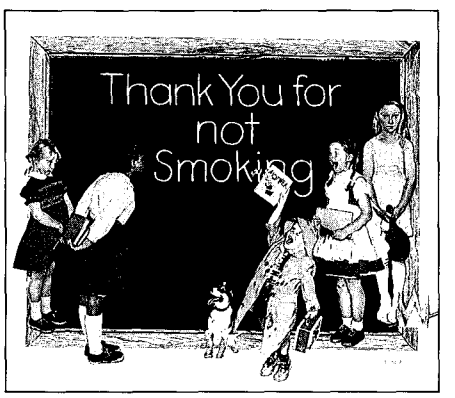
You might be interested to know I grew up in the Philadelphia area in the '30s and early '40s, and I sold *Saturday Evening Post*'s door-to-door for 5¢ a copy. One year I even won a trip to Washington to attend one of the inaugurals of President Roosevelt. Having received an MBA from the Wharton School, I get all the news releases on Benjamin Franklin celebrations, and his recent 200-year bequest to the cities of Boston and Philadelphia. You deserve a lot of credit and admiration for carrying on the tradition of "good" writing that is wholesome, witty, worthwhile, and with wisdom, Ben Franklin-style!

Keep up your good work.

*Dr. Clifford Craft*
Malibu, California

## No Smoking, No Kidding

I was reading your column in the September '90 issue, and I came across an article about smoking




around infants. I enjoyed the article because I have about the same problem. I don't allow anyone to smoke around my two-year-old son. My son's grandparents can't understand why I don't want anyone to smoke around him. They think I'm just being difficult.

I was wondering if I could possibly have you send me a "thank you for not smoking" poster for my son's room. I would really appreciate it.

*Sheila Fahey*
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

## Well-read Presbyterian

The *Post* arrived at 11:30 a.m. today; within two hours, the article "The Presbyterian's Dynamic New

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In full color on fine china
Actual diameter: 6½ inches
1989 Pickard

BRADFORD EXCHANGE RECOMMENDATION APPROVED

# An enchanting portrait of nature's tiny winged jewel... a Bradford Exchange recommendation

Amazing. Iridescent. Like a sparkling jewel, the ruby-throated hummingbird darts among the snow-white lilies in an endless quest for nectar.

Now, the beauty of this elusive charmer has been captured in a limited-edition plate, "Ruby-throated Hummingbird and Lilies," created by award-winning wildlife artist Cyndi Nelson and hallmarked by Pickard, Inc. And like exceptional first issue plates that now command hundreds of dollars on the plate market, "Ruby-throated Hummingbird and Lilies" appears well positioned to go up in value after the edition closes.

Not every plate goes up in value; some go down. But the edition of "Ruby-throated Hummingbird and Lilies" is strictly limited to a maximum of 150 firing days, and demand has already been strong. So if you wish to obtain this plate at the $29.00 issue price, the time to act is now. To order your plate – fully backed by our one-year money-back guarantee – send no money now, simply complete and mail the coupon at right.

©1990 BGE

PHB-154

## Order Form

The Bradford Exchange
Trading Floor
9345 Milwaukee Avenue
Chicago, IL 60648

Please respond by: February 28, 1991

Please enter my order for "Ruby-throated Hummingbird and Lilies." I understand I need SEND NO MONEY NOW. I will be billed the $29.00 issue price, plus $3.19 postage and handling, when my plate is shipped. (Limit: one plate per customer.)

X _____
Signature

_____ (  )  _____
Name (Please Print) Telephone

_____
Address

_____
City State Zip

5171-E91501

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Leader" was read and read again.

I am the "Daughter of the Manse," and although I never was elected to G.A., I kept an interest in it. I am a "retired Deacon," living in a home started by Presbyterians.

May God bless you as you explain the various faiths of our nation.

An excellent, clean publication!

*Camille Lavender*
Knoxville, Tennessee

### Gotcha!

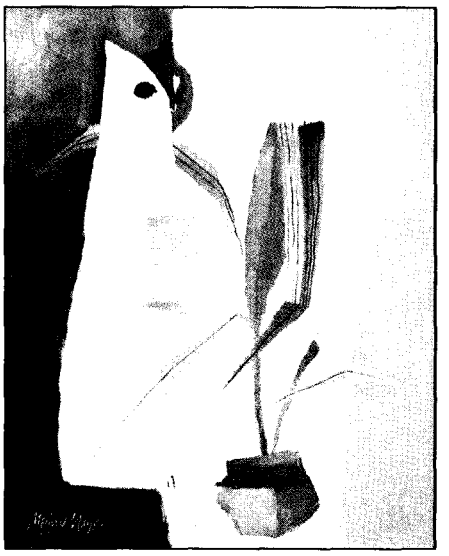
Thank you for your July/August issue. I literally couldn't put it down. I was in the local library at the time. In particular, "Saying No To Fat," was quite good. My wife's triglyceride level is high, so the sidebar on them was quite helpful to her in increasing her understanding. The cover story was excellent also (Go, Arnold!).

You should know I've become a subscriber as a result of the July/August issue. I'll be looking forward to more exciting issues to come. Congratulations on living up to your reputation. I may even submit some work to you at some point. I'm a writer (fiction, non-fiction) with a journalism degree and some newspaper experience.

*Ron Houssaye*
Lodi, California

### In Praise of Mayer

I enjoyed your article on a most talented artist, Meinrad Mayer (September 1990). I was especially taken



***Leaves of Grass*, by Meinrad Mayer**

by *Leaves of Grass*, 1960.

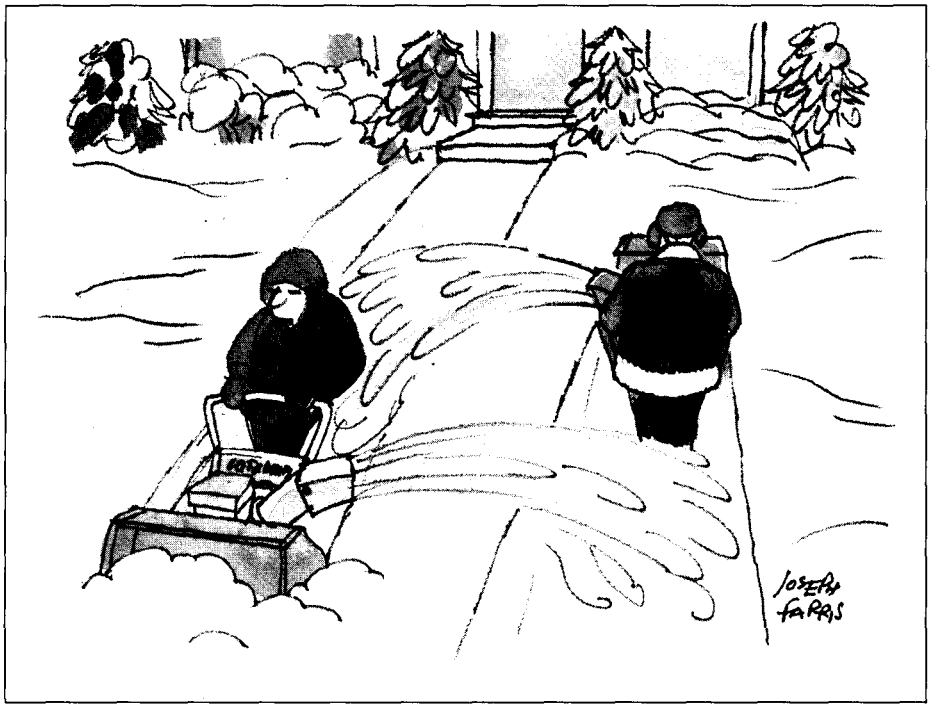
Please advise if these paintings are available as prints. Also if available, where can they be purchased?

*Josephine Luppino*
Fircrest, Washington

*Editor's note: 16"x 20" prints of Meinrad Mayer's* Leaves of Grass, *are available for $24.95. Write to American Illustrators Hall of Fame, P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46206.*

### No Hamburger Helper

I've attended many postgrad conferences by our Dr. Anderson (University of Kentucky—next door), most recently one on lipid metabolism.




You people at the *SatEvePost* are doing a great job. It's a little late for me, but I'm trying to teach my children to keep their children out of McDonald's. Interestingly, one speaker described the golden arches of McDonald's to the gates of heaven.

*Robert C. Bateman*
Danville, Kentucky

### Post In The Pulpit

I like *The Saturday Evening Post.* is well done and the jokes are the greatest. I can use them in my preaching. I was a P.G.J. delivery boy for about five years—circa 1915-22—in the little village of Converse, South Carolina, and Clifton and Cowpens. My father was a dentist and delivered to three to four customers at his office in Clifton, South Carolina. I made my first money as a P.G.J. merchant. Thank you for a fine magazine. I read it all. God Bless thee and all thy staff.

*Kenneth Little John Hamilton*
North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

### Kissing Cousins

Your article by Norman Cousins was outstanding. Like many Americans, I salute Professor Cousins for being a role model.

Two weeks ago, I watched Dr. Annette Goodheart on a morning talk show. I had never heard of her, but was truly impressed by her "Laugh Your Way to Health." I have been trying everywhere to get her audio-visual tape, but without success.

Could you please tell me where I can obtain this tape?

Thank you. Keep on with your magnificent magazine.

*Dr. Michael Alony*
Long Beach, New York

*Editor's note: For a free brochure of video and audiocassettes by Dr. Annette Goodheart, write to: Dr. Annette Goodheart, P.O. Box 682, Aptos, California 95001-0682 or call (408) 688-6937.*

### No Can Do

Courtesy of a friend, I just read the October '90 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and enjoyed it very much. Especially the recipes.

And I enjoyed the cartoons, until I noticed McPherson's "It's recycled aluminum siding," contained Pepsi cans. For your information, Pepsi does not use aluminum cans. Thought you would want to know, and not give

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# PEEK INSIDE MY PERSONAL DIARY!

Officially authorized by creator Jim Davis

Shown smaller than actual size of 8¼" in diameter.

the Danbury Mint

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## The GARFIELD Collector Plate
## The Charming Cat

**d limited first edition orated with 23kt gold.**

ust the mention of his gh to make you smile. ot-bellied orange cat is as familiar to most Americans as Santa Claus. Now you can bring GARFIELD into your home on a delightful new collector plate issued exclusively by the Danbury Mint.

"The Charming Cat" is a delightful scene which only Jim Davis could capture with such extraordinary appeal and charm. A wide-eyed GARFIELD records the events of another exciting day in his diary. Today was particularly *memorable, because he met someone* oddly familiar...and very attractive! He begins his inscription: "Dear Diary... I met a charming cat in the mirror this morning."

### A Limited First Edition Lavishly Decorated with 23kt Gold

To give America's best-loved cat a fitting showcase, the plate will be decorated with two bands of precious 23kt gold. The "Dear Diary" inscription will also appear in gleaming gold, as will GARFIELD's personal seal of approval — his famous pawprints!

Your plate will be serially numbered and accompanied by a personalized Certificate of Authenticity. The size of the edition will be limited to the production capacity of 14 firing days.

### No Obligation — No Risk

"The Charming Cat" is your first plate in a new series called GARFIELD'S DIARY. Each issue will feature a Jim Davis work which has never before appeared on a collector plate. With each plate, you'll get a peek inside GARFIELD's secret diary. You'll share his innermost thoughts about eating, sleeping, avoiding exercise, and much more!

When you acquire "The Charming Cat" you will have the option — *but not the obligation* — to collect all subsequent plates in this exclusive series...decorated just like this plate! Furthermore, under our *100% Unconditional Guarantee*, you may return any plate for replacement or refund within 30 days.

### Reply Now for Lowest Serial Number

Everyone loves GARFIELD! And we expect the demand for "The Charming Cat" to be *particularly* high since it is a first edition *and* the first work from Jim Davis' popular GARFIELD'S DIARY series to become available on a collector plate. Serial numbers will be assigned as orders are received, so send in yours today!

GFP
The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
P.O. Box 4900
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

**Please reply by February 28, 1991**

48
*Limit: two plates per collector*

Please accept my reservation for "The Charming Cat" as described in this announcement. I wish to reserve ____ (1 or 2) plate(s) at $24.95 each (plus $2.95 shipping and handling—total $27.90*).

Check ☐ *My check or money order is enclosed.*

One: ☐ Charge my credit card at the time of shipment:
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ Amer. Express

Credit Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature: _____

Name: _____
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Name to Print on Certificate (if different from above):

_____

*Allow 4 to 8 weeks for shipment.*

*Residents of the following states add the amount shown per plate to include sales tax—CA $1.74, CT $2.23, FL $1.67, IL $1.74, MN $1.67, NC $1.40, NE $1.40, NY $1.12, OH $1.40, TN $2.16, TX $2.30. (Any local tax will be billed with shipment.)

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credit where it is definitely not due.

*Nicki Elliott*
Atlanta, Georgia

### Among The Viceless Publications

Cigarettes, alcohol, and sex. In the 13 publications that I receive on a regular basis, from three newspapers to the *SEP*, only the *SEP* and three others are devoid of ads for the above.

Just as a letter writer in the October issue is doing, so too will I let the subscriptions expire on all but these four viceless publications.

Forget what we as adults want to entertain us. The fact is that adults are always setting an example for tomorrow's grownups. Thank God for the few publications such as the *SEP* which are showing a moral commitment to us and our children. And thank you, *SatEvePost*!

Also I very much enjoyed Norman Katkov's "Kid Brother." It was absolutely beautiful!

*David R. Campbell*
Royal Palm Beach, Florida

### A Plug For Annie and Glencannon

I have read with interest the various letters congratulating you on the revival of the Alexander Botts stories.

Since I am now 74 years old, I also grew up with *The Saturday Evening Post*, as part of my family tradition.

There were many other memorable stories in the *Post*, like Tugboat Annie, and especially the Glencannon stories.

Alexander Botts may appeal to some of the other old timers, but these stories always seemed a bit far-fetched to me, and I preferred the more believable Glencannon stories, since they were often the basis of discussion in our family, where the children would express their views.

I notice that Alexander Botts has been modernized and has entered the rocket age, so you are not reviving the originals.

Hopefully, if you republish the Tugboat Annie and Glencannon stories, they will be in the original form, since they were so enjoyable.

*Francis A. Bibeau*
Anderson, South Carolina

*Editor's note: Alexander Botts' stories are reprinted exactly as they appeared originally in the* SEP. *We've scheduled some Glencannon and Tugboat Annie stories and, yes, they'll not be edited.*

### Andy Griffith's "Cure"

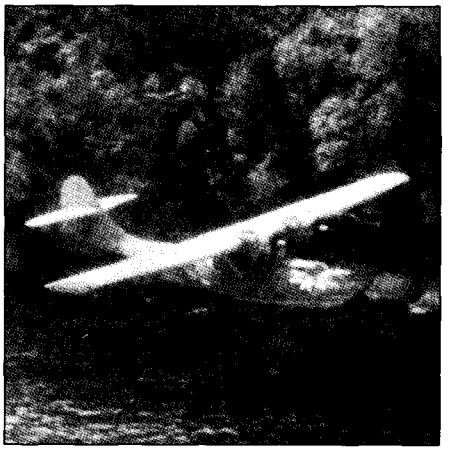
The "Post People" story on Andy Griffith in the July/August issue makes a paradoxical statement: "Perhaps his greatest triumph, however, has been in recovering from Guillain-Barre syndrome, a rare neurological disease for which there is no known cure."

It seems to me that the cure is right in front of the medical profession's eyes. The *Post* statement implies that a cure has to be injected by a syringe or come in a bottle that says, "Take three tablets daily at mealtime" before it's considered a cure. Such a definition of cure strikes me as very narrow-minded and even unscientific. After all, Andy got well, even if it didn't happen the way doctors apparently want such things to happen.

*Steve Koehler*
Wendell, Idaho

### Dumbo Survivor

I have read and enjoyed *SEP* for many years. As a boy I used to sell them door-to-door from my cloth carrier. I still have the August 5, 1944 edition featuring an article on "Dumbo the Magnificent," which features the Navy PBY Catalina flying boat



**The Navy PBY flying boat was a sweet sight to downed WW II fliers.**

that sometimes under extreme conditions picked up downed flyers from under the very nose of the enemy. The reason why I still have the issue—I was one of the people Dumbo picked up in that story.

*Tom P. Humphrey*
Louisville, Kentucky

### World Bank Shot

Your article in the September 1990 issue about the World Bank is very biased.

Didn't your reporter ever hear of Dr. Michael Irwin, who left the World Bank after only one year because he was so disgusted at the pomposity and wastefulness of the bank's administrative staff?

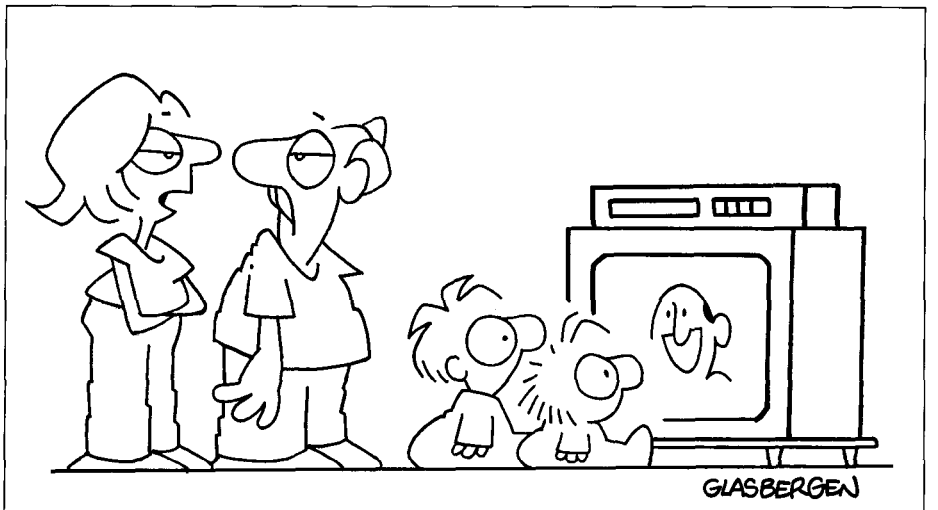
The reason the bank turns a profit is because for the last five years it has taken more money OUT of the Third-World countries than it has put IN!

*Susan Peters*
Hamburg, Germany

### Preference Praises

Noting your being highly praised in your last issue, let me add a few favorable comments.

During the late 1920s and 1930s, how I enjoyed your magazine. Then




*"I figured out what V.C.R. stands for: Viewing Conquers Reading!"*

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# Finally,

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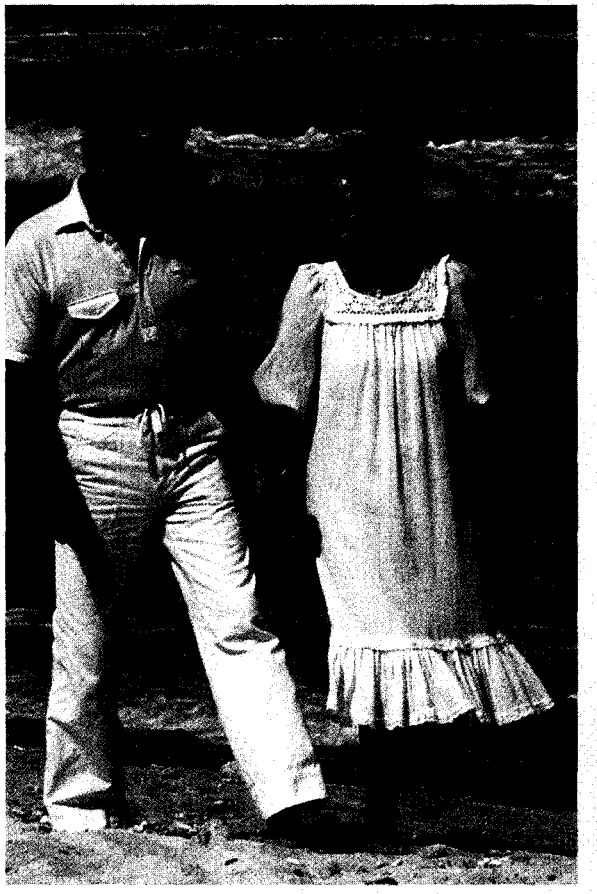

Hearing a conversation over the sound of a party or the ocean is difficult with most hearing aids. That's because they amplify all sounds, including bothersome background noise. But not the Miracle-Ear® Clarifier™.

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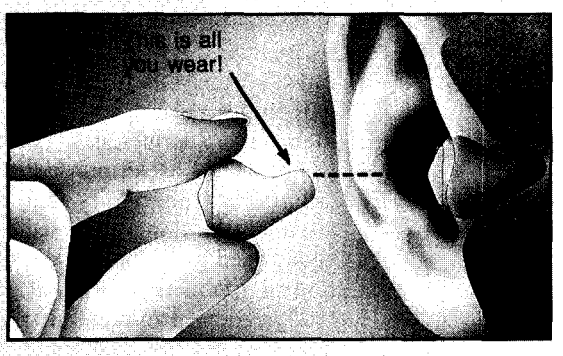


If you find yourself asking others to repeat themselves, or constantly turning up the TV — it's time to find out more. The Clarifier is available only from Miracle-Ear so send in the card for more information on this amazing hearing aid. For your FREE booklet mail the attached card or call

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war erupted and I wasn't in a position to see your magazine again.

Then lo and behold last year I spotted one. Quickly I subscribed. Same publiction as before. Good. Top of the heap.

AND no cigarette or alcohol ads. Whereas the rest of them do. I won't subscribe to them.

Keep up the good work and the excellent articles.

*Oscar Roloff*
Kirkland, Washington

### Quayle Quality

At long last someone has published the true story of the Quayle family! I have enjoyed reading it so much. I loved the pictures of their activities.

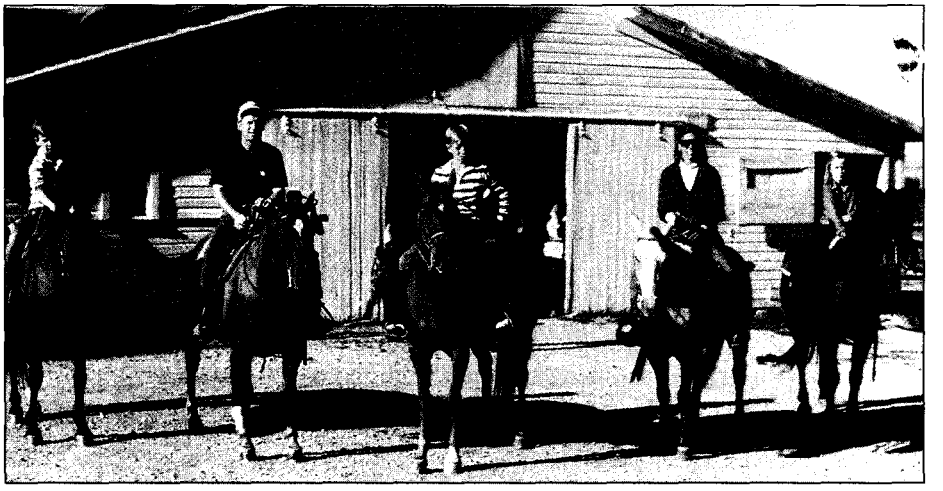
I wish all our American children were as lucky as the Quayles and could grow up in a family that cared as much. They don't sit on their rears and watch TV. They sit on horses and get fresh air and exercise. They play together. I had a horse once, and I know how much riding can do to make you healthy and happy.

I hope the news media will read Marilyn's story and desist their criticism and unfair write-ups about our Vice President and his family.

One cold November day some of us stood on the Paris square waiting to see the bus that Vice President-elect Quayle was on going through our town. When he saw us, he stopped the bus, opened a window and greeted us. I never had as warm a smile or handshake when I wished him good luck.

I have something in common with Mrs. Quayle's mother, too. In June 1957, I discovered a small lump in my left breast. I went down to Dr. Fleener, who sent me to our hospital for a biopsy that afternoon. I entered the hospital that night and had a mastectomy the next day.

When I got out of the hospital I drove to Terre Haute, Indiana, for 20 x-ray treatments. Then the worst part of all: the burn on my chest and shoulder took until October to heal.



The next summer, when I was in Chicago, I went to Bonwit's for a bra fitting. The sales lady said I must have had a marvelous surgeon as I had the neatest scar she had ever seen. She said so many were quite bad.

I told her I had the best: Dr. Gordon Spragues, our Paris Hospital surgeon. He is retired now as I am.

I haven't any cancer recurrence after 33 years. I'm one of the lucky ones. I'm 82 years old and still going!

Back in the early '30s, when I was teaching junior high English at Charleston, Illinois, I used Norman Rockwell's paintings on the front of the *SEP* for my storywriting class. We looked forward each week to the next painting.

I would stand the magazine in the chalk tray, where the students took time to study it. Then after some discussion, titles were chosen and written on the board. How busy they became on their stories. I wish I had kept some of them—they were good!

Thanks again for taking time to review my memories!

We are so lucky to have two fine typical all-American families in Washington at the head of our government. The Bush and the Quayle families have my utmost respect and good wishes. God bless them!

*Marian Rambo*
Paris, Illinois

### Spoonerisms

Mrs. Trott and I both enjoy your magazine a great deal . . . and especially its health-emphasis format.

There is one thing, however, that I miss in the new *Post* as compared with older issues . . . and that is the hilarious "Spoonerisms" you used to print in the Postscripts section.

Is there a possibility that you could "revive" the "Spoonerisms"? Are you acquainted with any book or collection of spoonerisms?

My renewed interest in spoonerisms was sparked just last night when the moderator of our once-a-month discussion group on current issues read the old classic "The Pea Little Thrigs." We all got some good laughs and chuckles from this item.

*Clinton W. Trott, M.D.*
Centerville, Ohio

*Editor's note: Spoonerisms as told*

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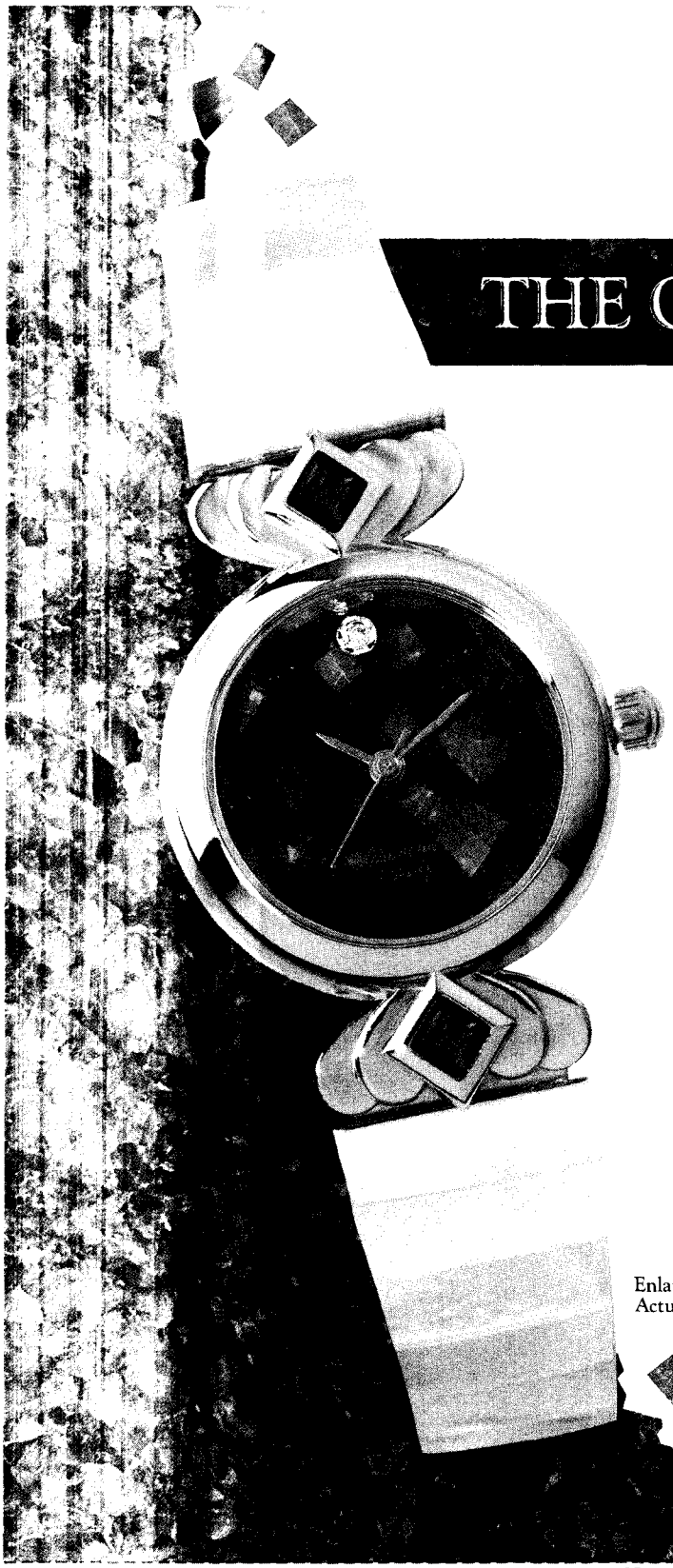
New! Luxurious!

# THE OPAL MOSAIC WATCH



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Actual case is 1" wide.

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*by Colonel Stoopnagle, a German immigrant with fractured English, were actually written by F. Chase Taylor. His "Spoonerisms" first began appearing in the* Post *in 1943 and quickly became a regular feature of the magazine. This happy chain of events ended when Mr. Taylor died on May 29, 1950. His works were collected in an out-of-print book,* My Tale Is Twisted, *which you may be able to locate from your local library or its inter-library loan program.*

### Couldn't be Canned

The canning article in the October issue of *SEP* by Charlotte Turgeon brought memories of my Dad, whose favorite story was about this very subject. It went like this: An Englishman was visiting our country and while in Iowa was aware of the great quantity of corn grown there. He asked a farmer what they did with all that corn, to which the farmer replied, "We eat what we can, and what we can't, we can." Upon his return to England the Englishman was regaling his friends with stories of his trip and told of the quantity of corn in Iowa. He then explained that the farmer, in answer to his inquiry, told him that "they eat what they could, and what they couldn't, they could."

My Dad loved telling this story over and over, and I still enjoy it. Incidentally if I could have only one magazine, it would be the *SEP,* for it is the best!

*Edna Barth*
LaGrange Park, Illinois

### Thanks For The Memories

Enclosed are three old *Saturday Evening Post* magazines as a gift from me to you. I am sure you have many old *Saturday Evening Post* magazines; however, you may not have very many November 8, 1902 issues. I especially like the advertisements in all

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin
JANUARY 23, 1909 FIVE CENTS THE COPY
More Than a Million a Week Circulation

three issues. The prices of items in the 1902 issue are unbelievable.

We had nearly 1,000 of these old *Saturday Evening Post* issues in an auction held in Pulaski, Virginia.

*Dean V. Kruse*
Auburn, Indiana

### Covers to Remember

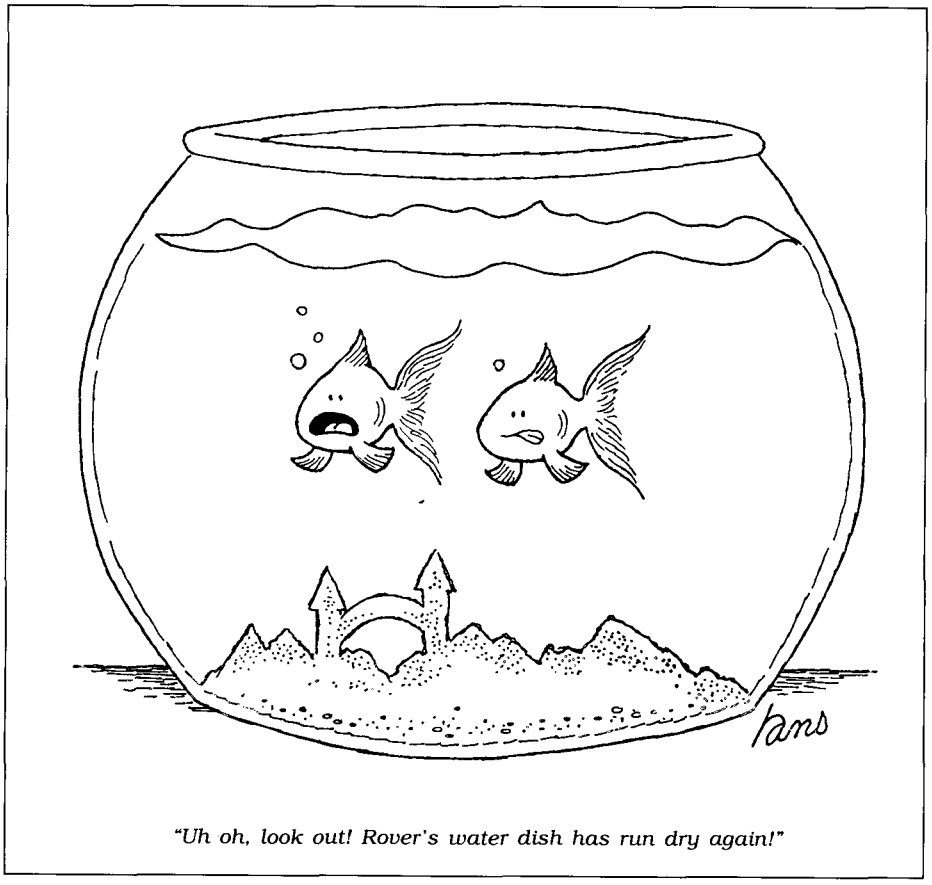
You must be tired of these letters concerning your cover pictures, but be honest, who will remember the faces of the "now" people.

I'm sure you won't be reprinting any 55 years later, like "Valley Forge," February 1935, or "Christmas," December 1943, or "Thanksgiving," November 1943, or "Christmas," December 1918, and on and on.

Every other magazine has the now people. Go back to artists who will make magazine covers to remember and enjoy.

We need more of that in these days of trouble.

*Mary Musick*
Parnell, Missouri




*"Uh oh, look out! Rover's water dish has run dry again!"*

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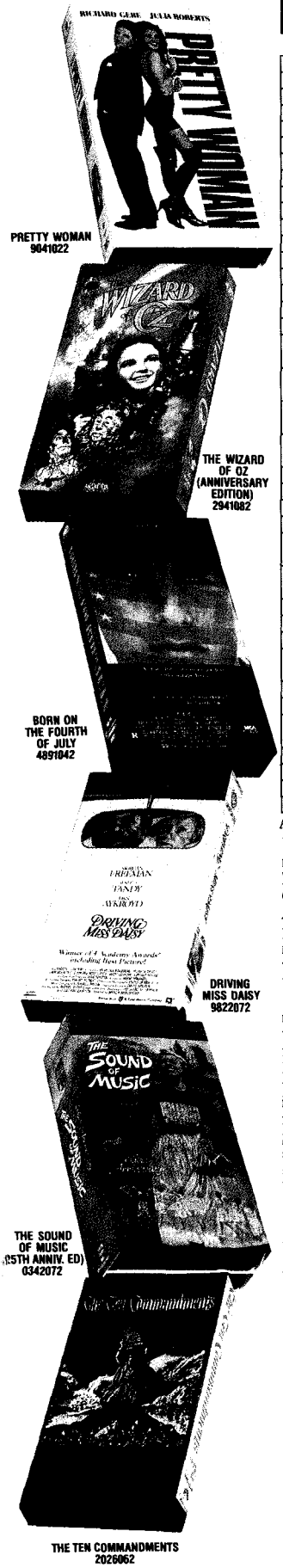
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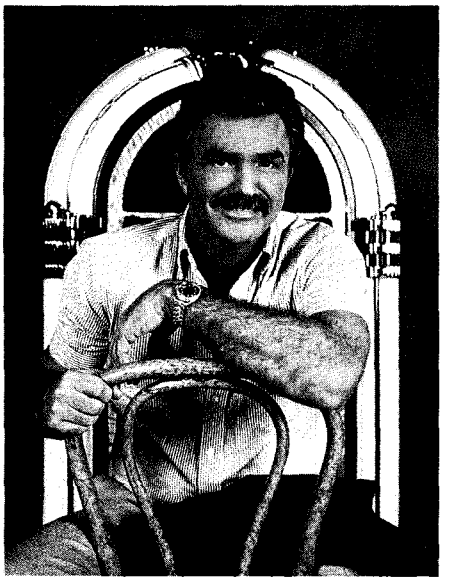
# Post People

Which talk show host has a reported annual income of $30 million? Which talk show remains No. 1 in the country? If you said ***Oprah Winfrey*** and "The Oprah Winfrey Show," you were right on both counts.

The show is seen by an estimated 16 million U.S. viewers daily. It is also transmitted to 11 other countries, and viewed by men and women in the armed services around the world. During its four-year run, the show has won eight national daytime awards while taking on such relevant topics as racial violence and crime against women.



***Burt Reynolds***' new hit TV series locates him in "Evening Shade," Arkansas, as the football coach of the most inept high-school team in the state. Out of character, Burt Reynolds calls Jupiter, Florida, home, and he is the husband of actress Loni Anderson, and father of adopted son Quinton. In Jupiter, Burt's parents run a ranch, a gift shop, and a petting zoo. Burt has donated a park, where he filmed "B.L. Stryker," the recently cancelled ABC-TV police drama, and where he is now playing the real-life role of father to the hilt.

One of Loni's favorite memories is a visit from the Tom Selleck family with its new baby.

"It was quite a sight," she says, "those two hunks explaining to each other the fine points of holding a newborn."

Now that ***Joan Lunden*** has marked her tenth year as co-host of "Good Morning America," giving her the longest tenure of anyone on morning television, is she thinking of calling it a career and sleeping late—till say, oh, maybe five or six o'clock in the morning?

No way. Not according to a new contract she has just signed—for a reported $10 million—that will keep Good Morning America audiences waking up to her smiling face for the next 5 years.

Joan has struck a blow for working mothers by combining her career with bringing up three daughters. Jamie, 10; Lindsay, 7; and Sarah, 3, are the happy result of her marriage to Michael Krauss, the former producer of "Good Morning America."

"My joy is my kids," she says. "I'd give up television tomorrow to stay with them." (Fortunately, her schedule is such that she is home by 11:00 a.m. and has all afternoon with them.)

"If there is a God, this show will get on," says ***Lucie Arnaz***, Desi and Lucy's "little girl." The show is "Sons and Daughters," a CBS series in which Lucie plays a single professional woman raising an adopted daughter in the Pacific Northwest. Off-camera, Lucie now has three children of her own, plus two stepsons; a husband, Laurence Luckinbill; and a home in the Los Angeles suburb of Brentwood, California.

If that isn't enough to keep her from boredom, Laurence, an actor as well as a writer, has scripted a stage play that promises to hit Broadway as *Desi: The Musical*. (Would you care to guess the identity of the main character?)

One thing Lucie isn't particularly thrilled about is CBS' proposed movie about her parents. She recalls her mother saying, "I pity the poor people that will be asked to play us."

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# Relive the golden age of America's family farms!

## Bountiful Harvest

*by Emmett Kaye*

© MBI 1990

### A numbered limited first edition collector plate trimmed in 23kt gold.

The year is 1917. One in three Americans lives on a farm, like this one in Kansas, where the harvest of a bumper wheat crop is under way. The son, who will someday inherit the farm, brings water for his hardworking father.

What makes this painting special is its realism. You can tell this is a prosperous farm—the family owns a 1915 Ford Touring Car. And it is a modern farm—equipped with the latest Case steam-engine tractor. Yet the real strength of the farm, is the family. Father and son . . . that's what makes this painting so inspiring!

Artist Emmett Kaye is known for his authentic paintings on American themes, which have appeared in numerous magazines and books and as fine art prints. "I love this era," says Kaye, who has made many trips to Kansas. "The family farm was at its peak, and farm machinery made farmers incredibly productive. This is how our country became so strong!"

**A Limited First Edition**

Now, *for the first time*, "Bountiful Harvest" appears on a collector plate. It is the first in a new series titled *Farming the Heartland*. Each will portray an American farm scene of this same era. And the paintings are appearing on plates for the first time.

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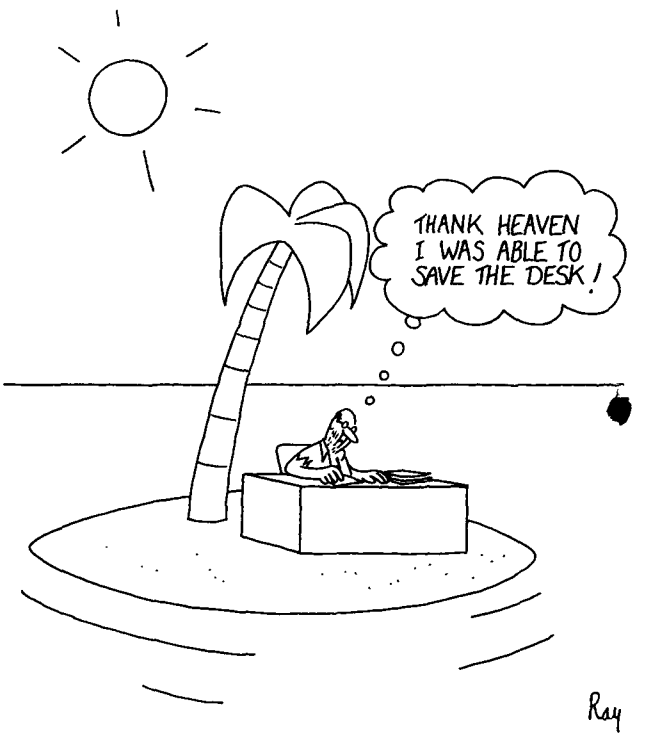


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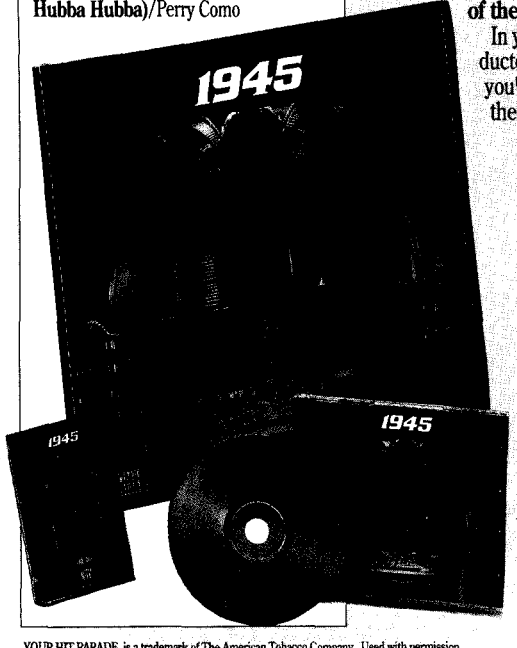


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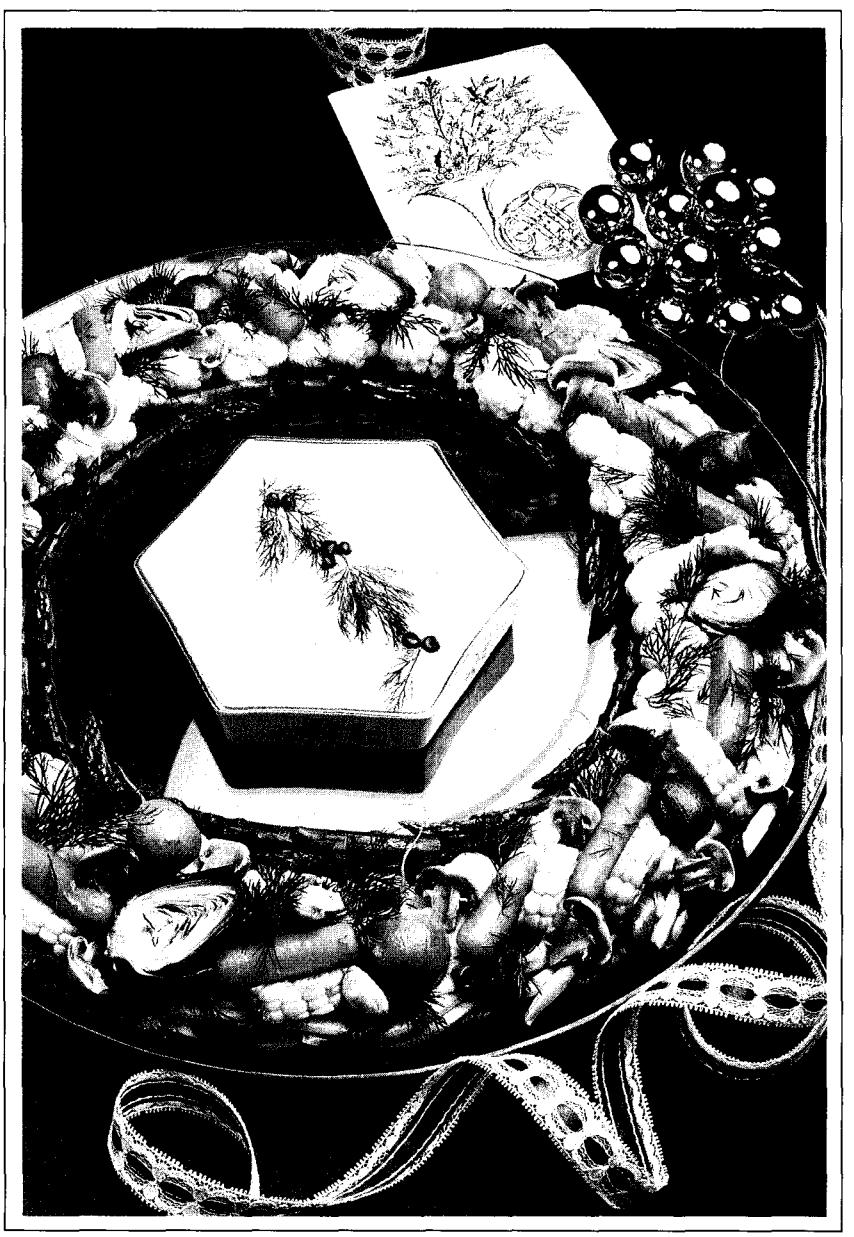
# FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

*Create an entertaining sensation with dazzling vegetable dishes and delicious low-fat dips.*

**by Christopher Irwin**



**A vegetable wreath with a hollandaise sauce forms a decorative centerpiece for a buffet lunch or an evening get-together.**

Surround your guests with a ring of vegetables this season and let the party begin. Your imagination can be your guide to building a colorful wreath of bite-size vegetables steamed over boiling water or in the microwave and set on a base of "buttery" mashed potatoes. A strategically placed hollandaise sauce of low-fat ricotta cheese, flavored with lemon juice and cayenne pepper, lets guests dip to their hearts' desires.

Should your heart be set on a fondue, harvest fondue, made with low-fat cheddar cheese, is another holiday pleaser. Supply assorted whole-grain breads from whole-wheat to pumpernickel, and slightly blanched vegetables of your choice, for dipping.

Do you need more ideas? How about a spicy platter of vegetables with herbed crumb topping or tortellini with pimiento cream: tasty cheese or spinach tortellini tossed in a low-fat cheesy sauce.

These and other recipes in the following list can add a spark to a buffet, or dress up meals and dips served at an evening party.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Winter Vegetable Wreath with Hollandaise Sauce**
*(Makes 8 two-tablespoon servings)*

**Low-fat Hollandaise Sauce:**
*2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca*
*2/3 cup water*
*3 tablespoons low-fat ricotta cheese*
*1 tablespoon freshly squeezed lemon juice*
*4 teaspoons all-natural butter flavor sprinkles*
*Pinch of cayenne pepper*
*Dash of ground turmeric, if desired*

Combine tapioca and water in small saucepan. Allow to sit 10 minutes. Bring to boil over medium heat, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; pour into blender or food processor. Add remaining ingredients; blend at high speed for 2 minutes. Serve warm.

**Wreath Arrangement:**

Wreath size will depend on number of people served; 1 to 2 cups of vegetables per person recommended. Use any combination of fresh vegetables cut into bite-size pieces.

Arrange vegetables on a serving platter to form wreath. Serve hollandaise sauce in bowl placed in the center of the wreath. Wreath pictured

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can be arranged in three easy steps:

1. Prepare mashed potatoes, using 1 medium peeled potato per person. Boil potatoes and mash with enough milk to moisten. Add 4 teaspoons sprinkles. Cover and set aside.

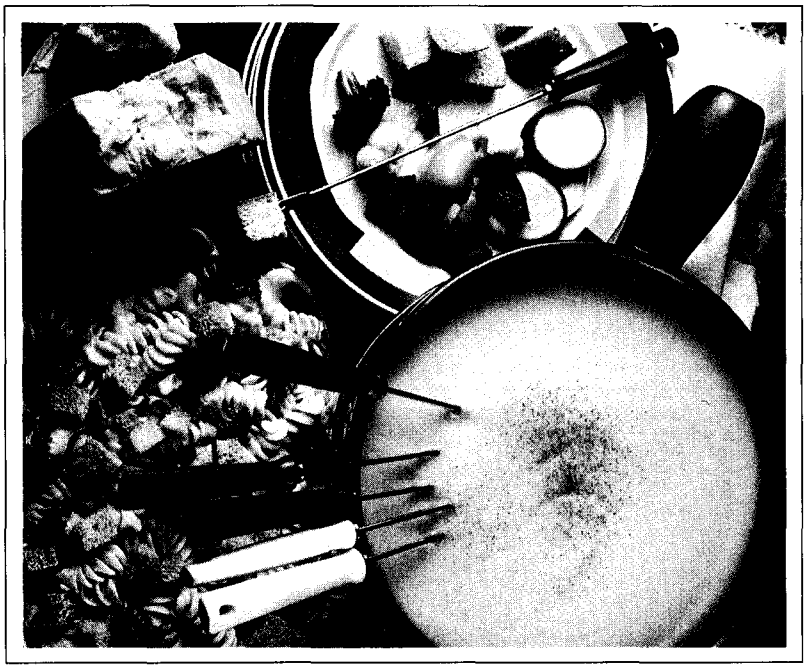
2. Steam vegetables over boiling water or in microwave. Drain, add sprinkles, and cover.

3. To assemble wreath on serving platter, make wreath-shaped base of mashed potatoes. Arrange steamed vegetables on mashed potato base, alternating colors and shapes. Serve with hollandaise sauce.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Harvest Fondue**
*(Makes about 2 cups)*

*3/4 cup skim milk*
*3/4 cup apple juice*
*1/4 cup all-purpose flour*
*1 tablespoon Dijon-style mustard*
*2 teaspoons onion powder*
*1/4 teaspoon salt*
*1/16 teaspoon ground black pepper*
*6 ounces (1 1/2 cups) shredded*



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*low-fat cheddar cheese*
*4 cups Italian bread, cut in 1-inch cubes*
*4 cups assorted blanched vegetables cut in bite-size pieces*

In medium saucepan, combine milk, apple juice, flour, mustard, onion powder, salt, and black pepper until smooth. Stir over medium heat until mixture thickens and boils; stir 1 minute longer. Remove from heat; add cheese; stir until melted. Transfer to fondue pot; keep warm. Serve with bread cubes and assorted vegetables.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Vegetables with Herbed-Crumb Topping**
*(Makes 6 servings)*

*1 teaspoon salt-free blend or salt-free low pepper blend*
*1/4 pound fresh green beans, trimmed and cut in half lengthwise*
*1/2 small bunch broccoli (about 1/2 pound), trimmed and cut into small florets*
*1 small zucchini, sliced*
*1/2 cup margarine*
*1/4 cup chopped onion*
*2 cups soft bread crumbs*
*1/4 cup (about 1/2 envelope) salt-free crispy coating mix*
*2 teaspoons dry tarragon leaves, crushed*
*1/2 teaspoon dry mustard*
*2 tablespoons finely snipped parsley*
*2 tablespoons lemon juice*
*1 can pimientos, drained and cut in small squares*

Heat about 3/4" water to boiling in large saucepan or deep skillet. Add seasoning. Layer vegetables in a steamer basket; set in saucepan. Cover tightly and steam 5-7 minutes, or until vegetables are just tender. Meanwhile, heat margarine in skillet. Add onion; cook until tender. Mix in bread crumbs, coating mix, tarragon, and dry mustard. Stir until crumbs are lightly browned. Stir in parsley and lemon juice. Mix pimiento squares with hot vegetables; top with crumb mixture. Serve.

**A side dish with main-dish appeal, Vegetables with Herbed-Crumb Topping will be a hit at any special occasion.**

♦ ♦ ♦

**Tortellini with Pimiento Cream**
*(Makes 6 servings)*

*4 ounces Neufchâtel cheese, softened*
*1 jar (4 oz.) sliced pimientos, drained*
*4 tablespoons sour cream and butter flavor sprinkles, divided*
*2 tablespoons skim milk*
*1 teaspoon basil*
*Dash garlic powder*
*Dash ground white pepper*
*1 package (12 oz.) plain or spinach cheese-filled tortellini*

In blender container, combine softened Neufchâtel, pimientos, 2 tablespoons butter-flavor sprinkles, milk, basil, garlic powder, and pepper. Blend until smooth. Pour into small saucepan. Cook tortellini according to package directions, omitting added salt and oil. Stir sauce over low heat. Set aside; keep warm.

Drain tortellini, pour into warm serving bowl. Sprinkle with remaining 2 tablespoons butter-flavor sprinkles. Toss well. Serve immediately with warm pimiento sauce.

*continued on page 96*

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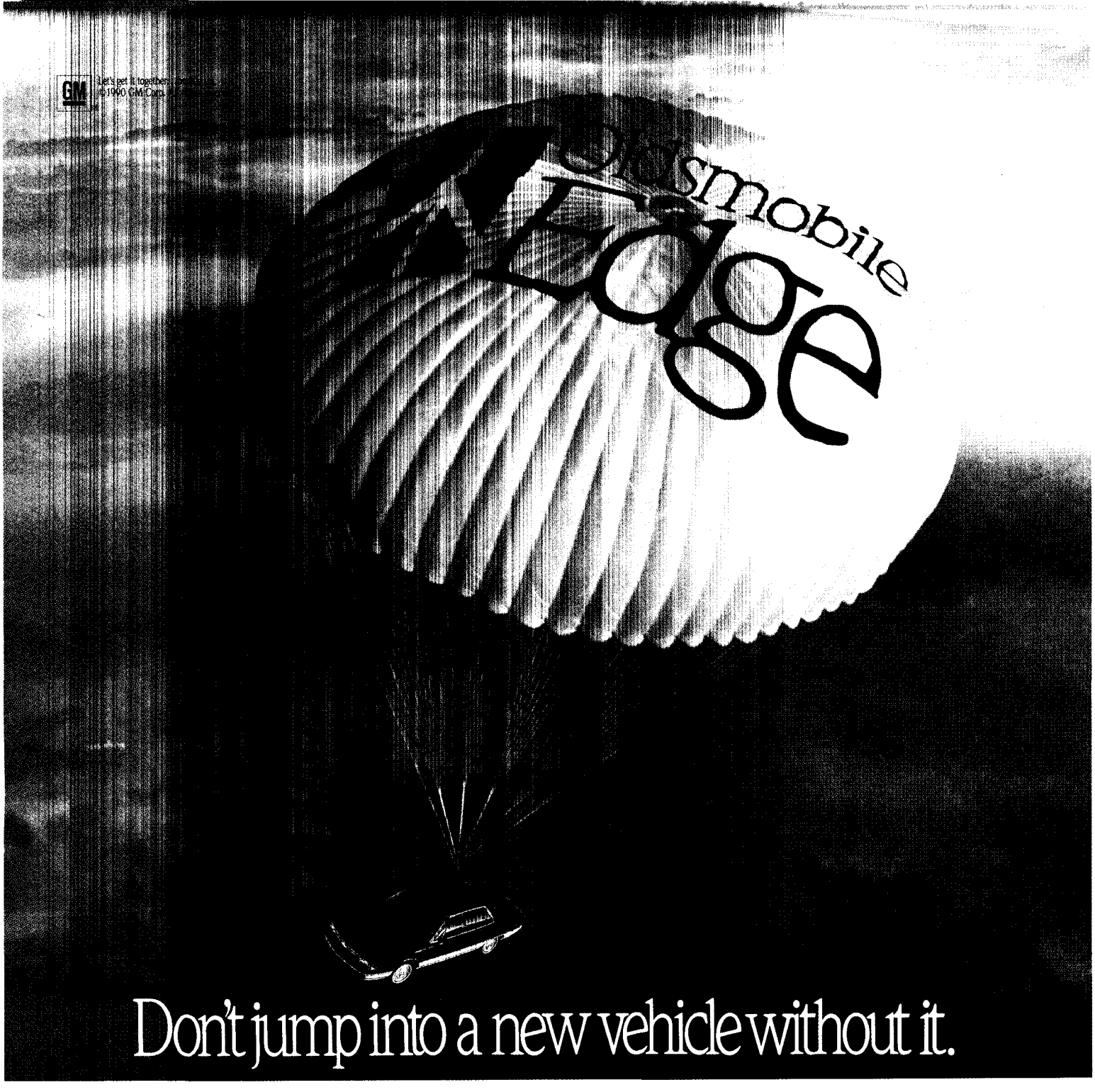


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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

# HEALTH COOKBOOK FOR FAMILY AND FRIENDS

Health Recipes For All Seasons

Cory SerVaas, M.D.
Charlotte Turgeon

*New taste-tempting, low-fat, and low-cholesterol recipes.*
*Healthful menus for spring, summer, fall, and winter, for just the family or for entertaining friends.*

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# New Health Cookbook Answers the Question: What Healthful Foods Dare We Serve Our Guests?

Does the duty of coming up with healthful dishes in good taste—especially on festive and guest-ive occasions—make you as nervous as a fly in a swatter factory? Do you stew about cholesterol, calories, preservatives, and all the other no-nos our current era is heir to?

Well, stew no more. Help is as close as the card or coupon on this page that will put the *Health Cookbook for Family and Friends* at your fingertips. And though there are many good things to be said for this charmingly illustrated 112-page volume stuffed with taste-tempting, low-cholesterol, low-fat health recipes, not the least of these good things is that the book can be yours FREE. (But we'll get to that.)

In this book, saturated fats are replaced with polyunsaturated or monounsaturated fats; olive oil becomes a favorite; egg whites or egg substitutes replace whole eggs; herbs and spices are substituted for sodium chloride; and so on. In short, these recipes are up-to-date with the latest scientific findings for good health. And your guests should know that the meal has been prepared with their health in mind. As the coauthor, Dr. SerVaas writes, "I trust that this book will help you plan many happy occasions when family members and friends can share good food and good fellowship around your table without endangering their health. *Bon appétit.*"

One's *appétit* can be nothing less than *bon* with such dishes on the menu as Sole in Walnut Sauce, Oat-Bran Banana Muffins, Charcoal Chicken, Chicken-Stuffed Pasta Shells, Stuffed Fillet of Sole—but you may be stuffed already—and many, many more.

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# THE MYSTERY OF CASSANDRA

*The antibiotics seemed to be working, but the doctors were treating the wrong disease; why did little Cassandra get worse when returned to her mother's arms?*

**by Robert Marion, M.D.**

*Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski*

I met Cassandra Giovanni early on the morning of her ninth day of life. She'd been brought into the pediatric emergency room at Jonas Bronck Hospital by her mother, who told the nurse at the triage desk that something was terribly wrong with her daughter. "She's not acting right," the mother said. "I put her to sleep last night, and she didn't get up to feed or anything. And then when I went to wake her up this morning, she was lying there like this. I can't get her to move, or to even open up her eyes." The triage nurse took one look at the little girl and immediately realized that Cassandra was critically ill. Without hesitation, she grabbed the infant out of the mother's arms and, holding the baby as if she were a football, yelled for the residents on duty to come stat, then ran to the back of the emergency room, to the critical-care area, the site where cardiopulmonary resuscitations were performed, and laid the baby down on the stretcher.

It became clear almost immediately that Cassandra was in profound shock and near death. Her heart was beating only about 40 times a minute, around a third of the number one would expect in a child of that age, and no blood pressure was initially detectable. The infant's body felt cold and stiff, almost as if she'd spent the night in a refrigerator; this impression was borne out by the reading of the thermometer that one of the nurses placed in the child's rectum: it registered less than 95 degrees Fahrenheit. Apparently, the mother had gotten Cassandra to the hospital just in the nick of time: the child was hanging on by a thread, and that thread was beginning to unravel.

An all-out cardiopulmonary resuscitation was begun: the senior resident in charge that morning worked on getting an IV into Cassandra's left arm, while another resident drew blood for baseline testing from the infant's right arm; the ER's head nurse glued cardiac monitor leads to Cassandra's chest; and the nurse who had first seen the infant at the triage desk hooked the girl up to an electrocardiogram machine. Once the IV was affixed in place with adhesive tape, the senior resident injected a dose of atropine, a drug that increases the heart rate. Next, in an attempt to expand the girl's volume of circulating blood, a bolus of normal saline solution was forced through the IV tubing and into Cassandra's vein. The effects of these two maneuvers were obvious almost immediately: the beeps emanating from the cardiac monitor became more frequent, rising to 60, and then 80, until they finally surpassed 100 beats per minute, signaling that the girl's heart rate had returned to an acceptable range; checking the blood pressure again, the head nurse found that this time it was not only recordable, but was just slightly below normal. And then, within another minute or two, Cassandra opened her eyes for a few seconds and let out a weak cry. That was all the ER staff had to see. At that moment, they knew that the resuscitation had been a success; the infant was now stable enough to be transferred up to the pediatric floor.

Cassandra had apparently come into the emergency room severely dehydrated, and had been in hypovolemic shock (that is, shock caused by a deficiency of circulating blood volume). Although the shock had been relatively easy to diagnose and treat, the cause of the dehydration wasn't so obvious. But the ER staff didn't have to worry too much about that; figuring out the girl's underlying problem would be the job of the people upstairs, the staff assigned to Jonas Bronck's pediatric ward that month. So once it was clear that the infant had been adequately stabilized, the senior resident in charge of the ER called the senior resident on the pediatric ward and asked him to send

*From* The Boy Who Felt No Pain *by Robert Marion, M.D. Copyright © 1990 by Robert Marion, M.D. Published by Addison-Wesley Publishing Company.*

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down the intern who was next in line for an admission.

That intern was Mike Weinstein, the doctor to whom I'd been assigned less than a week before. I was a third-year medical student, doing my first clinical rotation and anxious for patient contact. So when Mike told me there was an admission waiting for us down in the ER, I was raring to go.

When I first saw her, Cassandra ...ll looked to me as if she were about to die; she was definitely the sickest patient I had ever laid eyes on up to that moment. A large baby with a puffy reddish face, we found her lying limp on the stretcher on which she had been placed at the start of the resuscitation, hooked up to an oxygen mask, an IV bag, and the cardiac monitor, which continued to beep about 120 times per minute. Her mother, a thin, sickly-appearing woman with long, stringy brown hair, stood hunched over the stretcher, sobbing quietly as she looked down at her daughter. After briefly taking in this scene, Mike and I sought out the senior resident; we found him in one of the ER's treatment rooms, beginning to examine another patient. When he saw us at the door, the resident excused himself and slipped out of the room. He told us as much of the girl's history as he knew: what had brought her to the ER, and what they had done to stabilize her. Then, looking straight into Mike's eyes, he asked, "What do you think's wrong with her?"

"I guess the first thing I'd be worried about is an infection," Mike replied, without any hesitation. "Regardless of what else we find, we have to treat her as if she's septic."

"I don't understand," I butted in. "She doesn't have a fever, does she?" I'll admit I didn't know much at that point, but I did know that people who had serious infections, such as sepsis, an overwhelming bacterial infection of the bloodstream, were supposed to have very high temperatures. "How could she have a serious infection if she doesn't have a fever?"

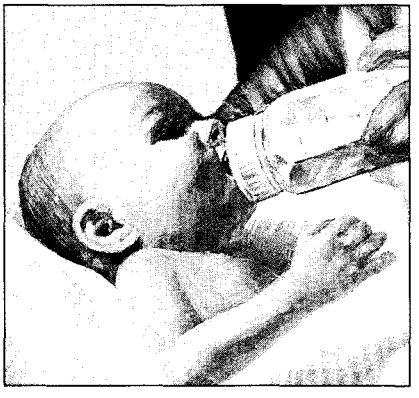
The senior resident looked at me for the first time. "Who's this?" he asked the intern.

"Bob," he replied, "my medical student. This is his first rotation."

"Oh," the resident responded, as if this explained everything. "Well, Bob, it is true that adults and older children get fever with infections, but babies frequently don't." Then turning back toward Mike, he said, "I agree. I'm worried about infection too. What bug do you think she's got?"

"Well, she's at just the right age for Group B Strep, and her symptoms are right." I was later to learn that Group B Streptococcus is a bacteria that frequently inhabits the birth canal. If a fetus happens to come into contact with the bacteria, either during the birth process or prior to delivery, an overwhelming, life-threatening infection can result.

"I agree," the resident responded. "Group B Strep sepsis is definitely the



*" 'It's all my fault,' she said. 'She's my first baby, I've never been around children before. . . . It must be the way I'm feeding her. . . . I'm sure I've done something terribly wrong.' "*

first thing on my list too. So we've done all the work for you: we've cultured the kid up," meaning that the ER staff had obtained blood, urine, and spinal fluid samples to test for the presence of bacteria, "and we gave her a whopping dose of ampi and gent." ("Ampi and gent," I already knew, was residentese for "ampicillin and gentamicin," two commonly used antibiotics.) "So all you guys have to do is make sure her IV stays in and check her cultures once a day. Any other diagnoses you want to consider?"

"Well, I guess she could have some sort of weird metabolic disease," the intern continued. "It seems a little late for a lot of them, though. I'd have expected her to show some symptoms in the first couple of days of life if she had maple syrup urine disease or something like that."

"Maple syrup urine disease?" I thought to myself. "There's actually something called maple syrup urine disease?" Of course, I didn't say anything out loud; I'd been far too intimidated by my last exchange with the ER resident to risk another question. So I bit my tongue and just listened as the resident said, "That's true. And anyway, most of those things would've been picked up on the neonatal screen. So I think any of those metabolic diseases is unlikely."

"So the kid's probably septic," Mike concluded. "No other explanation makes any real sense."

After finishing our chat with the senior resident, Mike and I walked back to the stretcher in the critical-care area. The intern asked me to get some history from Cassandra's mother, while he made arrangements to take the baby up to the ICU. I immediately panicked; I had talked to the parents of some of my other patients, but those children had been relatively healthy, not at death's door, as this baby appeared to be. I had no idea what I could say to this distraught woman, who was still hovering over the stretcher, still sobbing to herself, that could possibly make her feel the least bit better, that could possibly reassure her that everything was going to be all right with her daughter. The fact of the matter was that, so far during my medical school years, I'd been taught about physiology and pathology, I'd sat through endless lectures on anatomy and histology and biochemistry and genetics, but I had not been exposed to a single minute of instruction on what a doctor is supposed to say to the parents or other family members of a patient who is critically ill or dying. But I had been assigned this task by my intern, and I didn't want to disappoint him. So trying to remain calm and put these thoughts out of my mind, I approached the woman and introduced myself.

"She's going to be all right, isn't she, Doctor?" Ms. Giovanni asked.

Hemming and hawing, rambling on barely coherently, I told her that we really couldn't answer that question right then, because we weren't exactly 100 percent positive what was wrong with the baby, and that we were doing all sorts of tests that would give us more information, but that it might be a few more days before we knew

*continued on page 92*

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## SPEAKING OUT

# HEARTACHES WE CAN PREVENT

*Please read* The Mystery of Cassandra *on the preceding pages before reading this companion article.*

**by Cory SerVaas, M.D.**

In 1984, the Saturday Evening Post Society spearheaded a vigorous crusade to require mandatory testing of newborns for galactosemia (Jan./Feb. 1984). With screening and early treatment, the severe mental retardation and possible death from galactosemia can be avoided.

Prevention is the key. A single drop of blood and a simple test can detect the hereditary disorder, which occurs once every 30-40,000 births. Time is of the essence—a positive test result is a medical emergency.

The same small blood sample from a heel prick to test for phenylketonuria (PKU) and hypothyroidism (two of the most common causes of mental retardation) also can be used to test for galactosemia. The test, when combined with tests for the other genetic disorders, is inexpensive, just 21 cents per baby in New York state, for example.

Defects in galactose metabolism are characterized by elevated blood galactose resulting from a block in the conversion of galactose to glucose. Many affected infants die as newborns. Many more may die between two and three years of age of liver cirrhosis. Survivors are usually retarded.

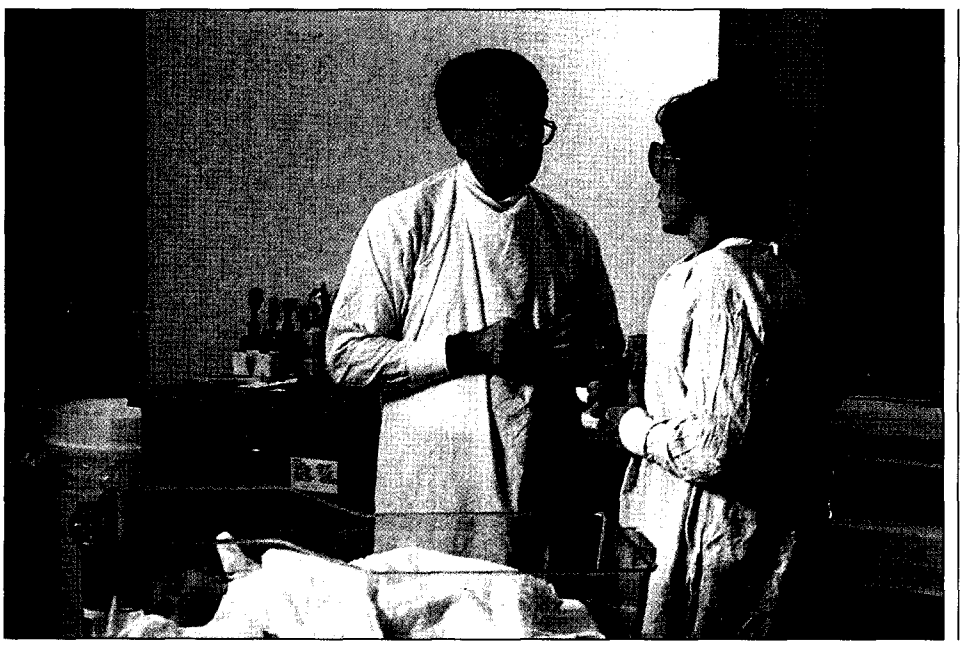
The best solution is to detect galactosemic babies immediately after birth. Days count!

Once identified, immediately eliminating milk and other dairy products from the infant's diet can prevent disastrous mental impairment. Parents also can thus be warned that their future children could suffer from the disorder. In the past, as many as one-third to one-half of families who eventually had a galactosemic child diagnosed already had suffered the loss of one infant from the disease.

The Society continues its commitment to saving innocent children and rescuing their families from the heartbreak of a mentally retarded child.

Seven years ago, 25 states did not require screening for this debilitating and potentially deadly disease.

With the help of a friendly lawyer and a sympathetic state senator we had a bill drawn up for Indiana in no time at all. We sent members of the legislature copies of our article, "A Mentally Retarded Baby Is Forever." On the day of the voting, Dr. Richard Shriner, the neonatologist who appeared in our article, went to the Statehouse to testify in behalf of the mandatory test. The bill passed the House and Senate unanimously! It was so easy, we decided to send copies of our Indiana bill and our magazine article to all the states that didn't yet require this test. That was 1984 and today, all but 11 states mandate the test for this dreaded hereditary disorder.



**Dr. Richard Shriner, Chairman of the Department of Pediatrics at Riley Hospital for Children in Indianapolis, testified before the Indiana General Assembly to advocate mandatory galactosemia screening for newborns. Six Indiana babies have been discovered to have galactosemia in the routine neonatal screening program since the law was passed.**

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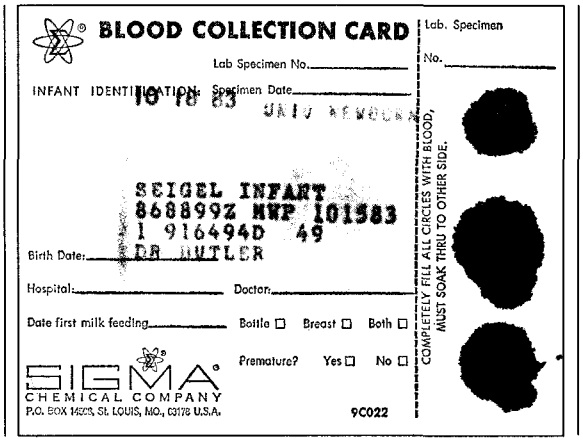
**A medical triumph, this small blotter paper can reveal information to prevent mental retardation or early death for an infant with an inborn error in metabolism—galactosemia.**




We need your help in urging legislators in Alabama, Arkansas, Hawaii, Louisiana, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, and Washington to enact this law. The state of Mississippi will mandate testing in the near future. According to Daniel Bender of Mississippi's state department of health, all infants should be tested beginning in July. Last year six cases of galactosemia were referred to the University of Mississippi Medical Center at Jackson.

If you live in any of the states not testing and want to help, we'll send you a copy of our Indiana law that you can give to your legislator, who will introduce it to your state legislature. Please show your legislator a copy of our 1984 *Saturday Evening Post* article and the galactosemia article on page 26 of the magazine you are reading. Then if you send us a list of all your state senators and representatives, the Post Society will mail each of them copies of our articles and the Indiana bill.

As an update on the happenings in Indiana, the young neonatologist in our 1984 article has now been made the Chief of Pediatrics for Riley Hospital for Children at the Indiana University Medical Center. Since his help in getting the bill passed, there have been six Indiana newborns discovered with this disease, the most lethal of milk intolerances.

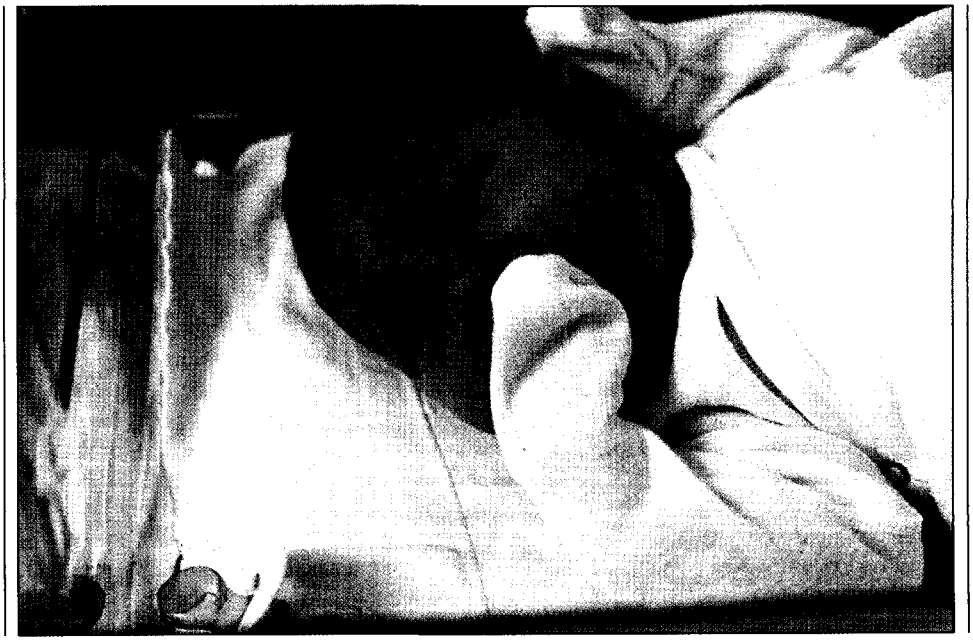
In 1989, 47 infants in Indiana were found to carry the galactosemia trait, although none of these developed the disease.

In Indiana the heel prick test is done 48 hours after birth, or at the time of the mother's discharge if she doesn't remain in the hospital for 48 hours. The blood stain on the "blotter paper" is sent to one of three regional labs where the test is completed within 72 hours, and results are sent to the physician of record. The physician is legally responsible for notifying the parents to the result.

Since the galactosemia test results are sent to the physician, he or she decides how to handle a case involving adoption or other cases requiring anonymity. If physicians cannot find the parents, they may consult the State Board of Health and local health and welfare departments for help in tracking them down and making a house call.

Help is needed to continue the campaign to save innocent lives from a lifetime of disappointment.

For a copy of sample legislation that could be introduced to your state legislature and a copy of the article on galactosemia, write to: The Saturday Evening Post, P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46202.



**"All you have to do is find one patient, and it pays for all the screening" says Dr. Richard Koch, Professor of Clinical Pediatrics at the U.S.C. School of Medicine. The test costs about 21 cents. Days count in getting the baby off milk.**

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HEARTBEAT

The Healthy Heart Report

# KEEPING UP WITH FIBER

*How much do you know about this crucial dietary element that protects against cancer, diabetes, and other ailments?*

**by Jean Mayer**

Fiber is generally defined as the portion of the diet that cannot be broken down by digestive juices. It includes the tough structural portion of vegetable foods our grandmothers called "roughage." Four-stomached animals, like cows and sheep, have a multitude of microbes in their rumen which can break down fiber.

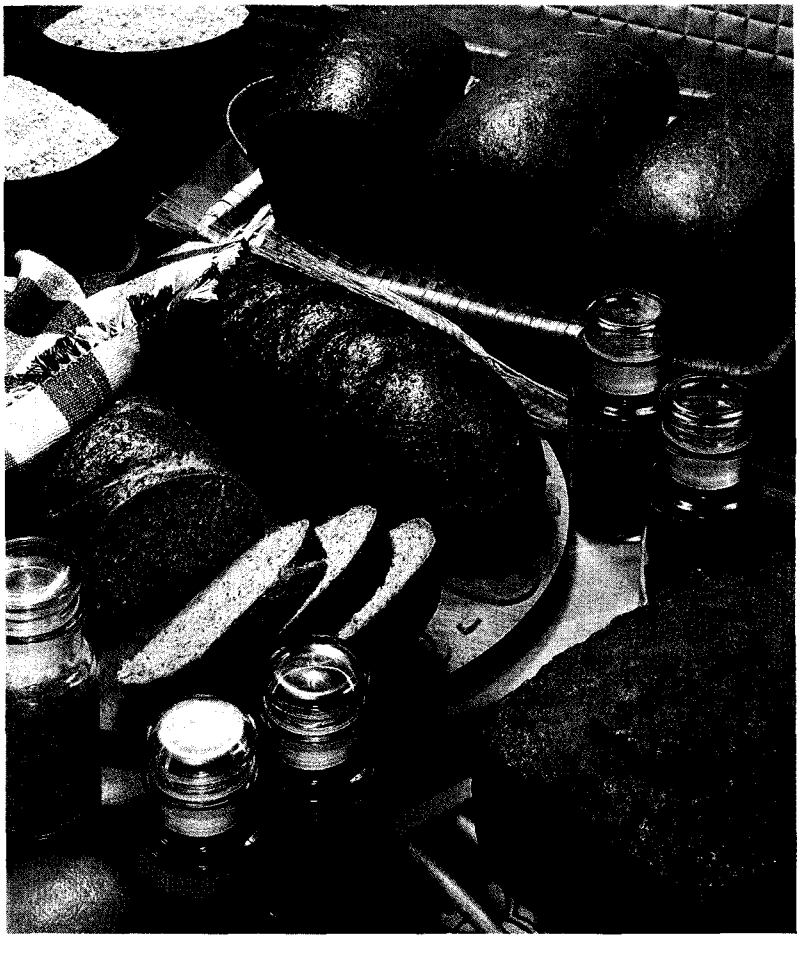
We have no such obliging bacteria or protozoa. Once separated from the digestible components of our food, fiber passes, more or less unchanged, through our intestines.

Although we usually speak of fiber as if it were one compound, we now know that there are two different types, each with unique properties. One type includes cellulose, hemicellulose, and lignin, the insoluble components of plant walls. The second type includes the pectins and gums, water-soluble nonstructural components of plants.

An important characteristic of insoluble fibers is their ability to hold large amounts of water. In the intestine, insoluble fiber fractions tend to increase the size of the stool, making it softer and allowing it to pass more easily and quickly through the gastrointestinal tract. Insoluble fibers are found in greatest amounts in cereal, brans, and vegetables. Wheat bran is an excellent source of insoluble fibers.

Pectins and gums absorb water and characteristically form a bulky gel which slows the rate at which food empties from the stomach. The fleshy parts of an apple and the white portion of citrus fruits are common dietary sources of pectins and gums. Oat bran, which has become so popular recently, provides us with soluble fibers.

When compared to less industrialized countries, the fiber content of the American diet is quite small. Since the turn of the century, our fiber intake from whole grains and fresh fruits and vegetables has steadily declined. Although estimates vary, it is thought that we consume only one-third to one-half as much fiber as people in less industrialized countries. Decreased fiber intake has been associated with a number of health problems. Currently, the spotlight is focused on the links between fiber and atherosclerosis, diabetes, colon cancer, diverticular disease, and constipation.



**Breads contain varying amounts of fiber, so be sure to check the package labels when shopping.**

Fiber has long been recognized as an effective antidote to constipation. But gastrointestinal benefits may extend well beyond preventing this common affliction. For one thing, studies suggest a relationship between a low fiber intake and the development of diverticulosis. In this disease, small, hard stools containing little water pass through the gastrointestinal tract with difficulty. This can strain muscles and increase the pressure. Over time, weak areas herniate into pouches called diverticula. A high-fiber diet is thought to play a role in preventing the disease from

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HEARTBEAT

developing in the first place, and nowadays is commonly used to treat the condition.

Population studies also indicate an inverse relationship between fiber intake and colon cancer. The results of these studies are difficult to interpret. Many factors other than fiber content of the diet vary from one population to another. Other lifestyle differences may also influence the incidence of colon cancer.

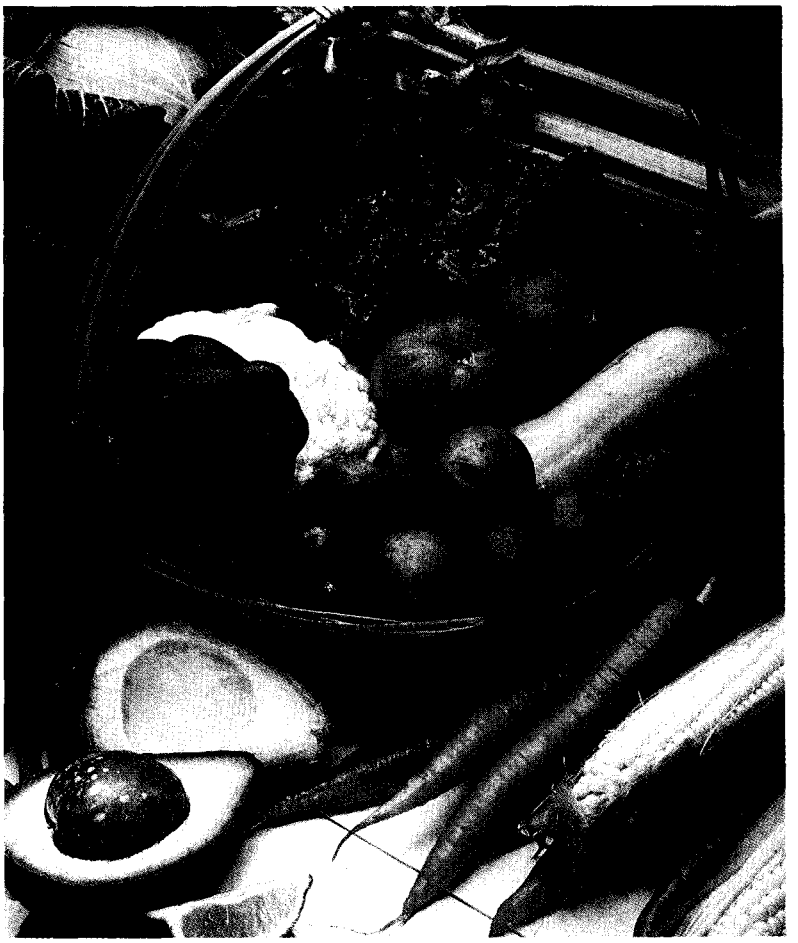
It has been suggested that dietary fiber may reduce the risk of colon cancer by decreasing the production of carcinogens (cancer-causing agents) in the feces, and by lowering the concentration of bile salts which seem to play a role in tumor development. Animal studies suggest that the type of fiber may be an important factor. Wheat bran seems to have more of an effect than other fiber sources.

High-fiber diets also appear to be of benefit to diabetics. Large amounts of soluble fibers seem to help control the rise in blood sugar after a meal. And the soluble fibers, including pectins and gums, can lower the amount of insulin needed to control the disease.

Finally, oat bran, which contains soluble fiber, has recently been the focus of enormous attention. Studies have shown that the soluble fibers it contains lower LDL cholesterol levels, the type associated with an increased risk of atherosclerosis and coronary heart disease, without affecting HDL cholesterol, the type associated with decreased risk. The reason for the effect is unclear. Bile acids are the major raw materials from which we make cholesterol. Fiber, especially soluble fiber, binds to bile acids, and prevents them from being absorbed into the bloodstream. This may be one way in which fiber acts to lower blood cholesterol levels, but that is not the whole story. Other possible mechanisms under current study include the effects of fiber on enzymes which regulate cholesterol and bile acid production.

Oat bran is not the only source of soluble fiber in our diet. Legumes and vegetables also have large amounts and are also effective in reducing blood cholesterol levels.

In short, fiber is beneficial, with different types of fibers having different effects. Processing and refining generally remove fiber.



**Good health requires consumption of 21 to 35 grams of fiber daily, preferably from whole grains, legumes, fruits, and vegetables.**

The best way to reap all the potential benefits of the several components of fiber is to include more whole grains, dried beans, fruits, and vegetables in the diet.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**Q.** In checking the ingredients in a loaf of pumpernickel, I was surprised to learn it contained only white flour, and that the deep color came from caramel coloring. Are some pumpernickel breads a better source of fiber than others?

**A.** Yes. In most supermarket brands the first ingredient is refined flour. However, the types and amounts of other flours, some of which are whole grains and others not, vary from one bread to another. Lacking fiber information, you can check the ingredients list on the package; or, if you are buying bread at a local bakery, ask the baker. The higher up on the list the whole grains are listed, the more fiber the bread is likely to contain.

Perhaps the rather loose definition of pumpernickel, "a sour bread made of 'dark rye,'" explains why darkness is about the only thing that one can expect. We checked recipes in several cookbooks, and found no less variety there. One loaf, relatively high in fiber, was to be baked from 100% whole wheat, dark rye, and unbolted cornmeal. At the other extreme, there was a recipe for pumpernickel baked from light rye and degermed cornmeal. While it may come as a surprise, mashed potatoes were a common ingredient, and chocolate and cocoa were used in several recipes.

**Q.** In checking bread labels, I was puzzled by one for a dark diet bread which weighed .66 ounce per slice. The label said that it contained 1,350 milligrams of fiber per slice. The label on a second, where the slice weighed .75 ounce, said that the bread contained 10% total dietary fiber.

The fiber in the second bread appeared to be mainly cellulose, with some bran flakes. Can you interpret

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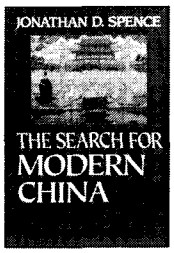


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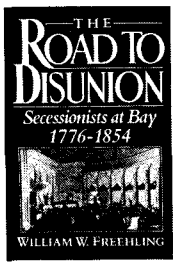


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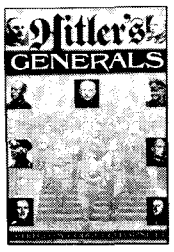


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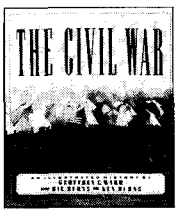


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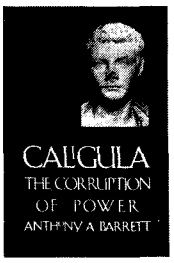


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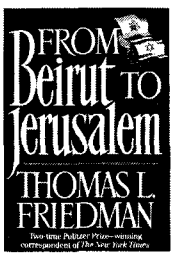


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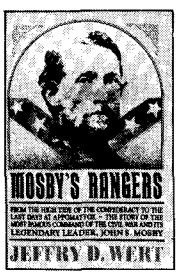


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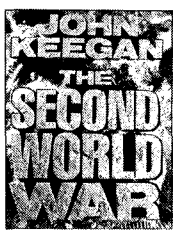


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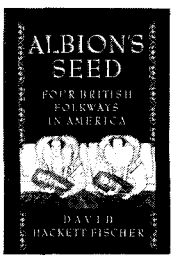


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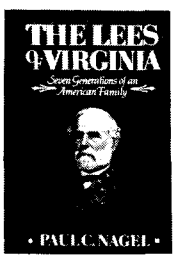


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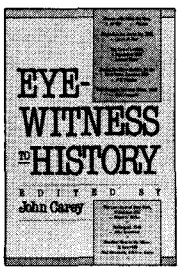


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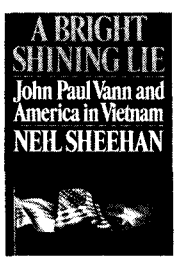


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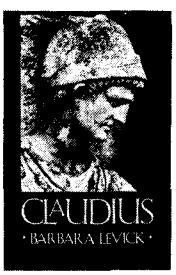


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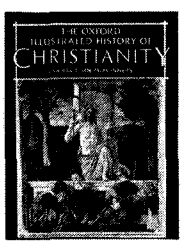


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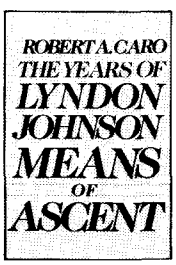


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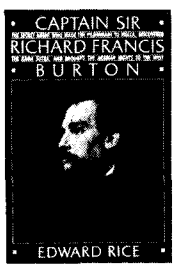


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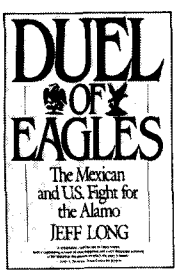


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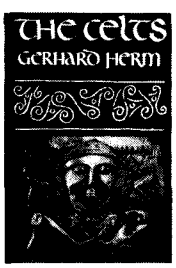


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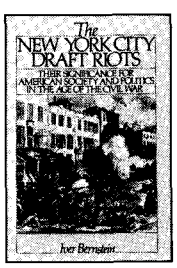


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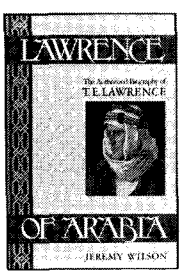


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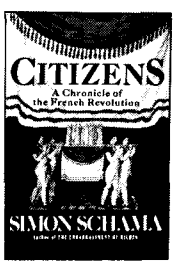


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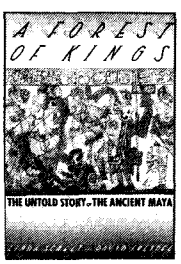


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HEARTBEAT

this information for me?

**A.** Yes. The lack of a standard labeling format for fiber allows for a variety of approaches, which, understandably, can confuse consumers. In both cases, deciphering the information requires the use of the metric system. In the first case, it appears that the manufacturers believes that larger numbers are more impressive. Moving the decimal point three places to the left provides you with more intelligible information. The bread contains 1.3 grams of fiber per slice. This is smaller than a typical slice, but when compared as if they were of equal weight, this slice contains as much fiber as a slice of 100% whole wheat bread.

As for the second, simply multiply the metric weight of the slice by 10% to determine the amount of fiber in the bread. In metric weight, an ounce is 28.35 grams. Since this slice is .75 ounce, it weighs about 21 grams and contains 2 grams of fiber. Finely ground cellulose does make it possible to provide white bread with a high fiber content, but the fiber is not of the same composition as that in whole wheat bread.

**Q.** Often included in lists of fiber fractions is a substance called lignin. What is it?

**A.** Fiber is made up mostly of a group of substances sometimes classified as nonstarch polysaccharides. These include such things as cellulose, hemicellulose, insulin, guar, plant gums, and mucilage. Lignin, however, is not a carbohydrate-like substance. It belongs to a group of compounds called polyphenols.

Lignin is one of the substances which contribute to the rigidity of the plant cell wall. It apparently is not digested in humans and is known to inhibit the digestion of cell-wall carbohydrate by intestinal bacteria. The exact way this works has not yet been identified, however.

A basic problem which limits our understanding of the role of lignin in human nutrition is the fact that it is extremely difficult to develop laboratory methods which accurately analyze the lignin content of the diet or the feces.

**Q.** How much fiber should one get on a daily basis?

**A.** It has been suggested that healthy adults should consume about 10 to 13 grams of fiber per 1,000 calories: this means about 27 to 35 grams per day for men (with an average intake of 2,700 calories/day) and 21 to 27 grams per day for women eating 2,100 calories/day. To put this into perspective, a slice of whole-wheat bread contains 2.4 grams of fiber, an apple provides 2 to 3 grams (depending on the size), and a cup of cooked broccoli provides 6.3 grams.

The important thing to remember is to get your fiber from a variety of sources. Daily consumption of whole grains, legumes, fruits, and vegetables is best.

**Q.** The current nutrition "message" includes the advice to consume more "complex carbohydrates," but I don't understand exactly what the term means. Please explain.

**A.** Complex carbohydrate is really a synonym for polysaccharide, a term which means "many sugars." Occasionally an acid may be included in the structure. For example, inulin, the polysaccharide in Jerusalem artichokes, is made up of units of the simple sugar, fructose. And pectins are polysaccharides made up of galacturonic acid, as well as two simple sugars, glucose and arabinose.

The way the sugars are linked together determines the character of the carbohydrate formed, and consequently its chemical and physical properties. For example, amylase, a starch contained in common foods, including wheat and corn, is made up of the same glucose units as cellulose. But a difference in the way the glucose units are attached to each other means that while humans can digest the former completely, they are quite unable to break down the latter.

Whole grains and lightly milled cereals, rich in complex carbohydrates, also provides generous amounts of vitamins and minerals, especially trace minerals and fiber.

**Q.** I thought cooking reduced fiber content, but recently I read that cooking can actually increase the fiber in some foods. Is that true?

**A.** It is possible that cooking can increase the fiber content of foods. The browning process, or so-called Maillard reaction, is a chemical reaction between a carbohydrate and an amino acid that results in changes in both color and texture, creating molecules which closely resemble lignin, as insoluble component of fiber naturally found in food. Thus, toast and bread crusts have more of this fiber fraction than either untoasted bread or the center of the loaf. However, while cooking can increase the amount of lignin in food, it can also result in the loss of some of the other fractions of fiber, both gums and pectins. While

*"I think we've had enough fun. Let's get a hot drink and go sit in front of the fireplace!"*

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# How a Stop in a German Shoe Store Ended a Lifetime of Foot Pain...

**"We were in Germany on the very first day of our vacation and my feet were already killing me. I thought a pair of more comfortable shoes might help and I fell in love with a pair in a shoe store in Wiesbaden, Germany.**

"But when I tried them on, they hurt, too. I explained my problem of sore aching feet to a friendly clerk and he pointed to a counter display and said, maybe I needed a pair of special Leather Insoles.

"I took his advice and was I glad I did...the instant I slipped them into my shoes, my foot pain vanished! I've worn them ever since and my painful foot problems are a thing of the past."

## END YOUR FOOT PAIN!

Over the last 15 years more than 8,000,000 pairs of these Leather Insoles have been sold in German shoe stores. They've relieved all types of foot problems for folks of all ages and if your feet are killing you, we urge you to try them.

Wear them for 30 days. If at the end of that time you're not completely delighted, just return them for a prompt, no-questions-asked refund. What could be more fair?

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## 30-DAY NO-RISK OFFER

Try Luxis Leather Insoles for 30 days. If you are not 100% satisfied, simply return them for a full refund. No questions asked.

Luxis' specially designed metatarsal support helps your feet assume their proper posture and balance. They redistribute body weight naturally, eliminating painful, uneven pressures that cause Sore Feet, Burning Feet, Corns, Calluses, Bunions, Sore Heels, Ankle and Foot Problems of all types.

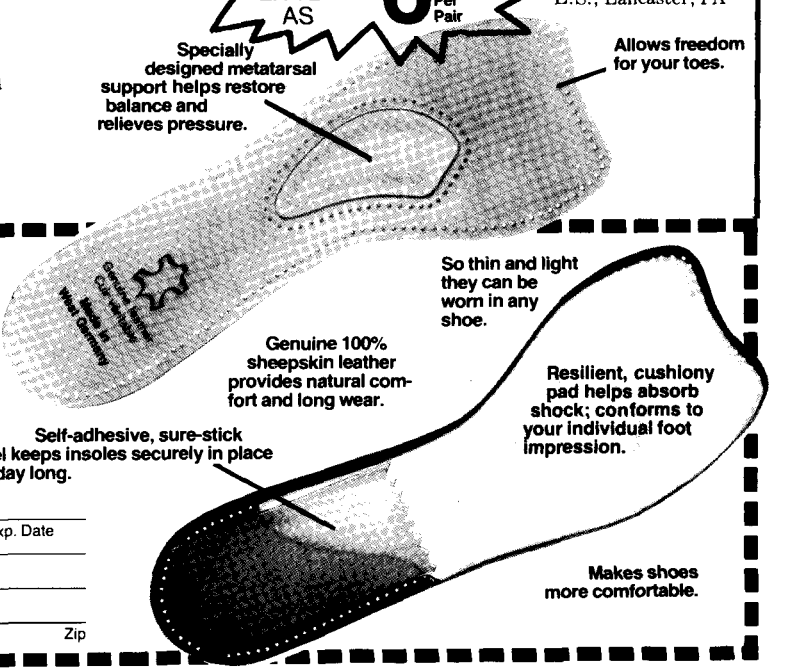
- Resilient, cushiony
- Mold themselves to your feet
- Long-wearing, genuine sheep leather
- Wear in any style shoe, including high heels.

## OTHERS AREN'T SUFFERING ANY MORE. WHY SHOULD YOU?

*"The insoles are fantastic. I've suffered with foot problems all my life. Suddenly, I can walk in comfort."*
L.C., White Plains, NY

*"I had sore feet for a long time, but not anymore thanks to your insoles."*
E.S., Lancaster, PA

Luxis Insoles COST AS LITTLE AS $6.95 Per Pair


Specially designed metatarsal support helps restore balance and relieves pressure.
Allows freedom for your toes.
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Resilient, cushiony pad helps absorb shock; conforms to your individual foot impression.
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_____ One pair only $7.95 add $1.50 P&H
_____ Four pair only $27.80 (save $10) Postage FREE
Washington residents please add 8.2% state sales tax.
Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD

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# HEARTBEAT

all this is interesting, from a practical point of view, it is more important to depend on a variety of dietary sources of fiber.

♥ ♥ ♥

**Chinese Vegetable Soup**
*(Makes 4 servings)*

*1/2 cup fresh mushrooms sliced*
*1/2 cup cabbage, shredded*
*1/2 cup celery, sliced*
*1/4 cup water chestnuts, sliced*
*1/2 cup carrots, sliced*
*2 scallions, sliced*
*1 T. polyunsaturated oil*
*6 cups water*
*4 teaspoons soy sauce*
*1 tablespoon sherry*
*Salt and pepper to taste*

Heat oil in a 2 1/2-quart saucepan. Add vegetables and stir only until they begin to soften. Add soy sauce and sherry. Add water. Bring to a boil, cover and cook for 10 minutes. Top with sliced scallions and, if desired, a fluted mushroom cap.

♥ ♥ ♥

**Whole-Grain Currant Quick Bread**
*(Makes 18 slices)*

*1 cup rolled oats*
*1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed*
*1 cup whole-wheat flour*
*1/4 teaspoon cloves*
*1 teaspoon salt*
*5 1/2 t. polyunsaturated oil*
*1 cup buttermilk*
*1 egg white, beaten*
*1 teaspoon cinnamon*
*1 teaspoon baking powder*
*1/2 teaspoon baking soda*
*1/2 cup currants*

Soak oats in buttermilk for an hour or longer. Mix with egg and brown sugar. Combine the rest of the dry ingredients and stir into oat mixture. Add oil and currants. Pour into greased baking dish. Bake at 400° F. for 35-45 minutes.

♥ ♥ ♥

**Barley and Mushroom Casserole**
*(Makes 6 servings)*

*2 cups pearl barley*
*1 large onion, chopped*
*1/2 pound mushrooms*
*1 tablespoon polyunsaturated oil*
*Salt and pepper*
*1 quart liquid (water or vegetable stock)*
*3 ounces low-fat cheddar cheese, grated*
*12 pearl onions, lightly cooked*
*Chopped parsley*

Sauté onion and mushrooms in oil until tender. Add barley and brown lightly. Transfer mixture to ovenproof casserole with cover. Season with salt and pepper. Pour on half the cooking liquid and bake at 350° for 30 minutes. Add the rest of the liquid and cook until all the broth is absorbed and barley is tender. Fold in pearl onions, top with cheese, sprinkle on parsley, and bake 15 minutes longer.

"I couldn't come to the office to pick you up. You took the car this morning."

♥ ♥ ♥

**Braised Spinach and Mozzarella**
*(Makes 4 servings)*

*2 pounds spinach, cleaned and trimmed*
*1 medium onion, chopped*
*2 tablespoons margarine*
*1 cup grated low-fat mozzarella cheese*
*1 cup grated Parmesan cheese*
*Freshly grated nutmeg*
*Salt and pepper*
*2 hard-boiled egg whites, chopped*
*2 scallions, chopped*

Blanch spinach in boiling water for 2 minutes. Drain and run under cold water to stop cooking. Press moisture out thoroughly. Chop spinach in food processor. Heat margarine in a skillet, add onion, and cook until tender. Add spinach and heat through. Add cheeses and stir until they are melted. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Serve individual portions topped with chopped egg and scallions.

♥ ♥ ♥

**Scallop, Cauliflower, and Snow Pea Salad**
*(Makes 6 servings)*

*2 pounds scallops*
*1 small onion*
*1 bay leaf*
*1/2 lemon*
*1 head cauliflower, blanched 1 minute and drained*
*3/4 pound snow peas, blanched 1 minute and drained*
*1 bunch watercress*
*1/3 cup rice wine vinegar*
*2 tablespoons green onion, minced*
*1 teaspoon chervil, minced*
*1/4 cup peanut oil*
*1 tablespoon sesame oil*
*Romaine lettuce*
*1/2 teaspoon dried tarragon*
*5 peppercorns*

Put enough water to cover scallops in a saucepan with onion, bay leaf, lemon, and peppercorns. Bring to boil; simmer 5 minutes. Add scallops and simmer until just done, about 5 minutes; drain and cool. Combine wine vinegar, seasonings, peanut oil, and sesame oil.

Pour half of dressing mixture over scallops. Divide the rest between snow peas and cauliflower. Let marinate 45 minutes. Arrange scallops on lettuce with watercress, cauliflower, snow peas, and whatever other cold vegetables desired. Top with minced green onion.

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*See Why...*

# Where There's A Will Heirs Pay

Did you know that writing a Will may be one of the biggest mistakes we can make?

It's true!

A Will doesn't protect our loved ones against paying huge fees to lawyers, executors and courts for even the smallest estate. Probate can slice up to 10% or so from an estate and take months or years for final settlement.

In fact, the only thing worse than having just a Will is the nightmare that's created when you have no Will at all.

Because then the State steps in to decide who gets our assets -- our bank account, home, car, valuables, other possessions. Money we've worked so hard to earn is gobbled-up by court and legal fees before our heirs ever get one penny.

What can the average wage earner do to avoid the financial headaches of a Will? Plenty.

Today, under current laws anyone can eliminate costly legal and court fees with a little-known, simple legal paper called a Living Trust. And you don't have to be rich to enjoy it's benefits.

A Living Trust has been praised by our nation's leading financial planners, and reported in publications such as The Wall Street Journal, Money Magazine, Business Week and others because:

- It eliminates the costly and lengthy probate process. The estate goes directly to your heirs without going through the courts.
- It eliminates the need for an attorney and legal fees that cut your estate. Does away with all court costs, too.
- It gives you complete control of your estate to make sure that all your wishes are carried out.
- A Living Trust is revocable, which means that you can change your mind at any time about who is going to receive your assets.
- It gives you the right in most cases to name yourself as a trustee, and your spouse or someone else as a co-trustee. Plus the right to change trustees at any time.
- If you own out of state real estate, like a vacation house or cabin, you can save a bundle by avoiding the need for probate in a second state.
- Unlike a Will where your finances and everything you own is a matter of public record for anyone to see, a Living Trust is secret.

The Wall Street Journal reported that it takes two years to complete the average probate in California. The article also stated that since a Living Trust is much faster, cheaper, and more private than settling a Will, there are many advantages to using a Living Trust instead of just a Will.

And Business Week reported that many people are using a Living Trust instead of a Will to reduce the possiblity of heirs fighting over your estate.

You must never forget that a Will must be probated and the fees for the probate lawyer and executor -- not including court fees -- range from 6% to 10% and are paid before any of your heirs receive their inheritance. That can take a big chunk out of even the smallest estate when attorneys charge anywhere from $60.00 to $150.00 an hour or more!

Look at what happened to the modest estate of Simon Morris:

- The Will of Simon Morris, a Florida resident, left $77,500 in cash to his widow. Before she could receive it, the probate process grabbed $9,375.
- Mr. Ken Bradley left $144,567 directly to his surviving spouse. The probate "fees" of $8,500 were appealed by the widow. The court ordered a refund of $7,750 with interest.
- R.L. Roberstone probably thought his Will would get his $162,114 safely to his heirs. As they found out probate fees amounted to $6,484.59.

The pity of it all is that these people could have avoided having large bites taken out of their hard-earned property by using a Living Trust. They could have passed every cent to their loved ones without squandering money on probate.

If you think a Living Trust is only for millionaires --- you couldn't be more wrong. Whether you earn $25,000 or $100,000 a year -- and whether your assets are huge or small -- a Living Trust will save you money. In fact ...

... on a percentage basis Living Trusts save more on small estates than large ones!

And you can save even more because we have shown hundreds of thousands of people just like you how to do it. It's simple.

The DSA Living Trust Kit was developed after much research with a team of legal scholars and practicing attorneys. It explains in easy-to-understand language how to set up your own Living Trust.

Instructions and guidelines are written in simple English. Illustrated step-by-step forms show you how to custom-tailor a legal trust to meet your special personal needs.

- Titles to your real estate, automobiles, boats, stocks, etc. are all safeguarded in your Trust.

Though DSA's exclusive Living Trust Kit will save you a small fortune -- and save your loved ones thousands of dollars later on -- we have kept the price especially low to enable everyone to benefit from it. Less than the cost of a good dinner out. We are so certain that you will find it invaluable that we insist you examine it on a 90-Day No-Risk Guarantee. It's easy to get your Living Trust Kit. All you have to do is print your name and address and the words, "Living Trust" on a plain piece of paper. Send it along with your check or money order in the amount of $19.95 plus $2 handling or charge to your VISA/Mastercard by including account number and expiration date to: DSA Financial Publishing Corp., 708 - 12th St. N.W., Dept. W1511, Canton, Ohio 44703. For even faster service, VISA/Mastercard or C.O.D., call toll free 1-800-321-0888, Ext. W1511.

Send for your Living Trust Kit within the next 15 days and you'll also get a Free Bonus Report on estate planning. The supplies of this very unique report are limited so you must act now.

Examine and use the Kit in the privacy of your home for 90 risk-free days. Show it to your lawyer. If you are not 100% convinced it's everything you expected -- don't keep it. Simply tear off the cover and send half of it back. You will receive a full refund. Fair enough?

A Living Trust is too important to put off another day. Order by phone or mail now!

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# POST SCRIPTS

### Smiles to Go

There's nothing quite so thrilling,
So likely to beguile,
As cuddling with your infant
When he smiles his first big smile.

He'll probably be a movie star,
Or famous member of the bar,
But for a while he's your small son,
Whose charming ways have just
begun.

*—Faye Watson*

### Brother-in-law Blues

My brother-in-law flits from job to
job, and it sure ain't funny.
'Cause when he gets hard up, he
comes and asks me for money.
"This time it will be different," he
says, "just you wait and see.
"I've got an inside track on a job.
that don't require a degree."
"Just what kind of occupation is this?"
says I, amazed at his talk.
And knowing when it comes to labor,
he will always up and balk.
"This job was made for my talents,"
he says, "so please do not scoff.
"I'm going to be a city bus driver,
so I can tell people where to
get off."

*—Stan Paregien*

### Presto Sinko

A magician was performing every evening on a luxury liner. A parrot belonging to an older sailor would scream, "Phony! Phony!" every time the magician performed his act.

One day the ship sank. The parrot and the magician ended up sitting on a long board opposite each other. A day passed and nothing was said.

Finally, the parrot looked suspiciously at the magician and said, "All right, wise guy, what did you do with the ship?"

*—J. E. Terzich*

### Me, an Angel?

I've seen so many pictures
Of angels in the books—
Curly-headed cherubs,
All have the same blonde looks.
I'd like to be an angel,
But to try I wouldn't dare.
Whoever saw an angel
With straight brown, unruly hair?

*—Betty J. Lawson*

### Cold Hard Cache

If all the loose change at the bottoms of purses were gathered together, I'll bet American women could pool enough money to wipe out the national debt.

*—James A. Knoop*

### U Turn

Sign at the end of a narrow road through a cemetery: "ONE WAY DO NOT ENTER."

*—Steve Koehler*

### Fill in the Blank

A small-business man got a government questionnaire that asked, "How many employees do you have broken down by sex?"

The man wrote in reply, "None, but some of them come in quite late in the mornings."

*—Mary Umberson*

### Debate Wait

One of the toughest things about a kid's homework is getting Mom and Dad to agree on the answers.

*—Sam Ewing*

### Fast Foreword

A Pittsburgh suburb posted this sign on its main road: "Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November—and anyone exceeding our speed limit."

*—Herm Albright*

### Information Please

After a man had struggled for several minutes with an uncooperative operator, he finally asked, in a rage, "Am I crazy or are you?"

"I am sorry, sir," the operator answered sweetly, "but we do not have that information."

*—Mrs. A. Mayer*

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### Building a Case

Mr. Carlyle:

We here at Duffy's Body Building wish to inform you that we will be forced to bring legal action against you if you continue to claim that you graduated from our muscle-building school, as, obviously, you dropped out somewhere along the way and. . . .

*—Lawrence Wyley Black*

### Off-Color Remark

A concerned wife: "Will you love me when my hair is gray?"

Husband: "Why not, dear? I've loved you in all the other shades."

*—Charles R. Baxley*

### Guilty As Charged?

A bachelor gawks at pretty women, stays too long at local taverns, rarely washes clothes, never makes a bed, drinks straight from the bottle or carton, eats out of pots, and constantly craves a good home-cooked meal.

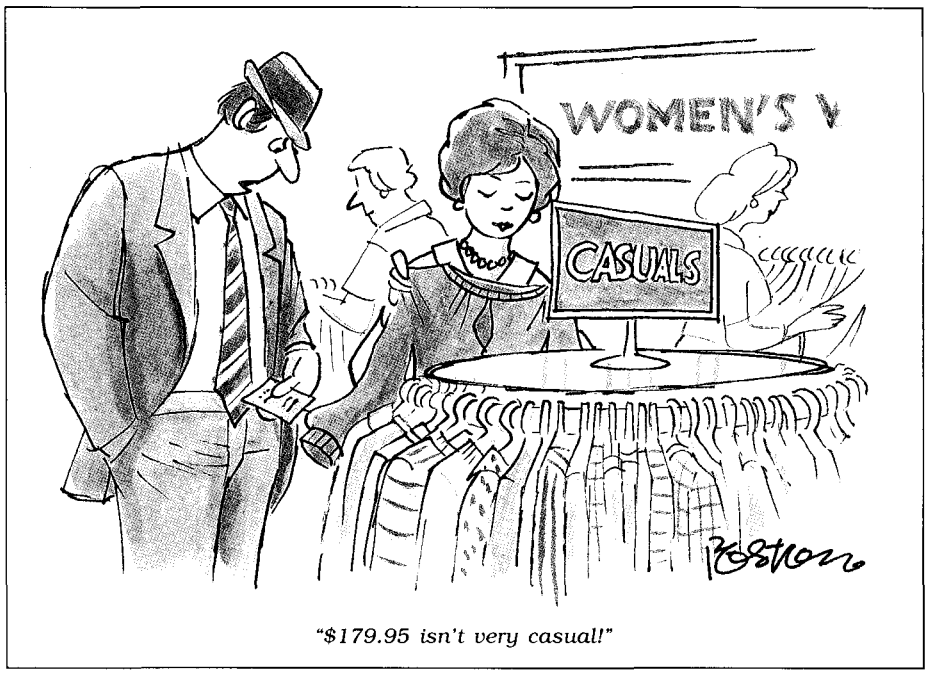
A big change occurs after a man marries. Although his behavior remains exactly the same, he is now made to feel extremely guilty about it.

*—Frank J. Davis, Sr.*

### Senseless

Two middle-aged women watched a young blind man as he told his guide dog, "Forward, Marco!" But the dog didn't move. "Forward!" the man repeated. Still the dog wouldn't budge. After a third try, the dog finally obeyed. Once the man and dog had safely crossed the street, one of the women turned to her companion and said, "Isn't that a shame, Molly—a blind man with a deaf dog."

*—Larry Johnson*




*"$179.95 isn't very casual!"*

### Who Lost Who?

Sorrowfully, a little lost boy looked up and down the street, then went to the policeman on the corner. "Sir," he asked hopefully, "did you see a lady go by without me?"

*—Mrs. E. O'Brien*

### Eyes of Them Beholding

Traveling through New England, a motorist stopped for gas at a tiny village. "What's this place called?" he asked the attendant.

"All depends," the native drawled. "Do you mean by them that has to live in this dad-blamed, moth-eaten, dust-covered, one-horse dump, or by them that's merely enjoying its quaint and picturesque rustic charms for a short spell?"

*—Thomas LaMance*

*"No, I'm not lost. I'm just taking a different way home from work."*

### Sign Off

On an official form: "Please write your name as you usually write it."

One applicant signed:

"Love always, Charlotte."

*—Laurie Baker*

### Independence Day

Dear Dad,

February 13, kindly note the date, I'll be 21 and would appreciate complete independence from parental bond. I want to taste the big, wide world beyond.

*Your daughter, Sal*

P.S. It seems my check is overdue.

Dear Sal,

Yours of the 10th received; Mom and I agree the time has come for us to set you free.

We stopped your checks; we know you must have fretted. Free souls always hate to feel indebted.

*Your loving Dad*

P.S. We're enclosing your last phone bill too.

*—Ruth E. Lancaster*

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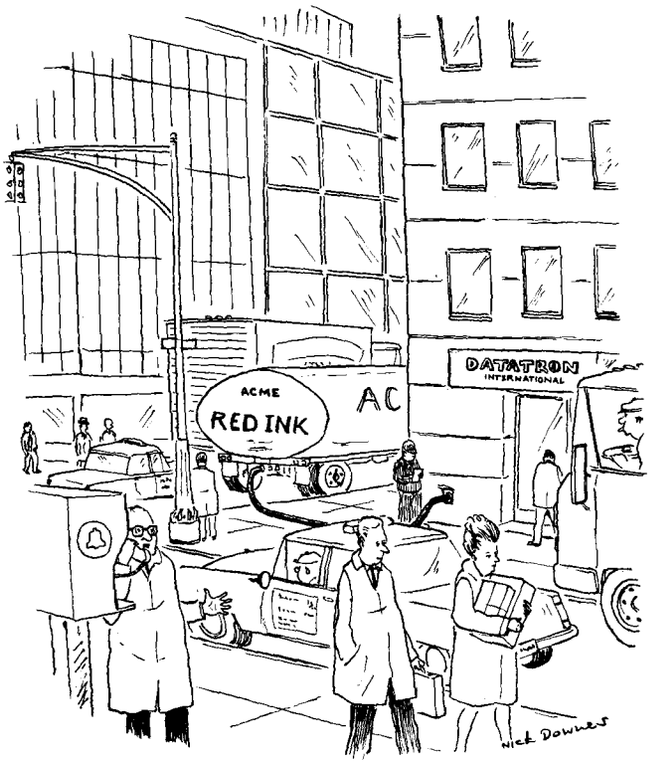
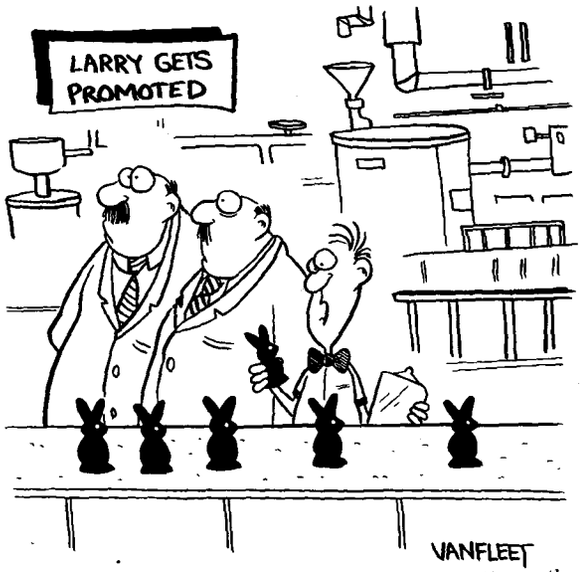
# DOLLARS AND NONSENSE




"Don't ask me how I know these things, Harry, just unload my Datatron Stock!"




"I bet we could make these darn things five times the size if we made them hollow."

"We try to keep a low overhead!"

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# What's Wrong With This Picture?

# Nothing, Now!

**A few years ago three generations of this family had problems that inhibited their ability to enjoy life. Things are different now...here's what they have to say about their experience.**

**Madeline**
Years ago if you told me I would be as active as I am today, I would not have believed it. I was a frail, sickly child and adulthood was worse. I spent so much time bedridden, I needed help caring for my family. I had been severely stricken with **Epstein Barr Virus** which left me totally weak and exhausted. A friend recommended Regina Royal Jelly to help me overcome fatigue. I was skeptical but desperate...I took it. As time went on, I began to experience renewed vitality and strength! Excited about this amazing food from the bee hive, I started my own company to make Regina Royal Jelly available to others. Now, as President of Bee-Alive, I find myself doing more than I ever dreamed possible!

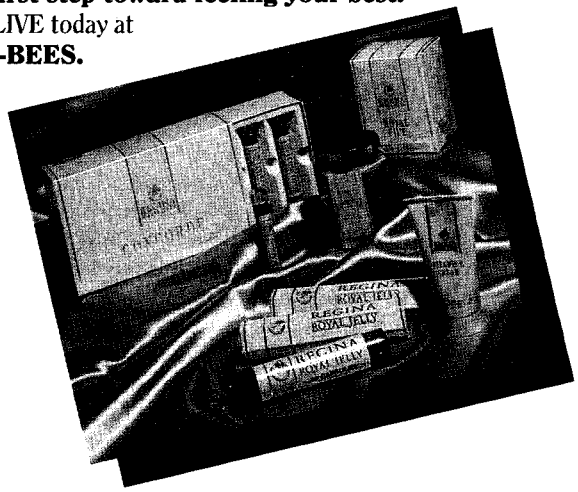
**Lori**
When my mom discovered Royal Jelly it changed my life. I was sick so often I found it difficult to keep up at school. I also had PMS which made me miserable every month. I was always tired and at my age with so many activities and opportunities available, I became depressed. Regina Royal Jelly gave me energy and stamina and turned my life around! I noticed many benefits, among them; a clear, glowing complexion and strong healthy hair and nails!

**Bianca**
I was 67 years old and liked to keep busy and feel useful, but aches and pains slowed me down. My fingers were so stiff and swollen I couldn't even do my embroidery. These physical problems interfered with my sleep. I was tired, run down and caught colds and flus frequently. My daughter, Madeline, urged me to take Regina Royal Jelly. It made such a difference in her life, she was sure it would help me. I must admit, she was right, I feel great! Now, I am 67 years young and working at Bee-Alive helping others learn about this wonderful, God given substance. I feel good about myself again!

**What is Regina Royal Jelly?**
Royal Jelly is not honey or pollen. It is bee's milk, made in nature's own laboratory. It cannot be duplicated by man. This super nutritious food is nature's richest source of pantothenic acid (vitamin B5) which has been shown to slow the aging process. The queen bee's longevity can be traced to her exclusive Royal Jelly diet. She lives almost six years while worker bees, who subsist on honey and pollen, live approximately six weeks.

In China, Royal Jelly has been used therapeutically for centuries while in Europe it was once only available to royalty and used for its beauty enhancing properties. It is still the choice of royals such as Princess Di and Fergie who take Regina Royal Jelly to help cope with busy, stressful schedules. In these hectic times it is not unusual to become so tired and run down that your body no longer has the strength to fight off illness. Studies show that *75% of all illness is stress related* and that stress can weaken your immune system.

If you are sick and tired of being sick and tired, let us help you **take that first step toward feeling your best.**
Call BEE-ALIVE today at
**1-800-543-BEES.**

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# FRED SAVAGE: HAVING FUN

*Forget the fame and fortune—the 14-year-old phenomenon of television's "The Wonder Years" has fun "just making people happy" every Wednesday night.*

**by Janet Kinosian**

"Oh, hi, Daddy!" Fred Savage's little black cellular phone is hooking up father and son from Hollywood to Chicago. "Guess where we are?" We are at Jerry's Famous Deli in Encino—a sort of hangout for the Hollywood hip—studying Fred as he tries to maneuver around a gargantuan sandwich his mom nudged him to order. He's dressed in typical teenage boy attire, acid-washed jeans, pink striped cotton shirt—untucked—and sports-battered tennies. "No, it's O.K. We finished the interview. We're just sitting around here schmoozing."

Translate schmoozing into kid lexicon—"fun"—and you have Fred Savage's key vocabulary word. As the star of ABC's hit series "The Wonder Years," he can determine his own fun, and it appears no one could tempt him with anything other than pure pleasure. "Fun is the one and only reason I do all this," he announces, which is not a line often heard from adults in glitter city. As the center of the immensely successful show, 14-year-old Fred likely has more spotlight fame and makes more money than a large percentage of television's working adult actors. All this, however, is "nothing I'd ever think about."

"The show is a lot of hard work [he spends a five-day, 48-hour week on the set], but I have so much fun doing it," he says. "That's the whole reason I got into acting." (Just for a lark, he went to a hot-dog commercial when he was five, was turned down for the part, has not studied acting since, and here you are.)

He claims most of his business decisions revolve around the three-letter word. "When I'm asked to do something, I have to think, 'Well, will it be fun?' Because if it's fun, I'll do it. If not, I probably won't. I make most of my decisions on the basis of fun.

"And when it stops being fun, then I guess that's when to stop, because I'm not doing this to support a family, or 'cause I have to. My dad supports us. So I just do it 'cause I have a good time."

As Kevin Arnold on the series of '60s nostalgia, Fred's whole persona is drenched in lovableness. He stares at the camera with that adorable face, as the character's voice-over adult alter-ego narrates the kaleidoscopic change in perspective we all experience from age 12 to age 33. And it's hard not to fall in love, with both

**A paragon of lovableness in his TV role, Fred likes to set the record straight. "I'm not some goody-goody kid," he insists. His vices include fighting with his brother and sister and talking back to his parents.**

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Kevin and Fred, just a little bit.

"The Wonder Years"—the series—has already entered Americana, earning its place as a significant date on the yuppie calendar. There is likely not a baby boomer around who has not seen at least one episode and had his gut take a tumble. This, after all, didn't just happen to us, it *happened* to us, and the show's writers have Xeroxed the times perfectly, down to even the Arnolds' orange living room couch.

Still, it is the rare TV series that, in a single episode, can conjure up an entire era, like flashcards. Everything is there. All the adolescent angst of acne breakouts, broken hearts, nerd worries, grades, and tests, amidst the backdrop of Vietnam, assassinations, Woodstock, napalm, and "Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In." It was, without question, our childhood. Natch.

The ratings were an instant chart topper, and critics nearly fell all over themselves praising the show. "A treasure," wrote the *Wall Street Journal*. "A rare T.V. phenomenon," *USA Today* said. The *Washington Post*'s TV critic, Tom Shales—a hard nut to crack—called it "first-class time travel." Even *People* gave it an A+.

Fred has his own opinions about why "The Wonder Years" is so popular. "I think it appeals to all sorts of different people because it appeals to the adults for the nostalgia and the looking back. All the time people come up to me and they say, 'Oh, this episode when this and this happened, that was *exactly* what happened to me.'

"But it also appeals to the kids because no matter if it's in the 1960s or the 1990s or the year 2000, the kids will be going through the same experiences." He describes a scene in which Kevin spends much of the show hunched over the telephone collecting the nerve to call a girl for a date while scenes of the first moon landing flickered on a TV screen.

"You see, Kevin doesn't really know much about what's going on," Fred explains. "He's just worried about his own thing, not what everyone else is worried about. His problems are the most important thing in his life, and he really doesn't see the big picture too well. I guess all children will be like that."

Fame for a child brings its own pluses and minuses, and Fred is quite clear on the sweet and sour sides of being in the public eye. "The best part," he says enthusiastically, "is that you get a lot of people coming up to you. I like that. Some people don't always like that, but I love it when someone comes up to ask for an autograph or to say that they love the show. I love that because it means people appreciate what you're doing and you make them happy every Wednesday night. And that's what I love doing, making people happy.

"But probably the worst part is being away from my dad. 'Cause he lives in Chicago—he has a business there, so he comes out every weekend. And that's definitely the worst part of it. 'Cause I really miss him."

Filming runs August through mid-April, so Fred; his mom; sister, Kala, 11, who is on "Santa Barbara"; and brother, Ben, 9, on "Dear John," all live in a house in Tarzana. Dad (Lew) Savage works in the commercial real-estate business in Chicago—where the family home is stationed out in the suburbs—and he commutes westward every weekend. His son misses him terribly; Fred says he talks to his dad three or four times a day until the weekend rolls around.

Fred, however, worries a little that all this family stuff might sound a bit corny. "You know, I'm not some goody-good kid. I get in fights with my brother and sister all the time and mouth off to my parents. And I get sent to my room and whatever, 'cause if I'm bad I get punished. It's most effective when Mom threatens to take away my CD player or take away my baseball cards. That always works. I get in trouble just like any other kid."

Fred assures us he's just a normal kid. He cracks up when reporters ask

**In spite of a 48-hour work week, Fred spends at least 3 hours a day with a tutor, who teaches assignments sent to the studio lot from Fred's junior high school in Chicago.**

**Kevin and his best friend, Paul (Josh Saviano), face the daily adolescent obstacles of junior high life. Viewers relate to the horrors of gym class, school dances, and unrequited crushes.**

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him this question. "They always want to know if I'm a real [normal] kid. I mean, *what* are they talking about?" he asks incredulously.

Fred the normal kid collects baseball cards; talks marathons on the phone ("My mom can vouch for that, but I can't even compete with my sister"); has an 8:30 bedtime (early set-call); gets nervous on talk shows; loves to read the classics (his favorite poet is Edgar Allan Poe); plays Nintendo video games ("I'd love to be in the '60s and see all the hippies and protesters, but I'd miss video games"); and watches "Twin Peaks" and is confused ("All my friends are talking about it, so I'd just sit there twirling my thumbs if I didn't watch it").

He gets an allowance ("I was getting $8, and a lot of my friends were getting $10 or $11 a week, so the crew razzed my mom into giving me $9. So I thank the crew for my $9"). At 14, he doesn't yet date ("I have lots of friends who are girls, but, you know, I can't drive yet").

He also likes rap music. This produces a light-flavored tussle with his mom about the group Public Enemy.

"You don't have anything by Public Enemy," Joanne counters her son.

"Yes, I do."

"No, they're the ones with the racial slurs. . . ."

"No, Mom. Public Enemy aren't the bad ones, Mom. The bad ones are NWA."

"No. No."

"Yes. Yes."

"Oh, Fred!"

"Mo-o-o-o-om," he moans in that plaintive cry of the harassed teenager. Definitely he is a normal kid.

Mom Joanne (whom the "Wonder" crew all refer to as Mom) and Fred make a good team. Obviously close, the two seem to have similar temperaments—very easygoing—and as Joanne looks over his career and protects him, he is allowed to dig in and experience all this fantasy stuff up close and personal.

In the past few years he's done such "cool" things as co-hosting the People's Choice Awards, serving as grand marshal at a Mardi Gras parade in New Orleans, appearing on the "Tonight" show twice, being invited by Barbara Bush to attend the Inauguration, appearing at Comic Relief III, and having a fun chat with Arsenio on "The Arsenio Hall Show."

I ask if he wants to be an actor. "When I grow up? I don't really know. I have a little time, a lot of time to think about it, I guess." He has been in five feature films, *The Boy Who Could Fly*, *The Princess Bride*, *Vice Versa*, *Little Monsters*, and *The Wizard*. And a TV movie, *When You Remember Me*, in which Fred's character suffers from muscular dystrophy, aired last fall.

"I'd like to direct someday, I think," he says after some thought. "Sort of like Ron Howard. He was a child actor, like me, and then he became this good adult actor on "Happy Days," and then he's become this wonderful, great director: *Parenthood* and *Cocoon*. So he could be a great role model for me."

Speaking of role models. When Fred recently hosted "Saturday Night Live," he played the niece of the show's classic character Church Lady. It was a role that had to be modeled so perfectly, a role seemingly so tough, it might have intimidated even the cast regulars. "Yeah, it was a little hard," he admits, "because if I didn't do it perfectly the whole joke would have been ruined." He came just short of a standing ovation, but he did pull down one of the season's highest rated shows for SNL—bowling over the much-ballyhooed Andrew Dice Clay's controversial show.

Fred hasn't eaten much lunch, so I tell him if he eats his potato salad, he gets one free wish. What would it be? "Good question," he says, stumped temporarily. "I'd probably wish to be with my dad all the time, for him to live with us. I know that's selfish, and not like a cure for cancer or AIDS. But I would love to be with my dad all the time."

He is doing his sit-down Billy Crystal comedy routine now, imitating George Bush on Tuesday nights. "Barbara, Barbara, 'The Wonder Years' is on! Get Millie and let's all watch 'The Wonder Years' together!" He does an imitation of Steven Spielberg watching the show, though no one at lunch knows quite what Steven Spielberg would sound like. "I just get such a big kick out of thinking who might be watching the show," Fred says.

This is all heady stuff for a 14-year-old boy. But it fits him nicely. Whether it's because his parents reared him well, or because he's just the kind of polite person who will thank you twice in two minutes for buying him lunch, the 'big star' stuff doesn't seem to puff his head in the least.

I mention that I saw him once at the Hollywood Women's Press Club's

**"The Wonder Years" has won Fred Savage fans of all ages. Schoolmates of Fred's younger brother, Ben, want to know if Fred is nice, and girls want to know where the Savage family lives.**

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Golden Apple Christmas party, where he won a Golden Apple as New Male Star of '89. Someone brought Fred over to the table to meet Glenn Ford, "And you know what I said to him when I left?" Fred exclaims. "I said, 'Have a nice day!' I could feel so stupid even thinking about it. That's like a bumper sticker, or a pin with a yellow smiley face, or like those people that pass out coloring books at the airport. I mean, who says, 'Have a nice day'? I felt *so* stupid all day. I mean, it's like, uuuuuch."

His mom says Fred's so friendly he could sit in a room of 20 people and in 30 minutes he'd be friends with all of them. "I've never met anyone I haven't liked in all this," he agrees. "I mean, I really haven't. Anyone from someone on the crew, someone I've worked with, someone coming up to me to ask for an autograph, a reporter, someone taking my picture.

"I've always heard that people in Hollywood are obnoxious, but I've never seen anything that holds that rumor to be true. So as far as I'm concerned, that's just a rumor."

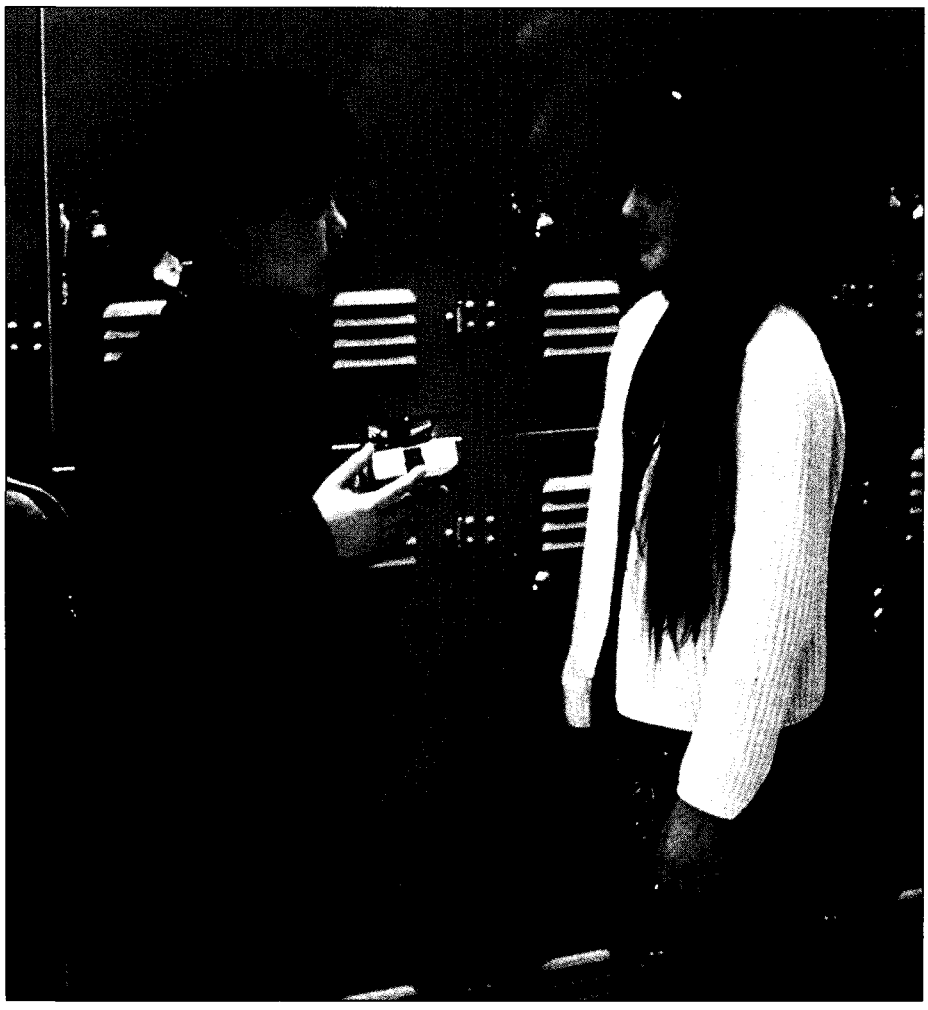
Joanne has brought a color photograph as a possible cover picture for the magazine. But she had subbed as a pinch-hit makeup artist and dabbed too much concealer under her son's eyes for the photo. "What!" Fred panics when he hears which photo is being used. He is horrified. "You will *hate* this picture," he assures me. The picture, of course, is adorable.

After a group of grandmotherly-type ladies have cooed over Fred, telling him, among other things, he's so precious, cute, a darling favorite, one lady nabs him on the way out of the restaurant. After she leaves, Fred dashes up to his mom and me. "Mom, do you know what that lady said? She said she has two daughters, but if she had a son, she'd want him to be just like me. Wasn't that nice!"

"She obviously doesn't have to live with you," his mother teases.

"It must be nice to wake up every morning and have people say all these nice things to you all day long," I suggest. He gives me that look he has perfected on "The Wonder Years," the Kevin Arnold mute look of wide-eyed wonderment, and smiles.

Fred doesn't answer, but Kevin Arnold might have said in the vernacular of "The Wonder Years" real generation, "Fun? Are you kidding? *Psychedelic! Far-out!*"



**Although Fred's on-screen persona shares a budding romance with Winnie (Danica McKellar), Fred doesn't date offscreen. His reason: "I can't drive yet."**

**"The Wonder Years" Arnold family is a slice of '60s suburban middle America, complete with flower child.**

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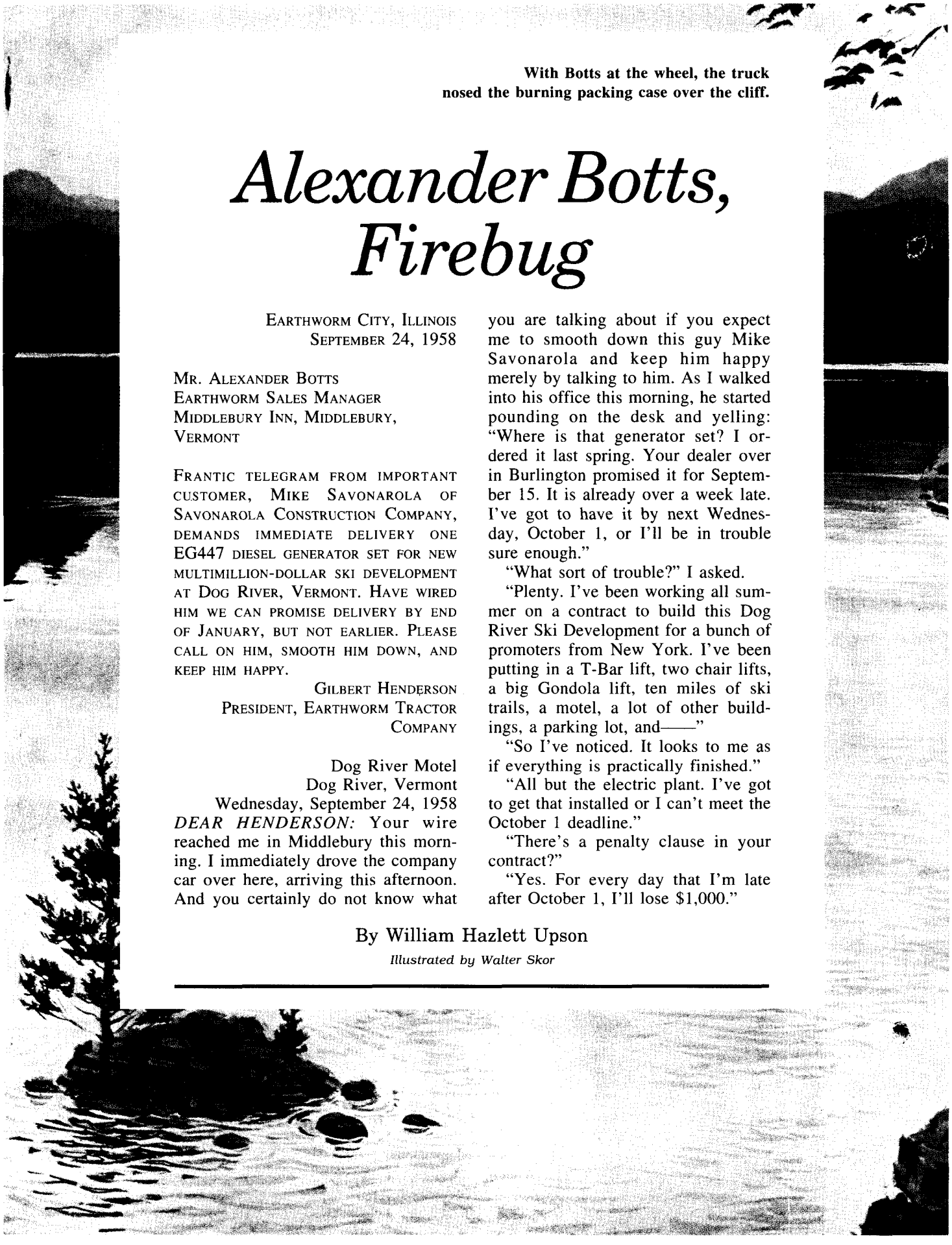

**With Botts at the wheel, the truck nosed the burning packing case over the cliff.**

# *Alexander Botts, Firebug*

EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
SEPTEMBER 24, 1958

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
EARTHWORM SALES MANAGER
MIDDLEBURY INN, MIDDLEBURY,
VERMONT

FRANTIC TELEGRAM FROM IMPORTANT CUSTOMER, MIKE SAVONAROLA OF SAVONAROLA CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, DEMANDS IMMEDIATE DELIVERY ONE EG447 DIESEL GENERATOR SET FOR NEW MULTIMILLION-DOLLAR SKI DEVELOPMENT AT DOG RIVER, VERMONT. HAVE WIRED HIM WE CAN PROMISE DELIVERY BY END OF JANUARY, BUT NOT EARLIER. PLEASE CALL ON HIM, SMOOTH HIM DOWN, AND KEEP HIM HAPPY.

GILBERT HENDERSON
PRESIDENT, EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY

Dog River Motel
Dog River, Vermont
Wednesday, September 24, 1958

*DEAR HENDERSON:* Your wire reached me in Middlebury this morning. I immediately drove the company car over here, arriving this afternoon. And you certainly do not know what you are talking about if you expect me to smooth down this guy Mike Savonarola and keep him happy merely by talking to him. As I walked into his office this morning, he started pounding on the desk and yelling: "Where is that generator set? I ordered it last spring. Your dealer over in Burlington promised it for September 15. It is already over a week late. I've got to have it by next Wednesday, October 1, or I'll be in trouble sure enough."

"What sort of trouble?" I asked.

"Plenty. I've been working all summer on a contract to build this Dog River Ski Development for a bunch of promoters from New York. I've been putting in a T-Bar lift, two chair lifts, a big Gondola lift, ten miles of ski trails, a motel, a lot of other buildings, a parking lot, and——"

"So I've noticed. It looks to me as if everything is practically finished."

"All but the electric plant. I've got to get that installed or I can't meet the October 1 deadline."

"There's a penalty clause in your contract?"

"Yes. For every day that I'm late after October 1, I'll lose $1,000."

By William Hazlett Upson

*Illustrated by Walter Skor*

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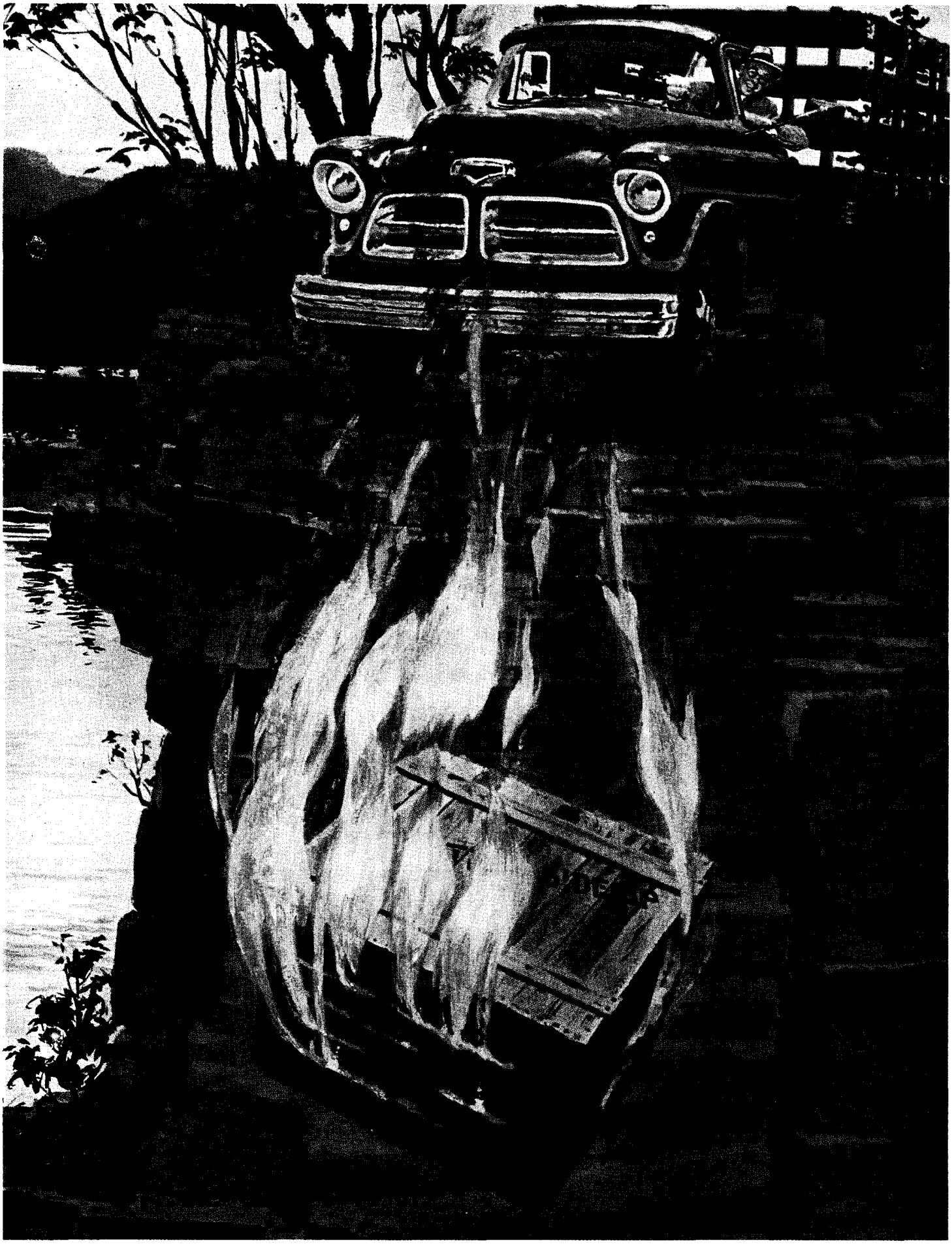

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"That's a pretty stiff penalty," I said.

"Sure. These promoters are tough customers. But they have some plausible arguments. The contract is for several million dollars. $1,000 a day is only one-tenth of 1 percent of each million."

"Yes," I said, "but $1,000 a day still seems like a lot of money just for being late with an electric set. What do they say about that?"

"They say their power line comes in here through over ten miles of national forest where they are not allowed to clear a wide right of way. If just one tree falls across the wires, all the lights in the whole place will go out, all the kitchen equipment and the oil burners will be useless, and the ski tows will stop with a lot of cash customers marooned way up in the air."

"So they really need an electric set of their own for stand-by power?"

"They wouldn't dare operate without it, Mr. Botts. They insisted on a penalty clause that included the electric set. I needed the work, so I signed the contract. I thought I could get everything finished way ahead of time. But now Henderson wires me that he can't deliver the electric set until the end of January. That's four months. At $1,000 a day it adds up to more than $120,000."

*"It never fails—first we have an earthquake, and then it snows."*

"This whole thing is ridiculous," I said. "There must be some way you can get out of paying any such tremendous penalty."

"Listen, Mr. Botts, I don't want to pay even one day's penalty. This may be a big contract, but I figured the profits so close that I can't afford to lose even $1,000."

"We ought to be able to get a set somewhere," I said.

"A few days ago," said Mike, "a salesman for the Superba Tractor Company came around and offered one of his sets at less than the Earthworm. I tried to persuade the promoters to take it."

"Certainly you wouldn't want to cheat a customer by unloading any of that Superba junk on them?"

"For $120,000 I would unload anything on anybody. But they wouldn't let me substitute a Superba. They insisted on Earthworm."

"Good for them," I said.

"That's easy for you to say, Mr. Botts. You don't have to pay out $1,000 a day in penalties."

"Couldn't you maybe rent this Superba electric set and replace it with the Earthworm when the Earthworm comes?"

"I thought of that too. But the Superba man won't rent. He wants to make an outright sale."

"I thought you said the promoters won't accept a Superba."

"They won't from me, Mr. Botts. If I fail to provide an Earthworm set according to the contract, they'll take their pound of flesh. They'll withhold $1,000 for every day I'm late. And then the big bums will turn around and save their own skins by buying a Superba set and using that for stand-by power."

"I guess you made a mistake when you signed this contract in the first place."

"My big mistake, Mr. Botts, was when I believed your dealer. He promised delivery of that electric set by September 15—over two weeks ahead of the deadline. And now I find that your dealer is a liar."

"No," I said, "our dealer is perfectly honest. He was relying on our Production Department—which had promised delivery by September 15."

"Then the Earthworm Production Department is a bunch of liars."

"No" I said, "I have been in touch with this situation all summer. Our Production Department is not to blame. They have been held up by unexpected failures on the part of our suppliers. If you read the fine print on the order blank you must realize that we are not legally responsible for delays due to difficulties outside our control."

"To think," said Mike sadly, "that I trusted the Earthworm Tractor Company. And now I find that all you people know is how to pass the buck."

"Mike," I said, "I do not blame you for feeling discouraged. But I have good news for you. Even though the Earthworm company is not legally liable in a case like this, it has always assumed a moral obligation for the welfare of its customers. So you don't have to worry anymore. I am hereby taking charge of this entire situation. The Earthworm Tractor Company will make good any losses you may sustain because of our failure to deliver this electric set on the date that we promised."

"You mean the Earthworm company will pay $1,000 for every day that the set is late?"

"Absolutely," I said.

"Would you put that in writing?"

"Certainly." I wrote out and signed a brief note covering the oral promise that I had just made.

"That's very generous of you, Mr. Botts."

"Not at all," I said. "I am going to fix up everything so that it will not cost any of us a single cent."

"But how can you do that?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. I'll have to make my plans as I go along."

Wishing Mike a cordial good afternoon, I came over here to the motel and telephoned several of our northern

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New England dealers. They all reported no EG447 generator sets on hand. They did not know of any secondhand sets which might be available in their territories. However, I am not discouraged.

Tomorrow I will start calling personally on these dealers to see if I can stir something up. I have a very definite feeling that somewhere, somehow, I can locate an electric set which I can deliver to the ski development in time to beat the October 1 deadline.

You may address me for the next few days at the Dog River Motel, Dog River, Vermont.

Yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS

TELEGRAM
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
SEPTEMBER 26, 1958
ALEXANDER BOTTS
DOG RIVER MOTEL, DOG
RIVER, VERMONT

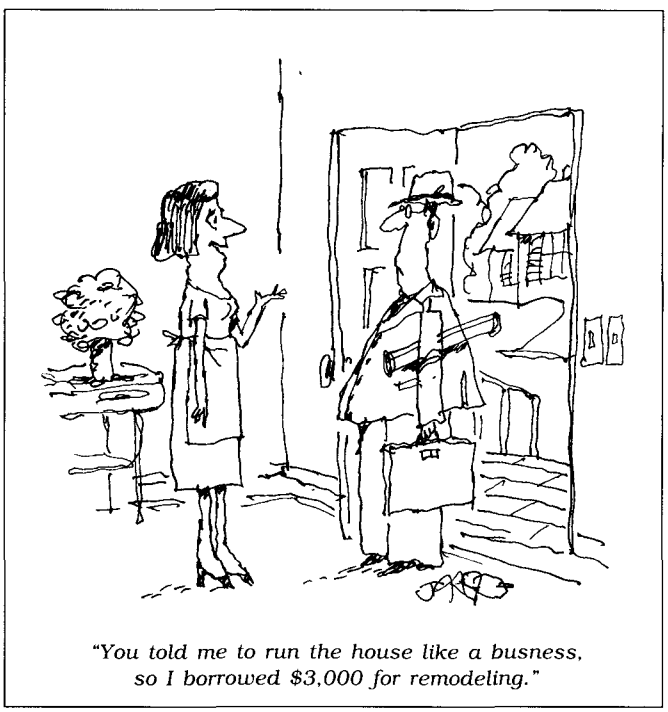
IF YOU FEEL IT YOUR DUTY TO SAVE MIKE SAVONAROLA FROM HIS OWN FOLLY IN SIGNING A CONTRACT WITH AN UNREASONABLY EXCESSIVE PENALTY CLAUSE, YOU WILL HAVE TO SAVE HIM AT YOUR OWN EXPENSE. THE EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE EITHER LEGALLY OR MORALLY.
GILBERT HENDERSON

Dog River Motel
Dog River, Vermont
Friday, September 26, 1958

*DEAR HENDERSON:* I am somewhat amused at your timid refusal to let the Earthworm Company back up my financial promises to Mike Savonarola. As I stated in my Wednesday letter, I made these promises with complete confidence that I could fix up everything so that it will not cost any of us a single cent. I am now pleased to report that even though I have not yet solved all of the difficulties in this case, the situation is gradually becoming so hopeful that there is no longer any real cause for worry.

On Thursday—yesterday—I drove to Burlington to see our northern Vermont dealer. He is the man who promised the electric set by September 15. I had talked to him the previous afternoon by telephone. He had assured me he had no electric set available. However, as I never take anything for granted, I had decided to check up on him personally. And it is well that I did so.

When I reached his establishment, I headed directly for the repair shop and warehouse, where experience has taught me I am apt to discover more in the way of important facts than if I apply at the office. Outside the shop door I noticed a heavy platform truck with a large empty packing case bearing the words EARTHWORM EG447 DIESEL GENERATOR SET. Inside the shop was the set itself—big, beautiful, and brand new. The mechanic in charge told me the set had arrived several days before. He was tuning it up and planned to have it ready for delivery on Saturday.



*"You told me to run the house like a busness, so I borrowed $3,000 for remodeling."*

I thanked the mechanic, entered the office and introduced myself to the dealer. "Yesterday," I said, "you told me over the telephone that you had no EG447 generator set available. But I notice that you have one out in your shop."

"That's right," he said. "I have one on hand. But it's not available. It has already been sold to a man called Joshua Chandler, who runs a summer hotel with cottages at Chandler Lake, Vermont. His order was received before the Savonarola order."

"If Mr. Chandler runs a summer hotel," I said, "he has probably shut down for the season. He won't need an electric set until next year. You should get in touch with him and persuade him to make a later delivery, and let Mike Savonarola have this set right now."

"I thought of that, Mr. Botts. But before I could get hold of him, he called me up and demanded immediate delivery. He has already made his first payment, so I'll have to send him the set as promised."

"You also promised to send a set to Mike," I said.

"I know it. Mike's set was promised for September 15. But Mr. Chandler's set was promised for last June. So Chandler comes first. Incidentally, both these promises were based on definite assurances from the Earthworm Tractor Company. I hope you realize, Mr. Botts, that these slow deliveries are making it hard for me. There was a man named Simsbury who came in just a few days ago and asked about the situation on these electric sets. Very likely I am losing a sale to him as well as disappointing Mike Savonarola. But there is nothing I can do about it."

"I am not blaming you at all. I am just trying to work out a plan that will be as helpful as possible to all concerned. Do you know why Mr. Chandler is in such a hurry for his electric set?"

"No."

"In that case, I am going to find out."

I took down Mr. Chandler's address and drove over to see him. His resort is a once-fashionable but now rundown wooden hotel with a dozen wooden cottages on a bluff overlooking Chandler Lake far up in the Green Mountains. The only approach was along 15 miles of rough but beautiful mountain road.

Mr. Joshua Chandler turned out to be an amiable but rather dull-witted young man, who had inherited the property from his father. He explained some rather grandiose plans for modernizing the buildings in hopes of recapturing some of the resort's former

*continued on page 90*

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# SUZANNE TIMKEN AND THE CORPORATE CUP

*Efforts to "energize with exercise" have won Stark County, Ohio, top honors and Suzanne Timken a top job with the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports.*

**by Holly G. Miller**

The qualifying rules are simple enough: if you can walk a half mile or swim a single lap, you can make the team. All others are invited to get in the game by exercising their lungs with cheers for the nearly 15,000 amateur athletes on the court, in the pool, around the track, and at the starting line.

Miracles happen every September in Stark County, Ohio. Onlookers recall the 86-year-old man who loped across the finish of the three-mile race; the middle-aged nurse, frightened of the water, who received a standing ovation when she came in last in the swim relay; and members of a tug of war team who spent three months dragging 5,000-pound blocks around a parking lot as part of their training regimen. When the blocks became boring, they turned to trucks.

*Flexercize leaders John Thompson and Suzanne Timken demonstrate breathing techniques before the first Corporate Cup in 1984.*

Now in its eighth year, Stark County's Community Corporate Cup competition, the country's largest amateur sports event, has served as a model for nearly 70 cities determined to "shape up" their residents. "It's unbelievable," says John Usmial, the coordinator of Cup activities and director

*One, two, three . . . heave! Six men and six women build momentum as a whistle signals the start of another tug of war. Competing teams often train together, then cheer each other on during a series of "tugoffs."*

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of marketing and program development at the Canton Area YMCA. "I keep thinking we'll see a slowdown, but it just keeps growing. We've had 22 new companies call since September wanting to get in next year's competition." If they sign on for the fun and games, the number of organizations that field teams will swell to 120, up from the original 48. Events have increased from 6 to 16 since 1984, and participation last year was up 33 percent over the previous year.

As successful and innovative as Cup competition is, its roots stretch back nearly 30 years to a near-tragedy that threatened to permanently sideline one of Canton's most active civic leaders, Suzanne Timken.

"I was about 24 years old at the time and had recently delivered our second baby," Suzanne recounts. "Because of the pregnancy, I hadn't ridden a horse in several months and was anxious to get back into the saddle. When my recuperation time was up, I was given permission to exercise our jumper. It was horrible; the horse ran away, threw

COMMUNITY CORPORATE CUP
YMCA
"WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER"

*The annual slogan contest has yielded such catchy come-ons as "It's Hip to Be Fit" and "Exercise Is Looking Good." The official Cup logo carries the original slogan that sums up the mission: "We're All in This Together."*

*Mike Hanke, editor of the* Canton Repository *newspaper, was an early supporter of the Cup concept. "Go for it," was his advice to Suzanne Timken.*

*The 6 original walking, jogging, and swimming events have expanded to 17 and now include a coed time-predicted bicycle contest. Four-member teams predict their finishing times and earn points for coming close.*

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me, and I broke my back. I remember telling the doctor in the hospital that I *had* to recover because I wanted to have more children. He said, 'Well, then, you're going to have to really strengthen your lower back and your neck because you've sustained a lot of injury to both of them.' "

She took him at his word, and through exercise and hard work was able to restore her health. Today, she's grateful for the experience. "The accident turned out to be a gift," she says. "It got me firmly into exercise. I've never had a problem with my back since then, and I went on to have two more children. I also gained an understanding of the importance of fitness."

Suzanne's commitment to a healthful lifestyle earned her a slot on the advisory board of President Reagan's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports in 1982. When the Canton newspaper announced her appointment, one of the first persons to call her was John Thompson, the young new physical director of the Canton YMCA. Thompson, an exercise physiologist, had a

*Although Corporate Cup competition is limited to adults, Suzanne and Canton superintendent of schools Bob Henderson agree that the President's Challenge Fitness Awards Program might be just the thing for Canton kids.*

*To boost participation, replay rules specify that teams include men and women runners of all ages. A special category for nonathletes encourages team members to do their own thing—walk, run, or jog a 20-minute mile.*

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big dream but no budget to underwrite it. He enlisted Suzanne's help.

"He said he wanted to launch some kind of fitness competition that would involve the local corporations," says Suzanne, currently vice chairman of President Bush's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. "I told him that it was a great idea as long as the event wasn't directed to the elite athlete. I wanted it geared to people of all fitness levels—secretaries, midnight shift workers, the everyday Joe and Jane who may not otherwise be reached by the wellness movement."

*And they're off! Among last year's success stories was a woman, injured in a near-fatal car collision, who came back to compete in swimming, cycling, and softball.*

The project began to take shape. Committees were formed, events were designed so anyone could compete, and a slogan was selected that summed up the spirit of the contest: "Fit or Unfit, Join Your Company Team." To make sure team members were fit for the fight, a training program was conducted three months before the first Cup competition. Hundreds of participants and their families turned out at the local football field for an exercise class led by the Timken-Thompson duo. Suddenly, the entire city of Canton was buying into the idea that fitness was looking better—in more ways than one. Local fitness facilities were loaded with new faces, pools were full, and jogging trails were packed as everyone settled down to the serious business of training.

When she wasn't leading exercises she was on recruiting missions to local companies, looking for likely corporate bodies. "I remember talking to my husband's secretary at the Timken Company," she says. "Margie had never done anything like this in her whole life, but I said, 'Margie, we need you on the Timken team.' Sure enough, she started jogging—first a quarter mile, then a half mile—and she ended up being in one of the relays."

The competition's theme, "We're All in This Together," extended to financing the event as well as fielding the teams. The philosophy was to not allow any one company to pick up the tab and not rely on public funds. Rather, the sponsorship was spread over a number of organizations. A spirit of community was generated when 12 sponsors, ranging from banks to corporations, agreed to share in the financial support of the program.

"Logically, a hospital should sponsor this kind of event, but we have three hospitals in town," Suzanne says. "When I called on the first hospital, the directors agreed that of

*Tim Timken, Suzanne's favorite swimmer, completes his leg of the 6 x 50-yard relay. Not only do the rules dictate the makeup of each team (three men, three women), but their ages must equal at least 150 years!*

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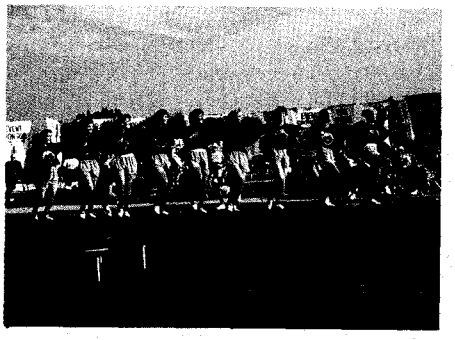
course they would be a sponsor; in fact, they would underwrite the whole thing. I said, 'No, you don't understand. We're all in this together.' "

She and Thompson never doubted that the Cup would become an annual tradition. However, as convinced as they were of its success, they never suspected its spin-off benefits. What started as a city competition quickly expanded to a county event, and organizations began attaching a variety of wellness activities to the basic Cup contest. Doctors Hospital of Stark County hosted a free picnic lunch, complete with a lecture on cholesterol and diet; Massillon Community Hospital offered a series on weight loss; Aultman Hospital designed a course on stress management; and Timken Mercy Medical Center sponsored a seminar on exercise. Suddenly, wellness was a year-round concern, and everyone was talking fitness.



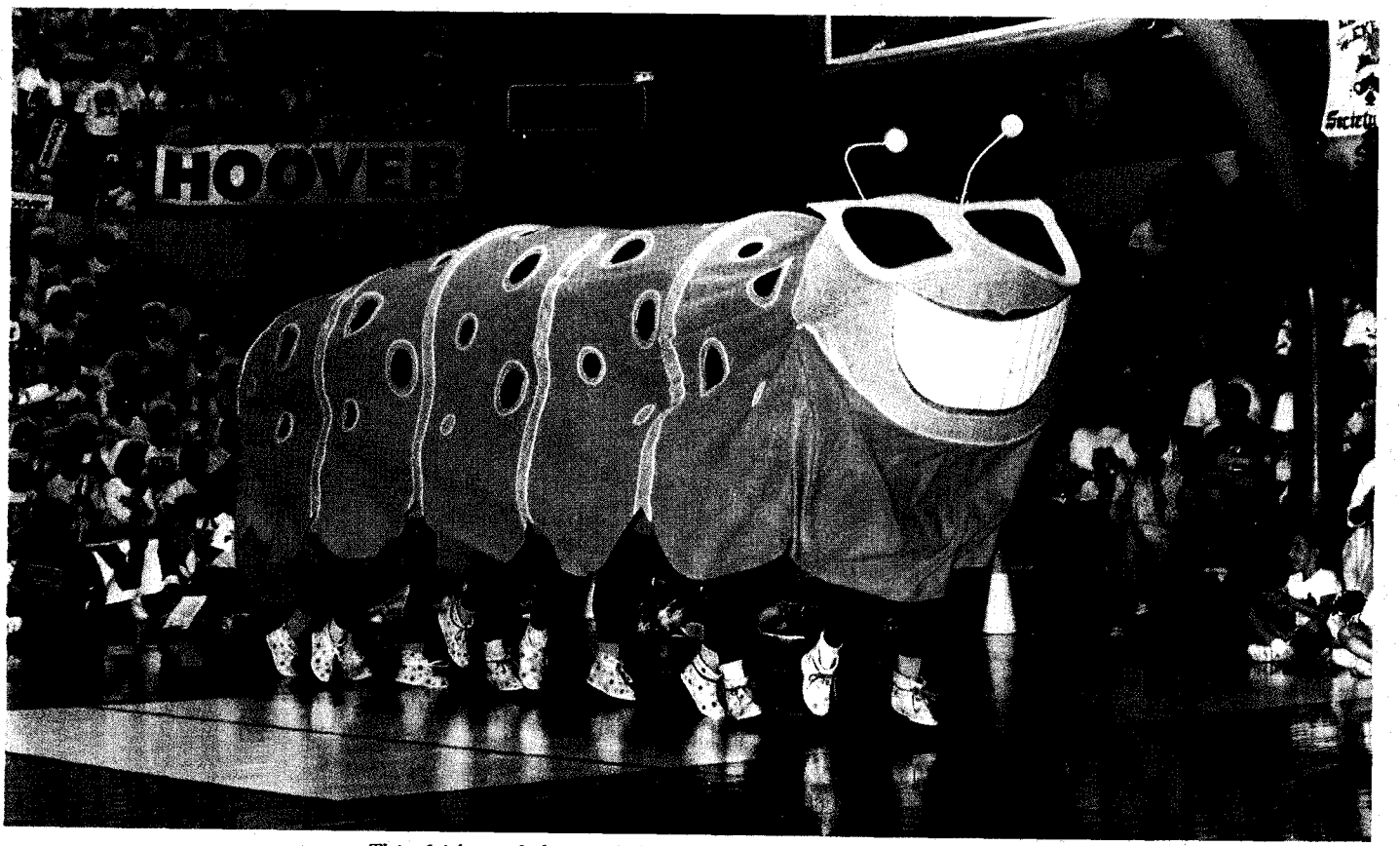
*No sports event is complete without cheerleaders to ignite the standing-room-only crowds. Teams earn extra points for being coed.*

"From the beginning, the purpose of the Cup has been to get people to evaluate their lifestyles and to make some positive changes," says John Usmial, who has overseen the project since its second year. "Kids see their parents competing and having fun rather than sitting on the couch watching TV. This sends a great message and provides good role models. The other key goals are to promote camaraderie among employees, and to boost community spirit."

The mission has been met and the goals realized, but no ceiling is seen on the success. Usmial agrees that even the best projects have their limits, but the Community Corporate Cup is far from reaching its potential.

"There are about 500,000 people in our county," he says. "To really get into health and wellness and to really affect the entire community, we should achieve the goal of 100 percent participation. Of course, that will never happen, but we need to always keep that in mind and constantly be working to involve more people."

*"Don't skimp on the hardware" is the rule in Canton. According to Cup director John Usmial, $10,000 is spent on awards each year.*




*This 14-legged, hot-pink beastie walked away with the top cheerleading honors for 1990. The campy caterpillar was dubbed "Wild Thing" by its sponsor, Republic Engineered Steel, Inc.*

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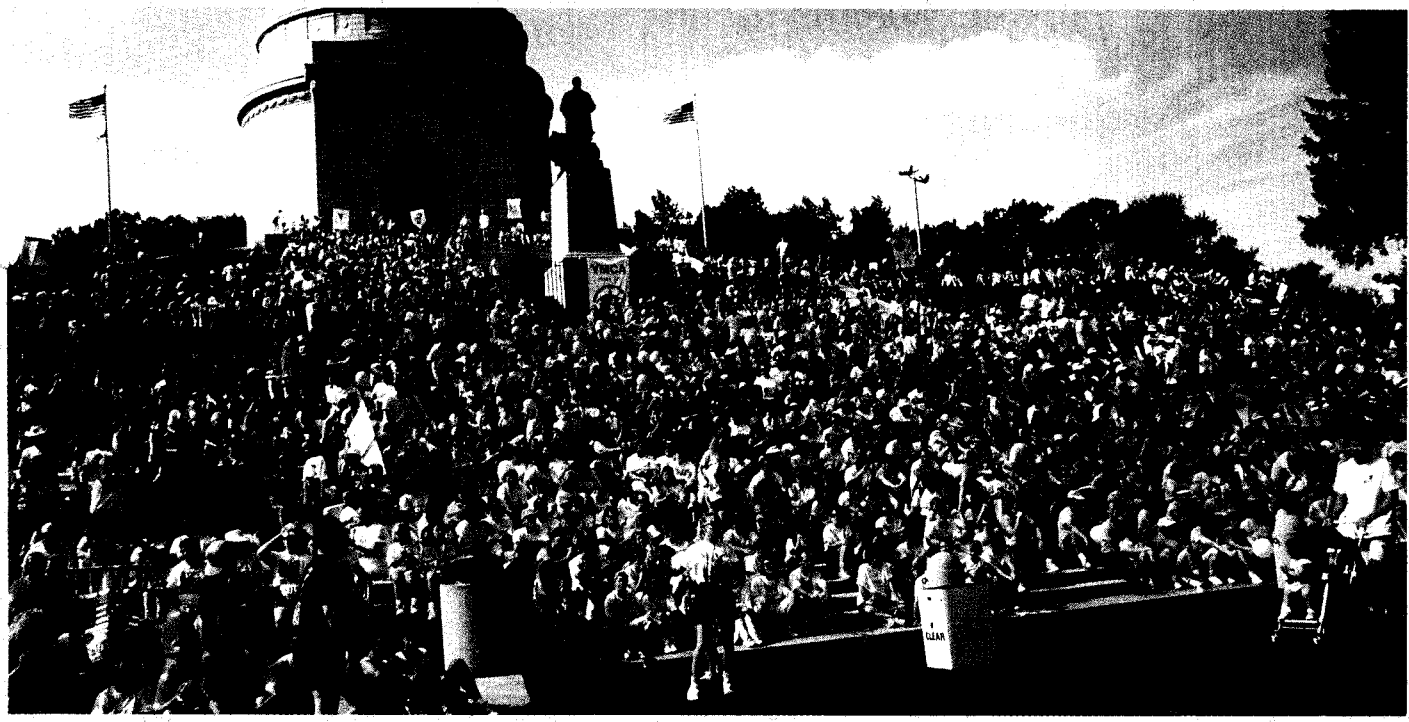
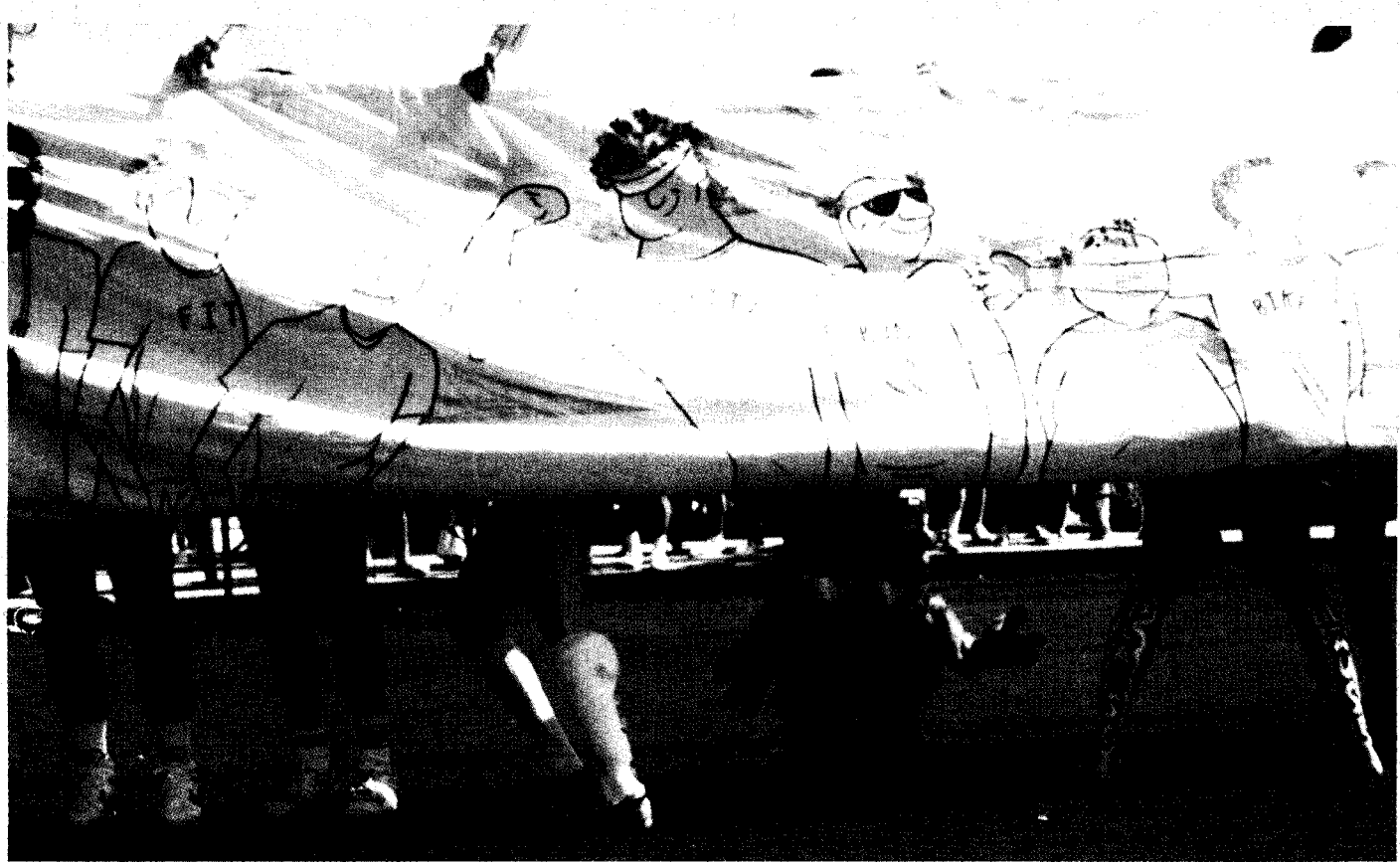


*Participants cram Monument Park in front of the William McKinley memorial to await the awards ceremony. Benefits extend far beyond the four cups presented in the corporate divisions. One heavyweight team member lost 56 pounds after he was bitten by the fitness bug.*



*Not all events are athletic or serious. "Fitness has to be fun," Suzanne insists. Here, local company chiefs line up toe-to-toe in the Executive Legs competition. Other "no sweat" contests include photography, banner, slogan, and T-shirt events.*

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# BABY, IT'S COLD INSIDE

*Trying to heat an old house to the satisfaction of a woman with arteries already clogged with ice cubes is like pouring water down a rat hole.*

## by Maynard Good Stoddard

*Illustrated by Don Trawin*

Of the several ways of heating a house—solar, wood stove, oil furnace, baseboard electric, and applying a blowtorch to the sofa stuffing—the latter has begun to look more and more appealing.

Over my dear wife's dead body (at least that was her argument), we had started off heating this termite convention center we call a house with a wood stove. (Or a stove that burns wood, to be accurate; a stove made of wood might be trouble.) I chopped the wood, I lugged in the wood, I kept the fire going, I hauled out the ashes, I cleaned the chimney. But who said the stove was too much trouble? Right. And who was cold all the time? You've got it. When I took this woman for better or for worse, I didn't know that among the worse was a bloodstream clogged with ice floes originating in her feet.

My blood flows freely at a room

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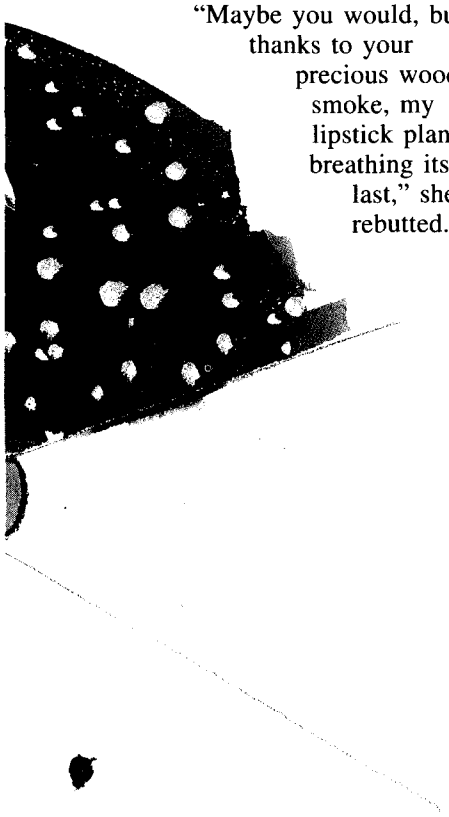
temperature of 68 degrees. Hers grinds to a halt below 74. The stove being located in the kitchen, the temp here had to be pushing 80 before she would enter another room in the house without coat, scarf, mittens, and earmuffs. So why didn't I move the stove into the centrally located living room? She would whimper. My feeble excuse was that without a chimney in the living room it might be somewhat of a problem. Then we'll replace the wood stove with an oil furnace under the living room floor, she decided.

Did you ever try to argue a home heating problem with a woman who is already a tad blue around the gills? Especially when the woman is wearing earflaps?

"I'd rather smell wood smoke than the stench of fuel oil," was my No. 1 protest.

"Maybe you would, but thanks to your precious wood smoke, my lipstick plant is breathing its last," she rebutted.



**In my haste, I forget to turn up the collar of my jacket. The blizzard thoughtfully does it for me. And to make my walk to the furnace pit even more invigorating, the blizzard also fills my slippers with snow.**

I told her she could buy her lipstick—there was no need for her to grow her own.

Letting this go in one ear and out the other, which in her case is no problem, she said, "And my amaryllis blossom is already three weeks overdue."

"Wood ashes are good for the garden," I countered.

"Maybe chimney soot would be even better," was her off-the-top-of-her-head reply. Way off the top, I might add.

"And we'd have to get one of those unsightly fuel tanks that tells the world we can't afford electric heat," was my rejoinder.

"And what has your old wood pile been advertising?" she countered, having lifted one earflap to catch my rejoinder.

The outcome, of course, was ordained before the foundation of the world. And the Sears people, already in business by that time, and well aware that a husband's chance of winning one of these domestic tiffs ranges from zip to zero, had an oil furnace already loaded by the time my dear (make that costly) wife called. And they had it installed beneath our living room floor before I could come up with yet another rejoinder. I installed my beloved wood stove in the shed, beneath a sheet of plastic.

Now, I'm not placing the blame entirely on the furnace. Nor am I submitting that it was cholesterol that clogged the fuel line. I *am* asking why it is that when we have an expensive new appliance to brag about, it is "ours," but the minute it stops applying, it suddenly becomes "yours"—as in "Your furnace isn't working again."

The furnace works fine during daylight hours, no problem. Or I could turn the thermostat up in mid-August and the thing would leap joyously into action. What it is waiting for is the coldest night of the year, when the master of his castle—as some hopped-up bachelor poet in the Bahamas chose to dignify a man's humble abode—is snugly ensconced in bed. Then and only then does it decide to show old master who is really in command of this moatless termite terminal.

"Let's give it another hour or two," I suggest, burying my head beneath my pillow.

Not deep enough, however, but what I still can hear her say, "By that time we'll be stiffer than boards. The flashlight is up on top of the refrigerator."

Taking the subtle hint, I haul out of bed, pull an old fleece-lined jacket trimmed in fuel oil over my pajamas, locate the flashlight, and in my haste to enjoy the refreshing midnight air, forget to turn up the collar of the jacket. The blizzard thoughtfully does it for me. And to make my walk to the furnace pit even more invigorating, the blizzard also fills my slippers with snow.

Removing the sheet metal cover, I ease myself into the pit. Lying on my back, I squeeze beneath the pipe running to the chimney. Get stuck. Back out. Remove my fleece-lined jacket. In bare pajamas I now worm my way to the front of the furnace, reach through the accumulated cobwebs, and hit the "Reset" button.

To my surprise, the furnace starts, belches a cloud of smoke and soot in my face, and quits. Upon regaining partial vision, I try again. Same result. Scrunching back under the pipe, I pick up my jacket, cover the pit, and stumble into the house, which I find a pleasant five degrees warmer than the outside.

The crunching sound upon again reinstating myself in bed comes not from the mattress, as I first suspect. Turns out to be from the soot in my pajamas. I am ostracized for the rest of the night.

I'm also on my own for breakfast, because the cook refuses to depart from the bed until she can no longer see her breath.

After calling the repair people, I go to the cereal shelf and indiscriminately take down a box. Cereal is cereal, right? They're all high-fiber, low-cal, great taste, crunchy, wunchy, munchy, and so on. Right?

Wrong. Not this time, anyway. Thanks to slugabed's unique method of organization, the cereal I chose turned out to be a box of Minute

*continued on page 110*

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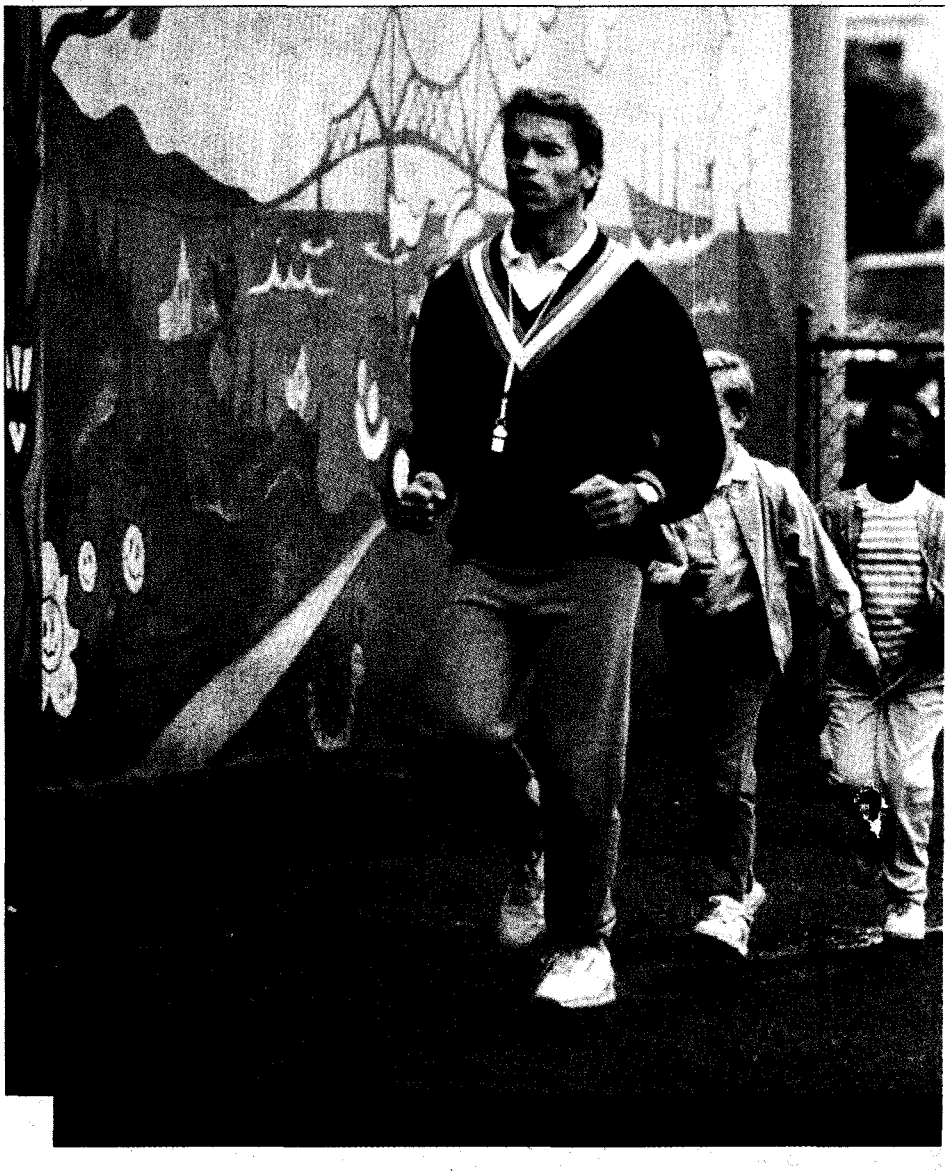
## MOVIE REVIEW

# "KINDERGARTEN COP" A CLASSROOM CAPER

*The teacher's got the muscle, but the kids are in control in Arnold Schwarzenegger's new action comedy-detective thriller.*

**by Maynard Good Stoddard**

**Arnold Schwarzenegger as John Kimble, a veteran detective, takes on an unusual and unexpectedly challenging undercover assignment as an elementary school teacher.**



Arnold Schwarzenegger flexing his bulging biceps in a kindergarten classroom easily conjures up the image of the proverbial bull in a china shop. Schwarzenegger, however, will not be making a shambles of the five-year-olds' schoolroom; rather, the five-year-olds will be making a shambles of him. As John Kimble, a maverick cop and loner, he has assumed the undercover role of a kindergarten teacher to catch a killer. The movie, *Kindergarten Cop*, is an action comedy with a plot right down the muscleman's alley—to say nothing of the mean streets of Los Angeles and a town in Oregon where the little kids await him.

The plot thickens, as they say in the movies. After four years on the case of a powerful L.A. drug dealer, Cullen Crisp, Kimble gets an unexpected tip on the location of Crisp's runaway wife and child. With Crisp temporarily behind bars on a murder charge, Kimble has one chance to put him away forever: find the wife and persuade her to testify.

A 12-year veteran on the force with a reputation for letting nothing stop him from getting the job done, Kimble follows a lead to Astoria, Oregon. Here, he poses as a kindergarten teacher in hopes of tracing the missing wife by identifying the son.

On his own, in a classroom full of energetic but trusting children who

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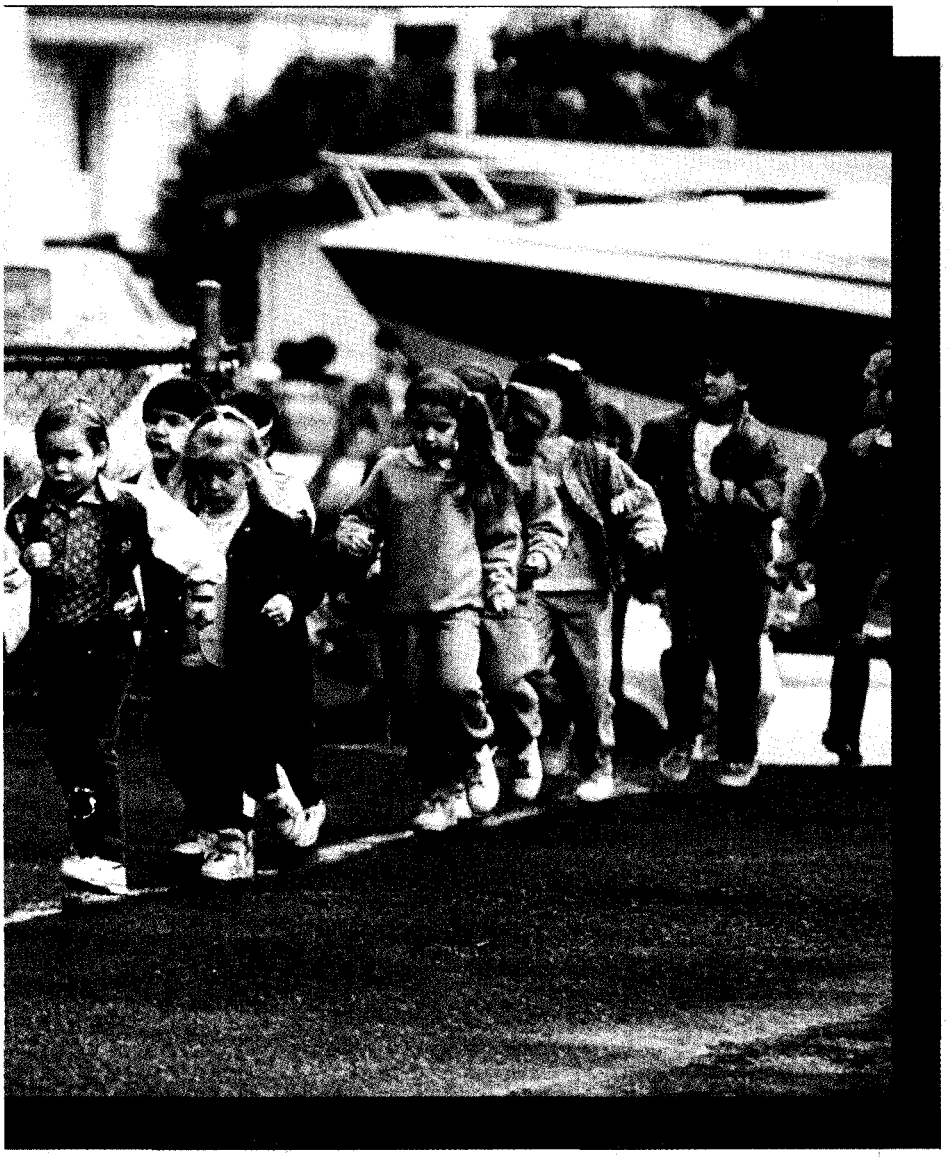
**The plot has its ups and downs as Kimble attempts to locate and get important testimony from the runaway wife of Cullen Crisp, a powerful L.A. drug dealer. Crisp is temporarily behind bars, but soon to be released.**



know nothing about guns, drugs, or street smarts, Kimble finds that facing the killer is child's play compared to going up against these rambunctious kids. He faces still another obstacle in the person of Miss Scholowski (Linda Hunt), the school principal who is less than pleased to have a cop teaching kindergarten.

With the help of his unwelcome partner, Phoebe O'Hara (Pamela Reed), Kimble moves closer to identifying the runaway wife and child when Crisp unexpectedly is released on bail. Quiet! . . . Camera! . . . Action!—as the man with the bulging biceps deals with his riskiest role yet, kids and all.

Now one of the top international box-office stars in motion pictures, Schwarzenegger began his career as an athlete. He captured 13 world titles in becoming the world's champion of bodybuilding, a sport he redefined and popularized. He was named Mr. Olympia an unprecedented seven times.

His career began to snowball after his appearance as the reigning Mr. Olympia on "The Merv Griffin Show." This brought him to the attention of Lucille Ball and her husband, producer Gary Morton, who asked him to appear on a TV special. His film career began in 1976 with *Stay Hungry*, for which he earned a Golden Globe Award as best newcomer in motion pictures, and which also assured the Austria-born

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**Joyce Paulmarie, played by Penelope Ann Miller, costars as a third-grade teacher across the hall from Kimble's classroom who befriends Kimble and unknowingly becomes a key player in his investigation.**

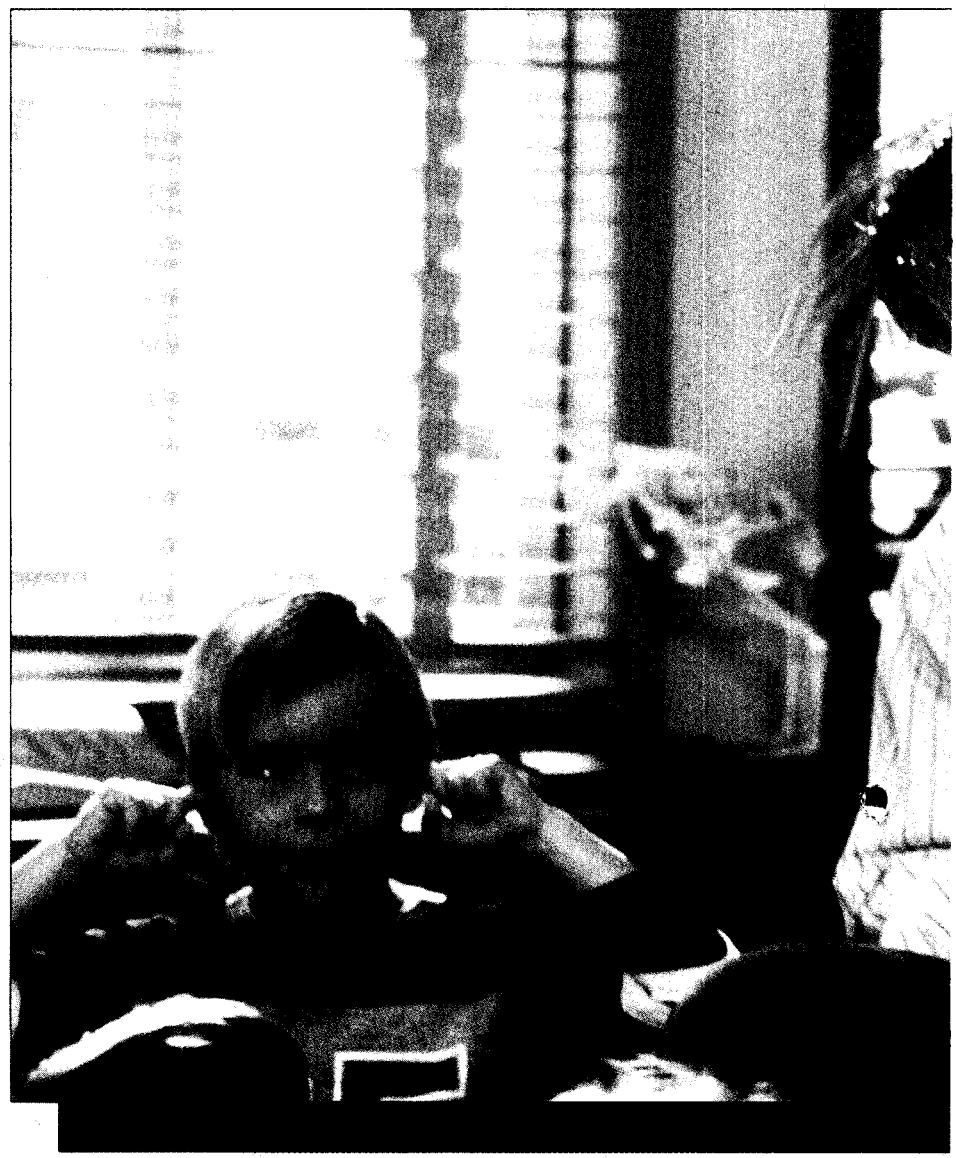
strongman that he definitely would not stay hungry. (According to a *Time* report, his movie roles now command fees of $20 million.) His next film was a documentary about the Mr. Olympia contest appropriately titled *Pumping Iron*.

Then came the title role of *Conan the Barbarian*, which grossed more than $100 million and from which Schwarzenegger gained worldwide attention. *Conan the Destroyer*, the sequel, was equally successful.

Now that he had muscled his way into the hearts of action-movie fans around the globe, Arnold Schwarzenegger became gladiator No. 1 in the Hollywood arena. He starred in the action films *The Terminator* and *Commando* in 1985 and followed up with *Raw Deal*, *The Running Man*, *Predator*, and *Red Heat*.

With such a background, could Arnold successfully change the focus of his roles from muscle to mirth? It took the $200 million hit *Twins*, costarring Danny DeVito, to provide the answer. In 1987 the National Association of Theatre Owners awarded Arnold Schwarzenegger its prestigious Star of the Year Award, an honor previously bestowed upon Clint Eastwood, Burt Reynolds, and Sylvester Stallone.

Now theater owners, critics, and fans will see Arnold's many movie roles meet in a joyous romp through *Kindergarten Cop*. Faced with a fearless, unstoppable adversary of a



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**Pamela Reed as Phoebe O'Hara is an unwelcome partner to Arnold Schwarzenegger's Kimble as the maverick detective follows up leads in the small northwestern town of Astoria, Oregon. The film was shot on location.**

kindergarten class, the destroyer, the terminator, the predator, the ex-FBI agent becomes a pitiful hulk screaming for mercy. With one kid running up and down the piano keys, another strewing toys across the floor, still another one distributing flour to one and all, and Arnold bellowing for order, one of the preschool mites innocently asks, "What's the matter?"

"I've got a headache," Schwarzenegger moans.

"Maybe it's a tumor," another one suggests.

"It's not a tumor, it's a headache!" Schwarzenegger yells.

What makes *Kindergarten Cop* all the more fun is knowing that Arnold Schwarzenegger and kids around the globe are on the best of terms—that the Sultan of Sinew works hard to keep it that way.

Besides acting full-time and maintaining diverse business interests, Schwarzenegger labors extensively as the chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, and, as we have already learned, devotes much time to bringing fitness (rather than mayhem) into the classroom.

**Roles are reversed for Kimble when he finds himself serving hard time with a classroom full of unruly kids. The school's principal, meanwhile, is less than pleased to have a cop teaching kindergarten.**

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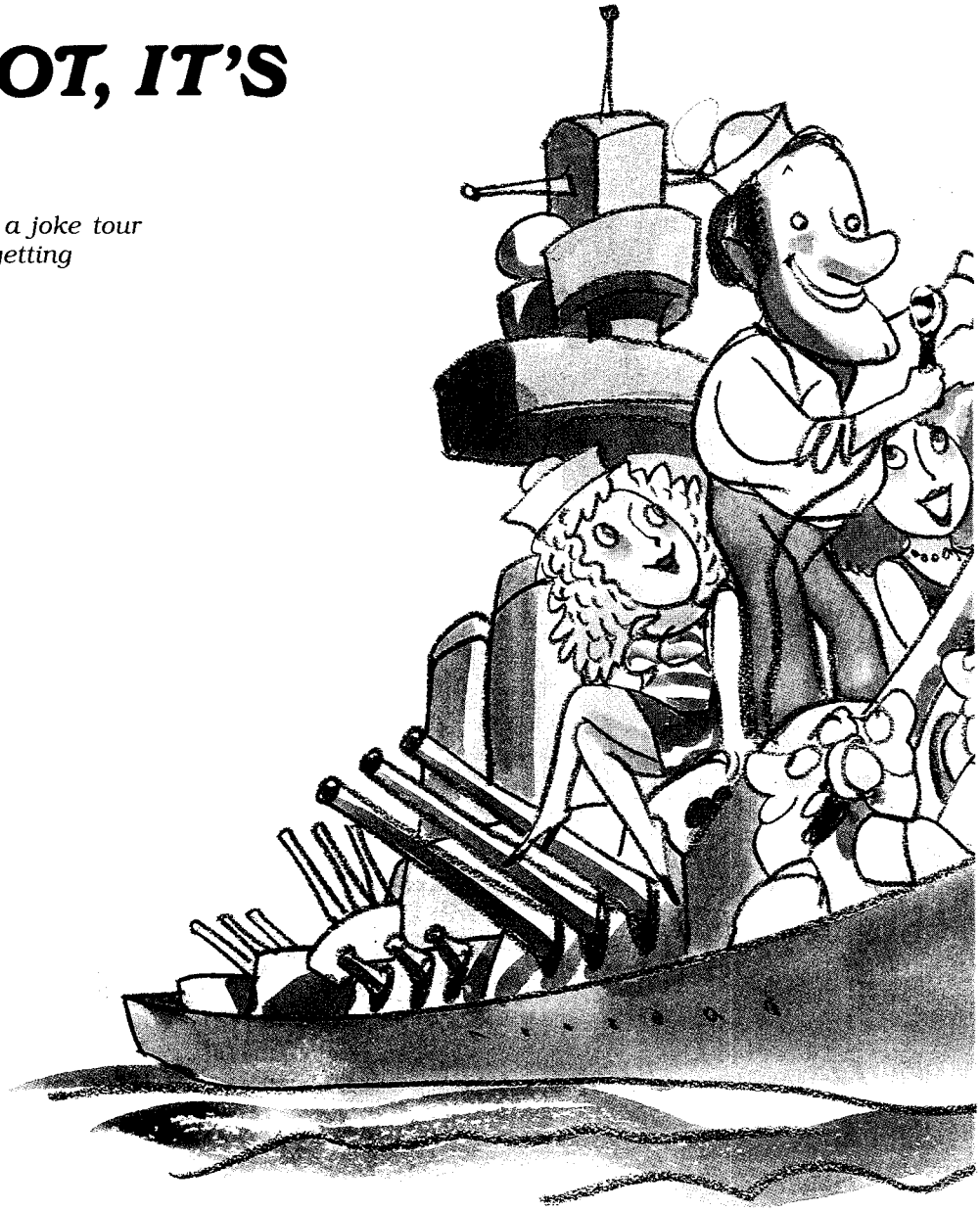
# DON'T SHOOT, IT'S ONLY ME

*The ageless comedian takes us on a joke tour of his Christmas crusades, not forgetting Ronnie in China learning to eat jellybeans with chop sticks.*



Even the Bible had to have an ending. But there is none to this rambling valentine to my adopted country. I figure I'm only beginning. After all, when I appeared onstage at Madison Square Garden beside God, God had to sit down.

We're entering exciting times, the '90s; totalitarian governments are crumbling all over the world, and dozens of politicians have been running for cover. I plan to hang around until there are no good monologue topics left.

Since this is supposed to be some sort of a history, let me take you for a fast roller-coaster ride through the Marx Brothers comedy that was the late '70s and '80s.

If you were paying attention, you may remember that the Vietnam War finally ended in an agreement neither side intended to honor. It was like one of Zsa Zsa's weddings.

I announced it by saying, "I guess you've heard the good news by now. North Vietnam has finally qualified for foreign aid.... The reason they delayed the peace treaty for so long was that Hanoi wasn't sure they had enough ammunition for a cease-fire...."

It wasn't long before the North Vietnamese overran the South and Saigon became Ho Chi Minh City. By that time the American public didn't care; they didn't want any more foreign adventures, unless Sophia Loren was in them.

That made it tough on presidents. After Vietnam, when we did launch a military operation, it had to be made to look as if we didn't mean it.

When Jimmy Carter was president, he had to try to rescue the Americans taken hostage at our embassy in Teheran with six old helicopters on loan from "M*A*S*H." They hardly made it to the first commercial.

During Reagan's administration, he had to find a country small enough to beat up without getting Mike Wallace upset. Ronnie finally found one and sent the marines into Grenada. Estelle Getty could have handled that one by herself.

Later, President George Bush figured he was playing it safe when he declared war on only one man. Noriega took refuge in the Vatican embassy. We all figured the Catholic Church would know how to handle him; we expected them to raffle off his car. Finally, the Army played loud rock music until he gave himself up. If he's convicted, there's talk of sentencing him to the Grammy Awards.

Going back again to Reagan: He won one big victory that secures his place in history—he went to China and opened the doors to the West even wider. He found out a lot about their ancient culture. In only two meetings with Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping, Ronnie learned how to eat jellybeans with chopsticks.

The atmosphere became so cordial, I decided it was time to do a show from Beijing. We called it *Road to China*, and the cast was a real chop suey of international talent: Mikhail Baryshnikov; the Peking Opera; Big Bird from Sesame Street; Chinese

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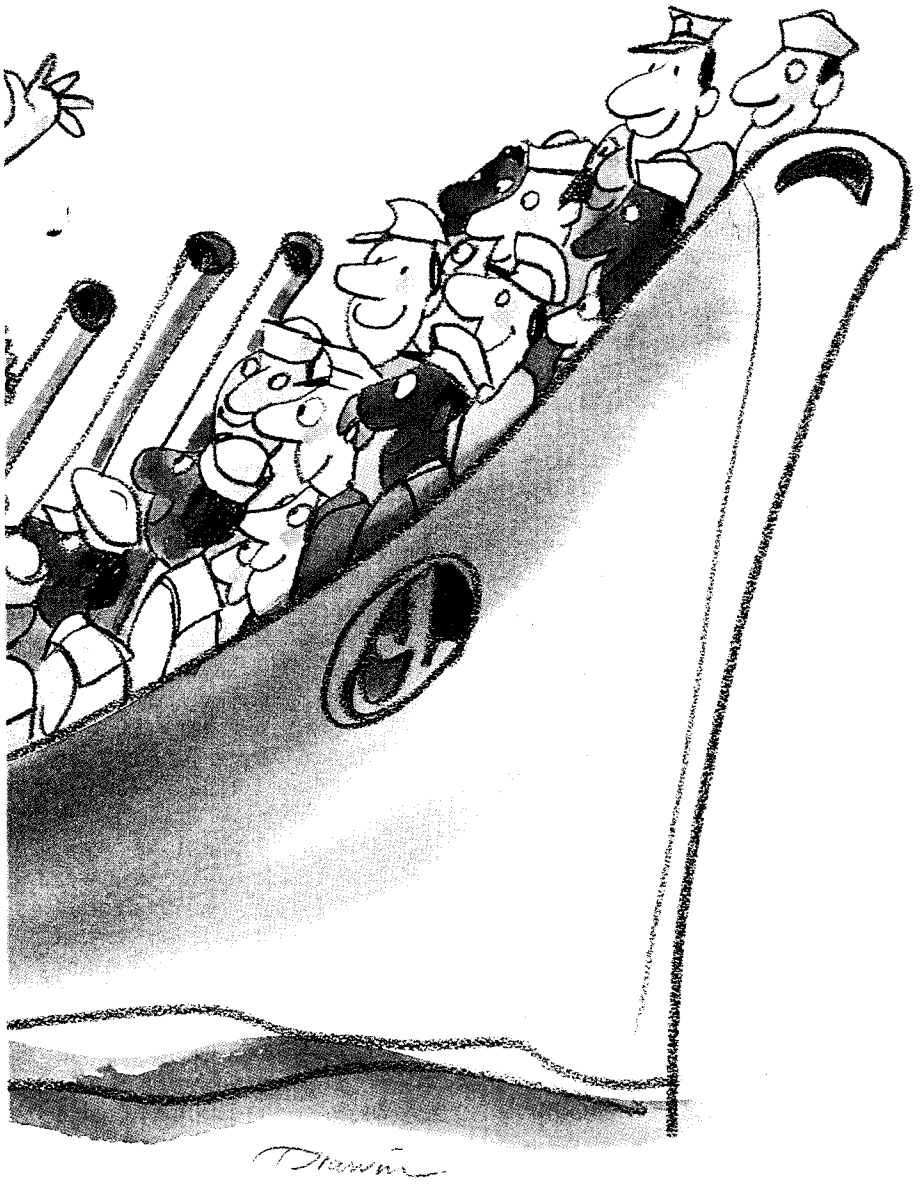

## by Bob Hope

*Illustrated by Don Trawin*

comics Yuan, Hong, and Li; the Shanghai Circus; Shields and Yarnell; Chinese ballerina Zhong Run Liang; the Philadelphia Boys' Choir and Men's Chorale; and Dolores. The biggest budget item was for interpreters.

We were all bubbling over with international good will, and I had no idea how ironic some of my opening remarks were to become: "This is Tienanmen Gate. Tienanmen means 'The Gate of Heavenly Peace.' It leads to Tienanmen Square, the biggest square in the world. It looks like Jackie Gleason's patio.... They can get a million and a half people in here. Of course, they're not here today. Nobody knew I was coming."

Heavenly peace didn't last very long. Only a few years later, the people were mowed down in Tienanmen Square by the People's Army. But at our show back then, we had a warm and happy audience, including Ambassador Leonard Woodcock and a lot of Chinese VIPs. I got laughs with lines like, "I really can't believe I'm here, but this must be China. Last night, I went to a movie called *America Syndrome*.... I'm part of a cultural exchange. The State Department sends me over here and the Chinese send back a yak who can count to ten. ... We had a great flight over, but I'll tell you one thing: this is a long way to come for a Coca-Cola.... They gave me quite a ride to the hotel from the airport. Twice, I fell off the handlebars.... And can you believe the auto horns? Peking sounds like a whole city that just got married.... And let me tell you, I loved the Great Wall. Of course, I love anything as old as I am.... Service at the Peking Hotel is really fast, especially the laundry. Yesterday they washed my pajamas, and I was still in them."

And I summed it all up by saying, "What this trip is all about is getting to know each other. Talking and laughing and singing and dancing together, the way good friends should. And liking each other. The Chinese are easy to like."

But behind the scenes, there were warning signs. We had a brilliant Chinese actor, Ying Ruo Cheng, to act as interpreter and show us around Beijing, or Peking, depending on when you studied geography. You may have seen Ying in the Marco Polo miniseries, playing Kublai Khan. Later, he translated *Death of a Salesman* into Chinese and played the lead. I don't know what a Chinese salesman would sell, maybe fortune cookies, but Ying was a great performer. He used to translate my jokes for our Chinese audiences and started getting bigger laughs than I did, until he realized his mistake. He helped us do a spot from Democracy Wall, a wall in Beijing where the people could post their opinions, including opinions of the government. The deputy minister of culture got a look at it—the Chinese reviewed all our film—and said, "We don't like it. Take it out." So we rewrote it and tried it again. They still didn't like it. Too much democracy was showing up at the Democracy Wall. They finally took Ying away from us and replaced him with a member of the Communist Party. Apparently, his party dues weren't paid up, because after we shot the scene with him, they took it out again and it never reached the air.

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After that, we didn't have much heavenly peace. They gave us a terrible time at the airport when we were leaving, searching our luggage for our film. They opened Dolores' bag, and she told them, firmly, "If you unpack that suitcase, *you're* going to pack it."

There's something in Dolores' voice that doesn't require translation. The customs officials closed her suitcase immediately. It was the biggest Chinese defeat since CBS canceled Charlie Chan.

Jimmy Carter had the tough break of becoming president at a time when the whole world was becoming paranoid. You may have heard the latest definition of a paranoid—that's anyone who's in possession of all the facts. As I mentioned, the Iranians took the entire staff of the American embassy in Tehran hostage. They wouldn't let them go until after Ronald Reagan defeated Jimmy Carter in the 1980 election. Not that they were that anxious to see Ronnie as president; they were afraid if he didn't get elected, he'd go back to acting.

The years that followed were a merry time of hijacking, hostage taking, and terrorism. Anybody in Lebanon who hadn't been shot at wasn't really trying. The Israelis, the Syrians, the Muslims, and the Christians were all fighting at the same time. Beirut was the only town where you could get mugged at confession. So many U.S. citizens were being taken hostage, there was talk of putting the ransom on your American Express card.

On April 18, 1983, the U.S. embassy in Beirut was virtually destroyed by a car bomb. A U.N. peacekeeping force was sent in, but there was no peace to keep. Two American marines were the first U.S. fatalities when they were hit by mortar fire near the international airport. The United States sent in the navy, the French sent in planes. If this wasn't a war, why was everybody eating K rations?

Naturally, there was a big peace conference, and a ceasefire was declared. Everybody knew what that meant. They put their fingers in their ears and waited.

They didn't have to wait long. On October 23, a terrorist drove a truckload of high explosives through the barriers of the driveway at the U.S. Marine Corps headquarters in Beirut, blew up the building, and killed 241 U.S. marines. It made the explosion we escaped at the Brinks Hotel in Saigon seem like Palm Sunday at Pat Boone's.

The U.S. Department of Defense ordered the Hope Gypsies out of mothballs and into box lunches. After ten years of soft beds and home cooking, there was finally an area of the world unsafe enough to fly us into. There was more hatred in Lebanon than at an Academy Awards rehearsal.

And by that time, it was Christmas.

In ten years, of course, the Gypsies had changed, and not only around the waistline. Our producer was now Elliott Kozak, a man of infinite patience and talents, one of which was his ability to sleep standing up. That was a necessity on this tour, where our schedule was so tight you only got a chance to lie down if somebody was shooting at you. Our director was Sid Smith, and the writers, commanded by Gene Perrett, were Bob Mills, Fred Fox, Seaman Jacobs, Martha Bolton, and Jeffrey Barron. Of the old gang, only Silvio Caranchini was still with us. Sil had tried to escape several times, but I always got him back with the promise of more money. He believed me, showing how nine trips to Vietnam can soften the brain.

*"As we stood out there, two lonely figures in the glare of the spotlights, I felt lucky to have the best 93-year-old tap dancer in the world as my partner. . . . This wasn't an audience we faced in Madison Square Garden; it was a jury."*

Most of our shows were done on the decks of U.S. ships on patrol in the Mediterranean and off the Lebanese coast, ships like the old battleship U.S.S. *New Jersey*. I had talked a great group of performers into coming along; they believed me when I told them we were going to entertain the croupiers at Monte Carlo. We had Cathy Lee Crosby, Ann Jillian, Brooke Shields, and the new Miss U.S.A. Some of the ships were too small to do a show on; so we just phoned in the act, although there's no way you could phone in what those gals had. If you could, the military could recruit a whole navy by promising each man a cordless phone.

The ships were packed with marines, all of them on alert. Most of them were kids who hadn't heard the jokes; it was a pleasure to get laughs with some lines that were older than the audience.

"It's great to be playing in front of marines. These guys are so tough they use barbed wire for dental floss. . . . I saw some marines eating a plate of nails. The sissies were the ones who had to put salt on them. . . . After chow the other night I said to one of them, 'Toothpick?' And he said, 'No, thank you. I'll use my bayonet. . . .' Discipline is very strict in the Marine Corps. They're not even allowed to turn their electric blankets above 'just friendly.' "

I began to hope this was the last generation I could use those jokes on. Or would have to.

Laughter doesn't solve anything, but then, neither do battleships today. They certainly didn't solve what was going on in Lebanon. I wanted to take our whole group ashore to do a show for the marines in Beirut, or what was left of it, but I was told it was too risky. This war was not just soldier against soldier, but sometimes father against son, brother against brother. The terrorists on both sides drove trucks loaded with TNT to their targets, and only the cowards bothered to get out. Any American was a sitting duck.

There was no point risking valuable lives, so they let me go in alone.

I didn't quite know what to expect. We took off from a carrier on Christmas morning and landed at the shot-up marine compound, where the marines now lived in underground bunkers. After the big bomb went off, they'd learned their lesson. Don't sleep anyplace that has a driveway.

The marines issued me a flak jacket and a helmet. I guess my old movies play everywhere. I saw somebody else similarly dressed, and it turned out to be Johnny Grant, the L.A. radio personality who has played almost as many trouble spots as I have.

There was no time or place to do a show; we were there to see one they put on for *us*.

In a makeshift chapel, American marines in combat dress sang Christmas hymns, and a minister delivered

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a prayer. And then all the marines sang "Silent Night."

They couldn't forget it would always be silent night for 241 of their marine buddies.

I flew back to the ship, and the Gypsies finished the tour and returned home. The mood in the States was like during the last days of the Vietnam War. President Reagan gave up trying to play MP to the whole nation of Lebanon and withdrew the navy, the marines, and every American who wasn't chained to a bedpost. We pulled everything out of Beirut except one branch of our embassy.

This one was blown up by a station wagon. Trucks were no longer chic.

The Gypsies never went back to Beirut. Neither did the marines. I can't say any of us misses it.

• • •

Not everything that happened around that time was a disaster, depending on whether you were a Republican or a Democrat. The presidential campaign was between Ronnie Reagan and Walter Mondale. They scheduled a big TV debate, and it certainly stirred a lot of interest. And monologue jokes.

"Ronnie's advisers are afraid that Reagan will fall asleep while Mondale's talking. Or worse, while *he's* talking.... The two candidates have started fighting about who's more religious. Mondale got a little nervous when he saw skywriting that said: REAGAN in '84. There was no plane. Just a giant finger. Reagan told his campaign manager, 'I've never let religion have any influence on my presidency. Make a note of that and give it to all my disciples.' "

Ronnie and George Bush won the election easily, which is something of an understatement. Mondale and his veep candidate, Geraldine Ferraro, only carried one state, Minnesota. Ronnie would have carried that one too, but nobody told him it was there.

Before he left office, Reagan was offered more than five million dollars for his autobiography. Gorbachev had just written his own and was paid 14 rubles for it. Gorby asked for a summit meeting with Reagan to find out the name of his literary agent.

Their meetings made history. Reagan was the actor, but Gorby upstaged him every time.

I went on the air with: "Gorbachev started his visit by stopping his limo in Washington so he could shake hands with the spectators. He was the first leader of a country to hold out his hand in our nation's capital and not come away with foreign aid.... It was easy to spot Gorbachev. His limo had a bumper sticker saying, 'I brake for reporters....' Everything Reagan does, Gorbachev does him one better. Reagan wears the flag of his country on his lapel. Gorby wears the map of his country on his forehead."

*Glasnost* came to mean considerably more than "openness." Gorbachev was the first disciple of Marx and Lenin to travel with a press agent.

We all felt this was truly the beginning of the end of the Cold War. This revolution, *everybody* would eat strawberries and cream. Things were looking so rosy, I even traded in my Kaopectate.

And then, in 1987, the Ayatollah Khomeini decided to close the Persian Gulf to oil shipments during Iran's war with Iraq. It was a national crisis. If America didn't get that oil, Reagan would have to comb his hair with the dry look. He ordered the navy in. Things got pretty tense around November. When it looked like all the oil tanks in the Middle East would go up in flames, somebody in Washington with a sense of humor sent for the Gypsies to do our Christmas act again. After all, if everything blew up, the air force would only have to fly us one way.

We were sent by way of Hawaii, Manila, and Cape Espiritu Santo (I think the Defense Department was trying to confuse us) until we finally located the 6th Fleet. We did our final Christmas show December 1987, in the Persian Gulf, some 44 years after our first one, in Europe. This time the villain had a Santa Claus beard instead of a Charlie Chaplin mustache. I guess that's progress.

We called it "Bob Hope's U.S.O. Christmas Show from the Persian Gulf, or Around the World in Eight Days." We *had* to make it in eight days; that's as long as I can go now on tuna sandwiches.

We did one show from Bahrain, an Arab oil sultanate on some islands in the Persian Gulf where everyone was so rich, they hired Merv Griffin as garbage collector.

The U.S. had a busy navy base there, and the strange customs of this strange country made for some strange jokes.

I told a huge audience of sailors and marines, "Here we are in Bahrain, the real land of brotherly love.... Everyone here looks like Danny Thomas. And that's just the women.... No show of public affection is allowed. In Bahrain, that's called the law. Back home it's called marriage.... Women here can't show any skin. I ordered a chicken breast and it was wearing a bra.... This is the kind of country where they cut off your hand for stealing. I don't even

*continued on page 106*

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# Coming Home

*The experience of fighting a war wasn't over yet—the most important lesson lay ahead.*

by H. W. Weldon, Jr.

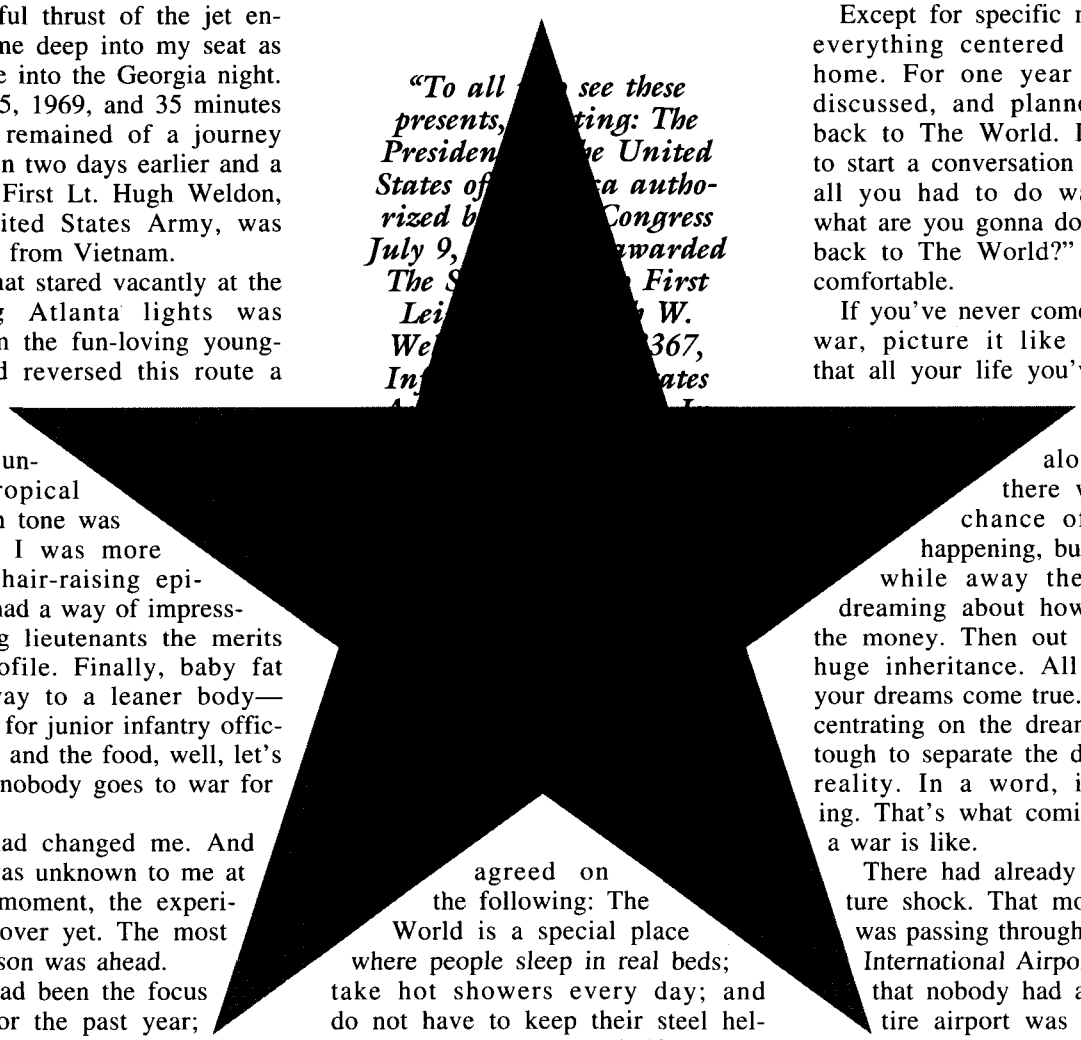
The powerful thrust of the jet engines drove me deep into my seat as the plane rose into the Georgia night. It was July 15, 1969, and 35 minutes was all that remained of a journey that had begun two days earlier and a world away. First Lt. Hugh Weldon, Infantry, United States Army, was coming home from Vietnam.

The face that stared vacantly at the disappearing Atlanta lights was different from the fun-loving youngster who had reversed this route a year earlier. Tonight—thanks to an unrelenting tropical sun—my skin tone was darker. And I was more subdued—a hair-raising episode or two had a way of impressing on young lieutenants the merits of a low profile. Finally, baby fat had given way to a leaner body—restful nights for junior infantry officers were few, and the food, well, let's just say that nobody goes to war for the cuisine.

My tour had changed me. And although it was unknown to me at that precise moment, the experience wasn't over yet. The most important lesson was ahead.

This trip had been the focus of my life for the past year; the anticipation started from day one. As with every soldier in every war, there was but one overpowering desire: to go home. To those of us in Vietnam, "home" took on an almost magical air. We spoke of it in reverent terms and built it up to mythical proportions. We called it "The World."

Although each of us had a personal view of The World, we generally agreed on the following: The World is a special place where people sleep in real beds; take hot showers every day; and do not have to keep their steel helmet, flak vest, and M-16 rifle within lunging distance. The lazy late breakfasts feature hot, fresh-brewed coffee; and the chocolate desserts are so creamy you need a spoon. In The World, buddies have nothing better to do than pack sandwiches and go on daylong hunting trips together. And last, The World is a distant land where pretty girls smell nice and wear dresses.




Except for specific military duties, everything centered around going home. For one year we dreamed, discussed, and planned on getting back to The World. If you wanted to start a conversation with anybody, all you had to do was ask, "Hey, what are you gonna do when you get back to The World?" And then get comfortable.

If you've never come home from a war, picture it like this: Assume that all your life you've dreamed of being rich. Of course, all along you knew there was not much chance of its actually happening, but it was fun to while away the hours, daydreaming about how you'd spend the money. Then out of nowhere, a huge inheritance. All of a sudden, your dreams come true. But after concentrating on the dream so long, it's tough to separate the dream from the reality. In a word, it's disorienting. That's what coming home from a war is like.

There had already been one culture shock. That morning, while I was passing through San Francisco International Airport, it struck me that nobody had a gun. The entire airport was defenseless. It would be a piece of cake for a few Viet Cong to slip up to the airport doors, blow them—scratch that, the blasted things would open automatically—and enter unopposed.

I nervously sat there awaiting my flight, eyes glued to the door, and worked out in detail what I'd do if they showed up before I could get out of there. And the odd thing was that I knew I was being silly. But my

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eyes never left the door. Yeah, you could call me disoriented. Caught between worlds.

The twinkling town of Augusta, Georgia, silently passed beneath us as we crossed from Georgia into South Carolina. Then the pilot reduced power for landing. The trip so far—Bien Hoa to Travis Air Base near Oakland to Atlanta—had taken 38 hours. It had been an emotional roller coaster. And it wasn't over yet.

It was 10:30 p.m. when the plane's tires squealed touchdown in Columbia. Sometime during the long glide in, I had started crying softly into my handkerchief. Here was this infantry officer, his chest covered with combat and service award ribbons, crying. Fortunately, the plane was almost deserted. Nobody was watching.

Deep breathing helped, and as we pulled to a stop I regained control. After the rolling stairway was in position, the door swung open and the few passengers quietly filed out. I had not moved. Not a twitch.

★ *Coming home is not something infantry lieutenants take lightly. While outwardly we were all like John Wayne, in quiet moments we acknowledged the awful truth: infantry lieutenants had the highest mortality rate of any army group. For example, in my first unit there were three lieutenants. I alone came home. I was an extraordinarily lucky person.*

Out came the handkerchief again. I knew I couldn't stay on this plane forever. Slowly, I made it to the front of the plane—still out of sight of the terminal—and peered out into the brightly lit runway area.

There appeared to be about a dozen steps to the ground and then 50 yards to the terminal. And there, behind the security barricades, stood a small quiet group of people. They were staring at this airplane.

I had to do something. With a deep breath, I stood straight, tugged at my wrinkled khaki shirt, and stepped out of the plane's darkness onto the illuminated top step of the stairway. The five people behind the barricades went nuts.

Momentarily I froze, uncertain about what to do next. Then, deliberately, I groped my way down the stairs. One hand held the briefcase containing my army separation papers, and the other—white knuckles showing—was attached to the railing.

As the distance narrowed, I began to recognize faces. There was Mom, her eyes scanning me as she went through the age old Mother's Check-

list: two eyes, two arms, two legs, no limp, no scars or wounds, moving under his own power. . . .

Dad stood beside her, his arm around her waist. From experience in World War II, he knew there was often more to wartime homecomings than met the eye. His expression said, "He looks fine, but I wonder...?" As usual, he was close to the mark.

My two rotten little brothers were the most animated. They knew high drama when they saw it, and they were milking this scene for all it was worth. But somehow they seemed less rotten and certainly less little.

Next to them was the stuff of every soldier's dreams. She was wearing a red plaid skirt and waving wildly. I was tired, but I wasn't dead—now *that* was something.

Halfway between the plane and the terminal, I slowed to a stop, unable to continue. All this was just too much.

★ *Out of the worst comes the best. Our most cherished values are forged in the fires of troubled times. Like the seriously ill man who comes to appreciate everyday things, the prisoner who comes to prize freedom, and the soldier under fire who comes to know the calming power of prayer, I was about to make a terrible experience worthwhile.*

It hit me. We had all been wrong. Every trooper who had viewed The World as some thing or some place was wrong. It never was hot showers, or soft beds. And it had nothing to do with hunting trips or chocolate cakes.

We had missed the point.

The World was the people—our loved ones—who wrote us, prayed for us, and waited for us. They were what was good. They were what was important. And my world was standing behind the barricade 25 yards away.

With that understanding came the end to a long year. I was with the people I cared for and, once again, everything was as it should be. I had made it. My war was finally over.

I started forward again, slowly, one foot in front of the other. Then a little faster. And faster. And faster. . . .

*Epilogue—July 15, 1990*

I'm pleased to tell you that in the years which followed, I found The World to be to my liking and well-worth the price we paid.

To this day I love to sleep in a soft bed, appreciate hot showers, and seldom pass on the desserts. More important, our family is close; I speak to my parents almost daily, and the whole gang gathers on all the traditional days. And after 20 years of marriage, that pretty girl in the red plaid skirt is still the brightest light in every room.

So my luck continues; I remain the most fortunate of men. But I never go hunting anymore.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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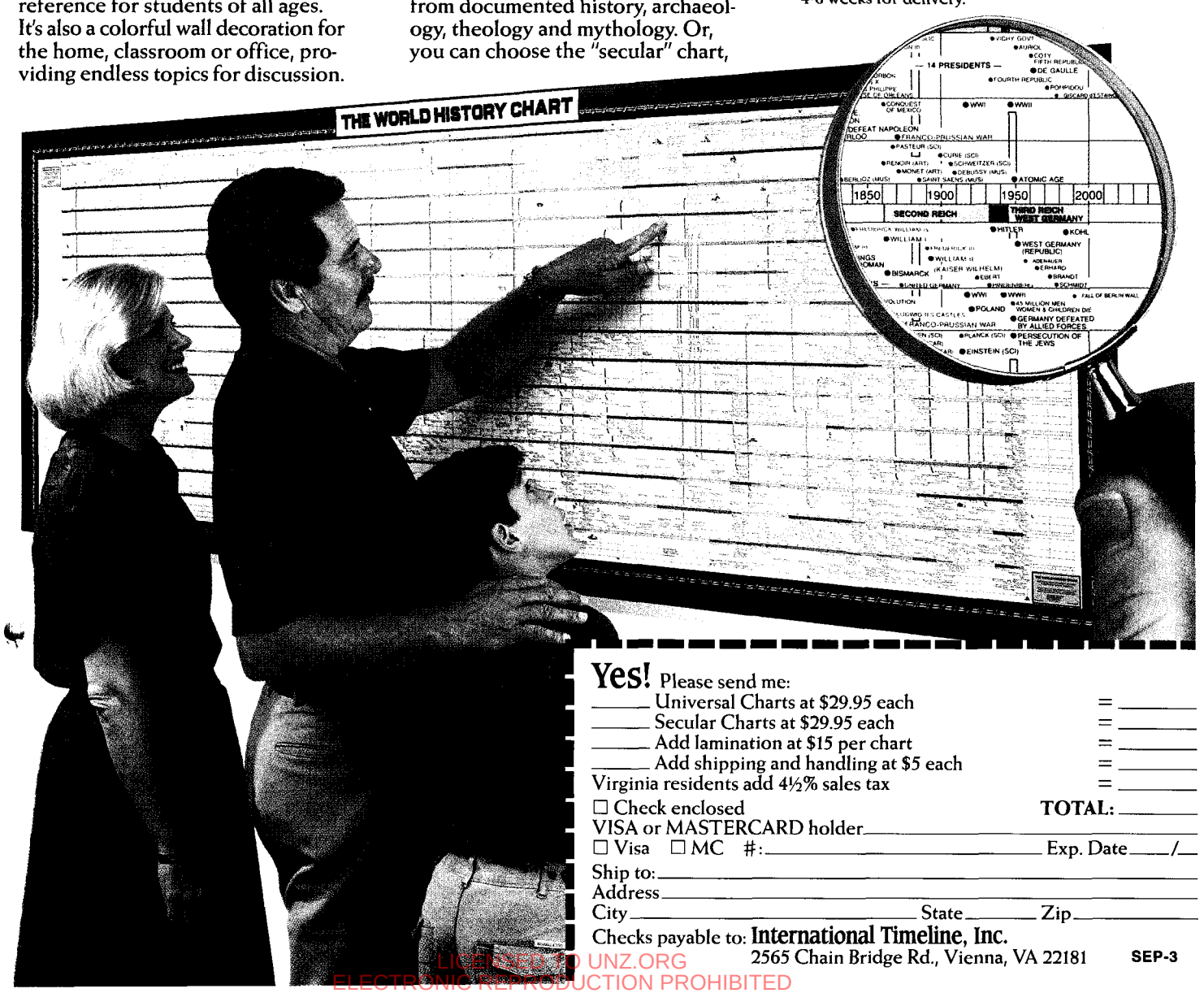


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# YOGURT: NOT JUST A SNACK

*Yogurt instead of mayonnaise and sour cream can make a meal healthier while keeping its taste.*

Nutritionists and doctors are only beginning to investigate yogurt, but already many are singing its praises as a healthful alternative to items like mayonnaise and sour cream.

Although yogurt is most familiar as a snack, it also can provide a low-calorie, low-fat and low-cholesterol alternative in recipes calling for mayonnaise and sour cream. Yogurt also can help reduce the risk of osteoporosis, and researchers are investigating the cultured milk's effect on reducing the risk of other debilitating illnesses.

Also, because yogurt contains hundreds of millions of bacteria that create an enyzme breaking down its milk sugar content, those with lactose intolerance might be able to eat yogurt even though it contains milk.

One cup of plain, low-fat yogurt can provide a nutritional bounty, offering 12 grams of protein, 16 grams of carbohydrates, 531 milligrams of potassium, and 415 milligrams of calcium. If fruit or other flavoring is added, these numbers will vary.

That one cup also contains only 145 calories, 4 grams of fat, and 15 milligrams of cholesterol. By comparison, one cup of sour cream has 415 calories, 40 grams of fat, and 80 milligrams of cholesterol. The numbers increase to 1,585 calories, 176 grams of fat, and 130 milligrams of cholesterol for one cup of mayonnaise.

And unlike other foods, the bacteria in yogurt is a positive rather than negative force. One gram of yogurt contains about 100 million bacteria that multiply in the large intestine and keep out harmful bacteria during the digestive process.

The concept of yogurt as an ingredient in dinners, soups, and salads might seem strange, but it can add a healthful, interesting twist to meals.

**Shrimp Chowder**
*(Makes 8 servings)*

*1 cup peeled, diced potatoes*
*1 cup chopped celery*
*1/2 cup chopped green pepper*
*1/2 cup chopped leek*
*1/2 cup chopped carrot*
*1 cup clam juice*
*1 cup chicken broth*
*2 tablespoons tomato paste*
*1/2 tablespoon basil*
*1/4 teaspoon thyme*
*1/4 teaspoon pepper*
*1 1/2 cups low-fat plain yogurt, at room temperature*
*2 tablespoons flour*
*1 thawed package (10 oz.) of frozen large cooked, peeled, and deveined shrimp*

Combine potatoes, celery, green pepper, leek, carrots, clam juice and broth in 4-quart Dutch oven. Bring to boiling. Cover and simmer until vegetables are tender; about 15 minutes. Place half of vegetable-liquid mixture in work bowl of food processor or blender. Cover and process until pureed. Blend in tomato paste and seasonings. Combine yogurt and flour. Stir small amount of pureed mixture into yogurt.

Combine yogurt mixture with remaining vegetable-liquid mixture. Stir in remaining pureed mixture and shrimp. Heat through, but do not boil. Serve with oyster crackers.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Lamb with Yogurt-Sauced Rice Pilaf**
*(Makes 4 servings)*

*1 pound boneless lamb, cut into 1 1/2" cubes*
*3 tablespoons melted margarine*
*1/2 teaspoon marjoram*

**by Wilbur Rydell**

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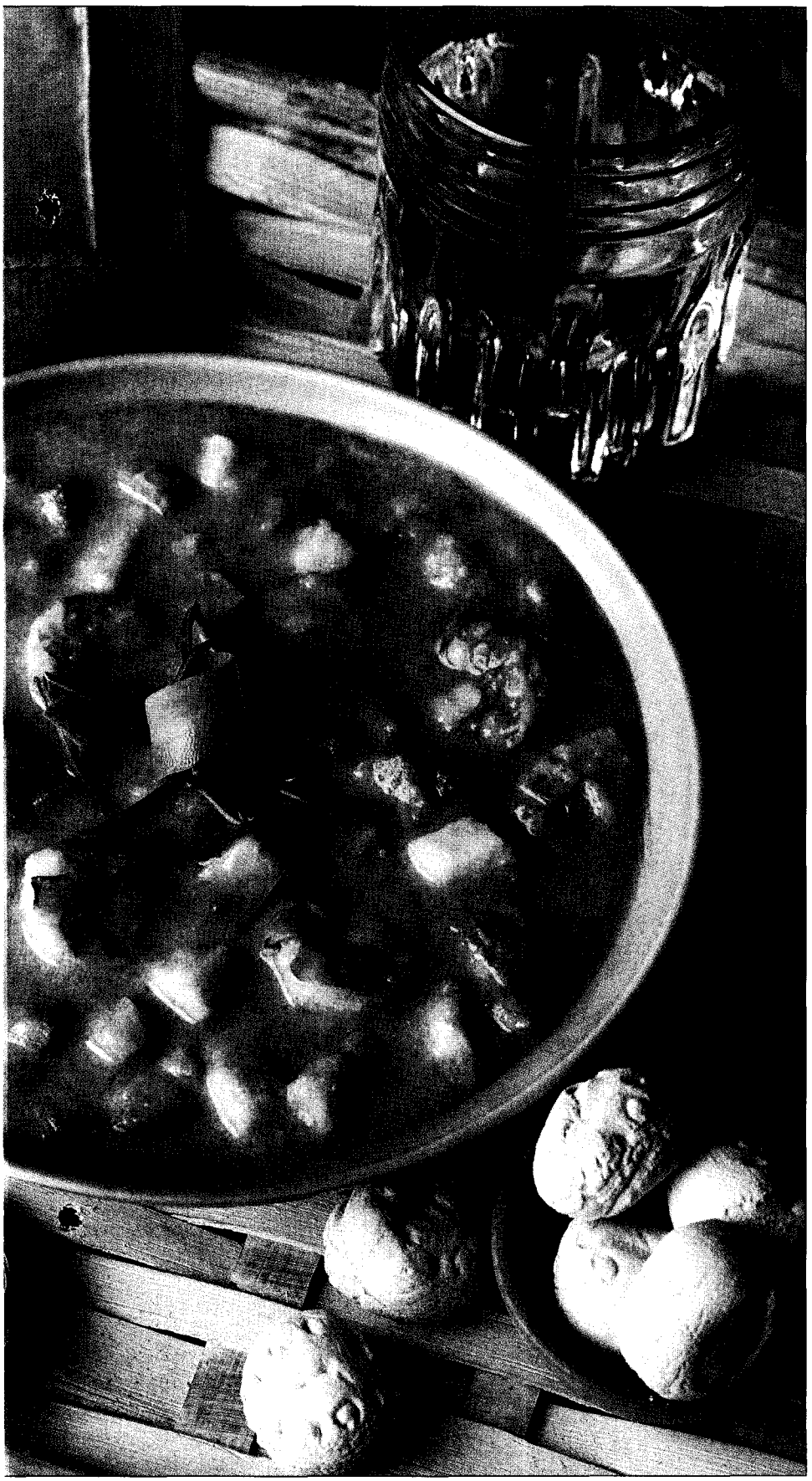

*1 1/3 cups plain low-fat yogurt, room temperature*
*1/3 cup toasted slivered almonds*
*1-2 teaspoons curry powder*
*1/2 teaspoon salt*
*2 cups hot cooked rice*

Brush lamb cubes with butter; sprinkle with marjoram. Broil 4 inches from heat source until desired doneness, turning cubes occasionally. Combine yogurt, almonds, curry, and salt. Portion rice onto serving plates; top with lamb cubes. Spoon yogurt sauce over all.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Honey Oat Bran Muffins**
*(Makes 12 medium muffins)*

*2 cups oat bran*
*1/4 cup packed dark brown sugar*
*1 tablespoon baking powder*
*1/2 teaspoon baking soda*
*1 cup plain low-fat yogurt*
*2 egg whites, slightly beaten*
*1/4 cup honey*
*2 tablespoons vegetable oil*
*1/3 cup raisins*
*1/3 cup chopped walnuts*

Heat oven to 425° F. Line 12 muffin cups with paper liners. In a large bowl, mix oat bran, sugar, baking powder, and baking soda. Add yogurt, egg whites, honey, and oil. Stir gently just until ingredients are moistened. Stir in raisins and nuts.

Spoon batter into muffin cups. Bake 14-16 minutes, until golden brown. Turn out of pan onto a wire rack to cool.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Pasta Salad with Parmesan Yogurt Dressing**
*(Makes 4 servings)*

*8 ounces uncooked rotini*
*1 1/2 cups plain low-fat yogurt*
*1 cup cubed cooked chicken*
*1 cup sliced carrots*
*1 cup thin strips green bell pepper*
*1 cup broccoli florets*
*1 cup halved cherry tomatoes*
*1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese*
*1 tablespoon chopped fresh parsley*
*1/4 teaspoon salt*
*Dash of pepper*

◀ ***Shrimp Chowder***

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Cook rotini according to package directions; rinse in cold water and drain well. Put in a large bowl. Add remaining ingredients and toss well until mixed. Serve at once or cover and chill until ready to serve.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Spicy Lemon Yogurt Chicken**
*(Makes 4 servings)*

*1 container (8 oz.) lemon low-fat yogurt*
*1 teaspoon ground ginger*
*1/2 teaspoon paprika*
*1/4 teaspoon garlic powder*
*1/4 teaspoon coriander*
*2 whole chicken breasts, split*

Combine yogurt and spices. Place chicken and yogurt in 2-quart rectangular baking dish. Cover and refrigerate 8 hours or overnight; spoon yogurt over chicken occasionally.

Preheat oven to 375° F. Bake 40 to 45 minutes or until chicken is tender; baste frequently.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Yogurt and Spinach Stuffed Shells**
*(Makes 6 servings)*

*18 jumbo pasta shells (about 1/2 of a 16 oz. package)*
*1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach, thawed, and squeezed dry*
*1 cup plain low-fat yogurt*
*1 cup part-skim Ricotta cheese*
*1/2 cup chopped onion*
*2 egg whites, slightly beaten*
*1 tablespoon chopped fresh parsley*
*1 clove garlic, crushed*
*1/4 teaspoon freshly ground pepper*
*1/8 teaspoon ground nutmeg*
*2 cups meatless spaghetti sauce*
*1/4 cup shredded part-skim Mozzarella cheese*
*2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese*

Cook shells according to package directions; rinse, drain well, and cool. Heat oven to 350° F. In a large bowl, combine spinach, yogurt, ricotta, onion, eggs, parsley, garlic, pepper, and nutmeg. Spread 1 cup of the spaghetti sauce in bottom of a 13" x 9" shallow baking dish.

Fill each cooked shell with about 1 1/2 tablespoons spinach-yogurt filling. Arrange in a single layer on spaghetti sauce in baking dish. Spoon remaining sauce over filled shells. Sprinkle with mozzarella and Parmesan cheese. Loosely cover with foil. Bake 30 minutes, until filling begins to bubble.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Old Fashioned Potato Salad**
*(Makes 8 cups)*

*1 cup low-fat yogurt*
*1 cup each: chopped green pepper, chopped celery*
*3/4 cup shredded carrot*
*1/2 cup pickle relish*
*1/4 cup each: chopped red pepper, sliced green onion*
*2 teaspoons prepared mustard*
*1/2 teaspoon salt*
*1/4 teaspoon pepper*
*4 cups (about 6 medium) unpeeled diced cooked potatoes, chilled*
*Fresh parsley, if desired*

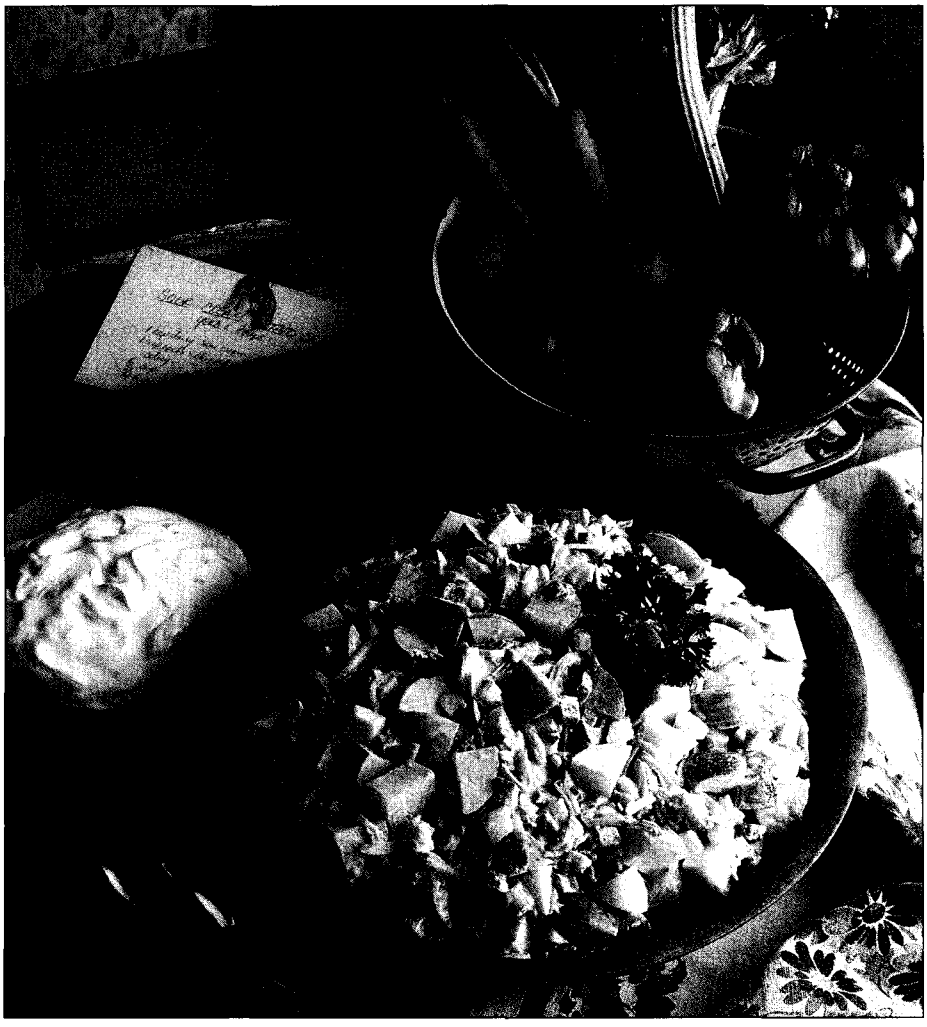
Combine sour cream, green pepper, celery, carrot, pickle relish, red pepper, onion, mustard, salt and pepper in a large bowl; mix well. Add eggs and potatoes; toss gently. Refrigerate, covered, 2-3 hours to allow flavors to blend. Garnish with parsley. Serve.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Chicken Tandoor-Style**
*(Makes 4 servings)*

*1 3-pound cut-up frying chicken*
*2 containers (8 oz. each) plain, low-fat yogurt*
*2 teaspoons curry powder*
*1/8 to 1/4 teaspoon cayenne pepper*
*2 cups hot cooked rice*

Place chicken in heat-proof shallow glass or enamel dish. Combine yogurt, curry powder, and cayenne; spread chicken, turning to coat evenly. Refrigerate, covered, 8 hours or



◀ *Old Fashioned Potato Salad*

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overnight. Preheat oven to 375° F. Bake chicken in yogurt sauce, uncovered, 50 to 55 minutes, or until tender. Baste frequently. Serve with hot cooked rice. Spoon sauce over chicken and rice.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Rotini in Spicy Raita**
*(Makes 8 servings)*

*1/2 pound rotini or other dried pasta*
*1 1/3 cups plain low-fat yogurt*
*1 large cucumber, peeled, seeded, and finely chopped (about 1 1/2 cups)*
*1/6 cup chopped red onion*
*1/4 cup minced fresh parsley*
*1 tablespoon white wine vinegar*
*1 large tomato, seeded and chopped*
*1 teaspoon ground cumin*
*3/4 teaspoon salt*
*1/4 to 1/2 teaspoon crushed, dried red pepper*
*1/4 teaspoon pepper*
*1 large cloved garlic, minced*

Cook pasta in boiling water until just tender. Drain immediately and rinse under cold water until pasta is room temperature; drain. Combine remaining ingredients in large bowl. Add pasta, tossing to coat evenly. Chill, covered, 2 to 3 hours to allow flavors to blend.

♦ ♦ ♦

**Mixed Fruit Breakfast Drink**
*(Makes 3 servings)*

*2 containers (8 ounces each) strawberry-banana yogurt*
*1/3 cup cold skim milk*
*3 tablespoons honey*
*2 tablespoons frozen orange juice concentrate*
*2 ice cubes*

Place ingredients in blender container; cover. Blend until smooth and frothy. Serve immediately in tall chilled glasses.

**WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?**

*(Answers from map game, page 96)*
*(Theme: precious stones and metals)*

1. Mount Sterling, Illinois
2. Rubyville, Ohio
3. Diamond Bar, California
4. Copper Center, Alaska
5. Goldendale, Washington
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7. Garnett, Kansas
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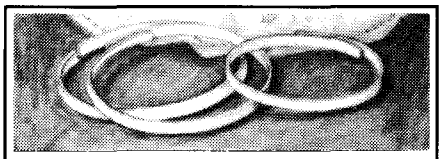

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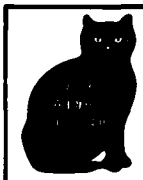

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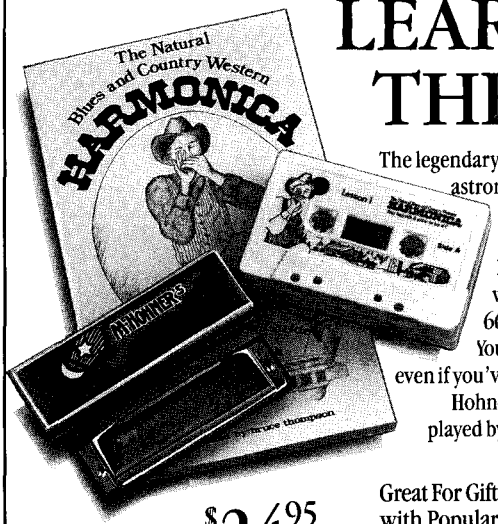


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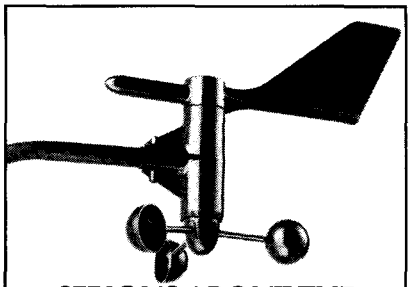

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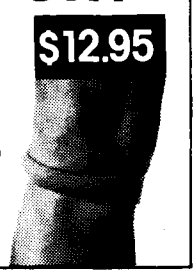




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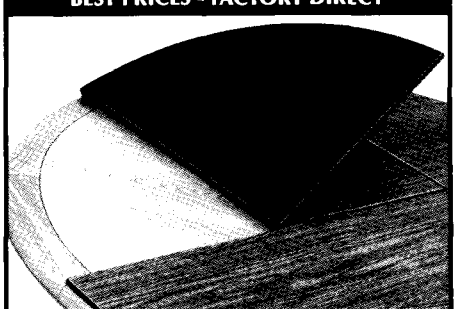

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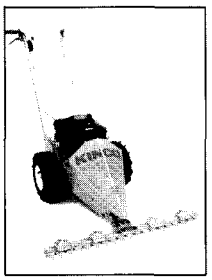

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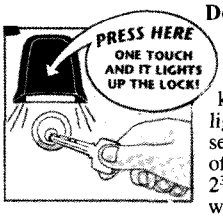


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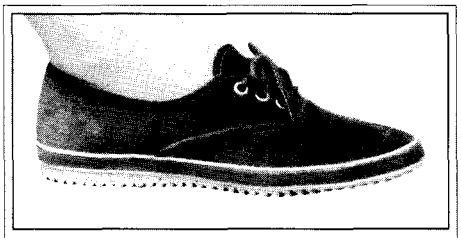

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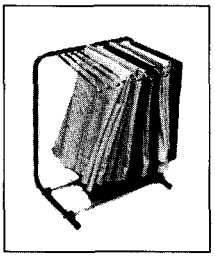

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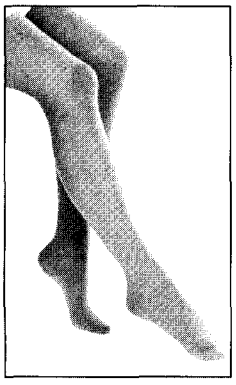

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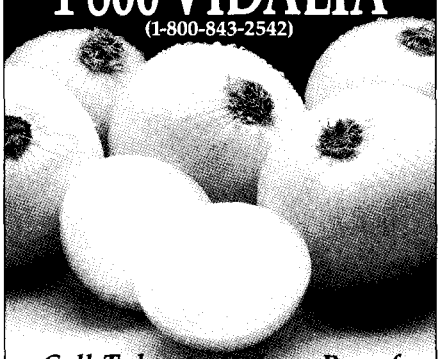

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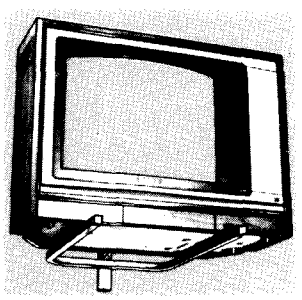

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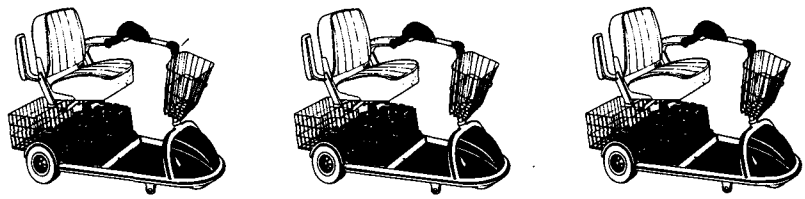

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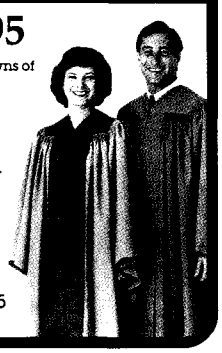

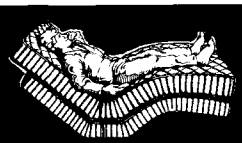

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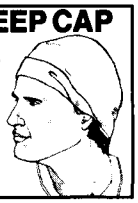

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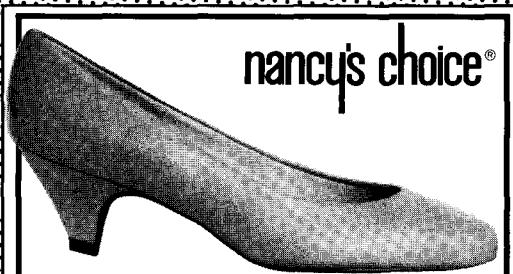

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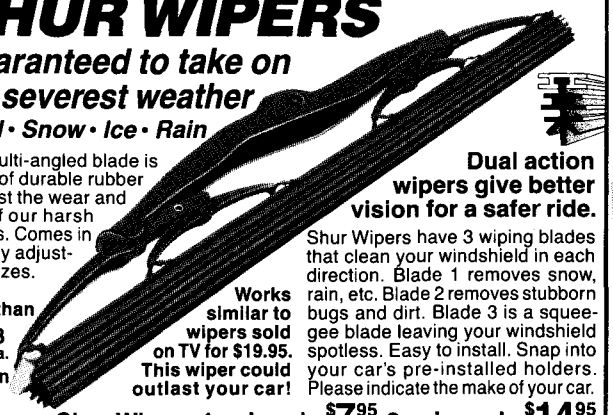

Our multi-angled blade is made of durable rubber to resist the wear and tear of our harsh winters. Comes in 2 easily adjustable sizes.

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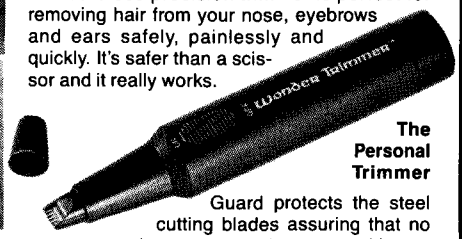


**The Personal Trimmer**

Guard protects the steel cutting blades assuring that no moving parts come in contact with your tender skin while its high speed action is powered by 1 AA battery (not included). Safe to use even without mirror. Approximately 6" long.

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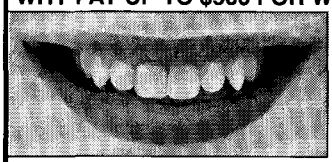
**WHY PAY UP TO $500 FOR WHITER TEETH, INSTEAD GET...**



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## removes stains & restores white teeth professionally

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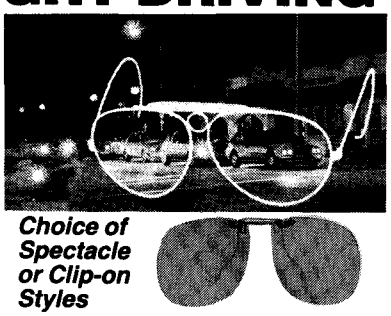

***Choice of Spectacle or Clip-on Styles***

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**Similar units used by law and order agents. Now available for private use.**

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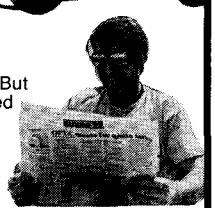
- **Warning! Spying on private conversations without their approval is illegal.**



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Fungus Stop is an easy and simple way to safely eliminate unsightly, smelly nail fungus. Now you can end pain and embarrassing odor of unsightly nail fungus in just a few short days.

Comes complete with a built-in brush applicator . . . so it's easy and fast to apply . . . great for fingernails too. Best of all . . . it really works!

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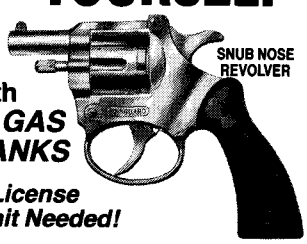


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Feel completely safe and secure wherever you go. Yes! In just seconds you can immediately disable any attackers. Because now you are armed with the most effective .22 calibre non-lethal tear-gas handgun ever devised. Each shot sounds so real that the intruder will be easily scared away – and well he should be! But the best part is that you do not need a federal firearms license or gun permit to own or carry these personal protective weapons. So now you can walk without fear. Our snub nose revolver is the famous Vanguard model 8-shot side loading cylinder. So don't take crime lying down. Fight Back and Win!

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| ☐ Shur Wipers ☐ 1 pr. $7.95 ☐ 2 pr. $14.95 | | | ___ |
| Make of car ___ | | | |
| ☐ Superhear | ___ | 7.95 | ___ |
| ☐ Night Driving Glasses | ___ | 6.95 | ___ |
| ☐ Spectacles ☐ Clip-ons | | | |
| ☐ Fungus Stop | ___ | 5.95 | ___ |
| ☐ 8 Shot Snub Nose | ___ | 29.95 | ___ |
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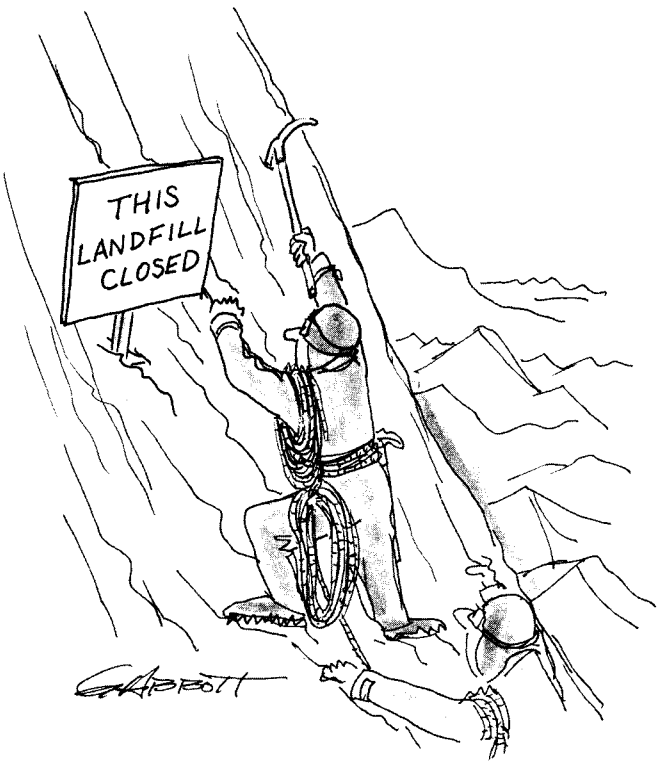
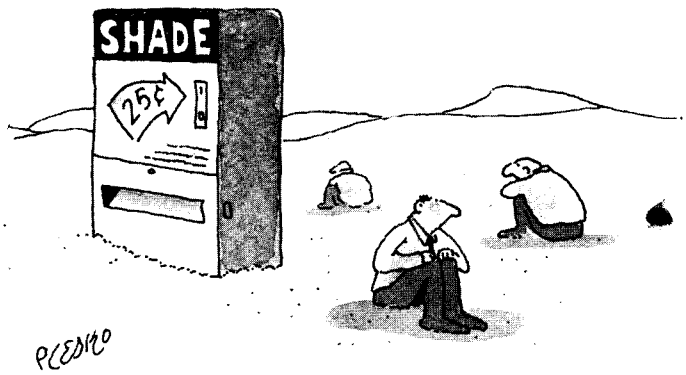
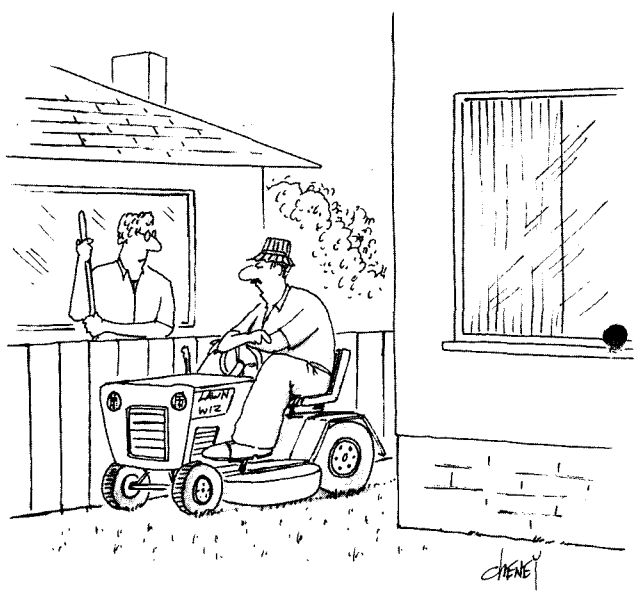


"Sorry, I'm not very good at names. Who am I anyway?"



"Mark my words, Frank, mark my words . . . one of these days I'm going to hop on this baby and keep right on going."

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## The Soviet Union

# Millions of Scriptures Needed in USSR

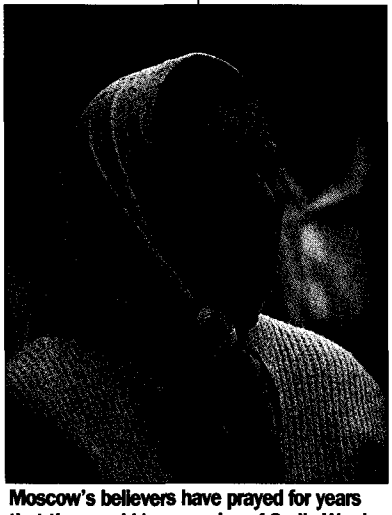
*Need, opportunity combine to overwhelm Bible providers. Help sought from Western Christians.*

While European and American politicians and businessmen are left amazed by the speed of change in the Soviet Union, Western Christians are being challenged by one of the greatest opportunities for evangelism in this century.

The Soviet Union's new openness makes it possible to print the Bible in large quantities on presses that once printed Communist propaganda.

But it is the spiritual hunger of the people themselves that has turned a possibility for printing into an opportunity for evangelism.

At the 1989 Moscow Book Fair, this hunger for the gospel was clearly demonstrated when Russians received New Testaments and began tearing out individual pages and sharing them with others. Men and women were seen with tears in their eyes, clutching the precious pages to their hearts.



**Moscow's believers have prayed for years that they could have copies of God's Word.**

International Bible Society, which had been providing Bibles for Eastern Europe even before the communist walls began to crumble, is now involved in two historic projects attempting to meet the tremendous demand for God's Word.

One outreach—for the Soviet Children's Fund—came at the request of a member of the USSR's Congress, the Supreme Soviet. The other, called THE MOSCOW PROJECT, was initiated by a coalition of U.S. Christian organizations.

Children's Fund founder Albert Likhanov cited the moral vacuum in his country when he asked the Bible Society to provide at least one million Scriptures for his people.

In response to this request—and to the tremendous need for Scriptures in the USSR—the first 250,000 New Testaments have already been delivered.

Bible Society President James Powell praised the Children's Fund project as a breakthrough because it provides Scriptures to Soviet citizens who may not be reached by any church.

"Until now," he noted, "most of our Bible distribution in the USSR has been through churches."

The even more massive MOSCOW PROJECT will deliver 4 million Russian New Testaments to the people of the capital city before the fall of 1991.

International Bible Society is co-sponsoring the Moscow effort with the Evangelical Christian Publishers Association, the Christian Booksellers Association, and CBLI-World Literature Ministries.

The Bible Society is funding the total $550,000 cost of the Children's Fund project, and has agreed to underwrite half of the $1.6 million needed for THE MOSCOW PROJECT.

Commenting on the importance of these projects, Bible Society Vice-President of Ministries Eugene Rubingh said, "The future direction of the Soviet Union—and the rest of Eastern Europe—is now being decided. These Scriptures will help show the way!"

*—by Larry Jerden*


# You can place Russian New Testaments in 65 Moscow homes for only $26.

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*Mardi Gras may be the most famous party in town, but residents also celebrate everything from Bastille Day to the abundant [illegible] festivals in all.*

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# JAZZ

*Stroll New Orleans at dawn, and you'll know why they call it the "Big Easy."*

It's a typical morning in the theater called New Orleans. As the large cast assembles, the sunrise over the bank bathes St. Louis Cathedral in a golden spot.

There's Ruthie, the Duck Lady—now duckless and too old to roller-skate—taking a break on a bench in Jackson Square.

The Wizard pushes his wishing well toward Royal Street.

Painters roll their carts into the Square and begin hanging their artwork on the fence.

The wail of a jazz sax wafts in the air as Rasheed entertains early risers at Café du Mondé; competing for airwaves, a massive tanker moves upriver, bleating like a lost lamb looking for its mother.

As pedestrians dodge the drips from overhanging balconies lush with freshly watered plants, shop owners hose down their banquettes, cleaning away last night's excesses.

A gangling, white-faced mime takes up his position on the corner near the off-brand priest collecting "for the hungry."

Glaring malevolently through long gray locks and speaking in tongues, the Bead Lady promenades with a silver hard hat on her head. Last week's chapeau was a red motorcycle helmet.

The curtain is up; the show has begun; and it's only 8:30.

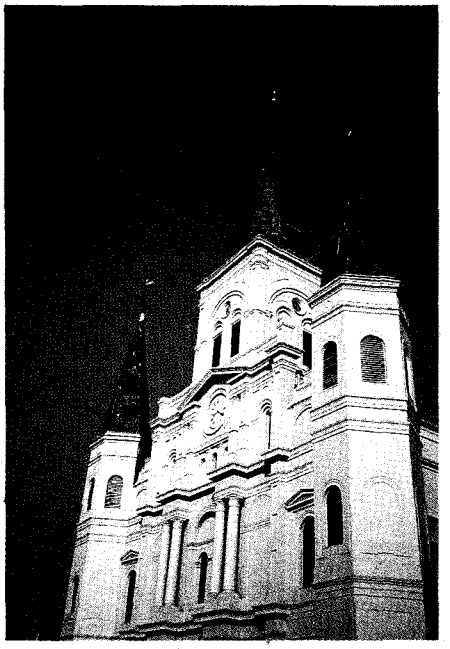
If you're an early morning stroller, it's fun to deduce which of the passersby have just gotten up and which ones were out all night. (The man in tails is an easy guess.) Day people and night people won't meet again until late afternoon when foot traffic trickles into neighborhood bars and Quarterites are either winding down or gearing up.

The endless parade of both conscious and unconscious eccentricities provides a fascinating feast for people watching, and the city's old French Quarter makes the perfect backdrop. Curious customs and behavior derived from the many cultures that New Orleans adopted over the centuries flavor the days and nights. What would be regarded as strange and bizarre behavior in another city is not only tolerated in the "Big Easy," but cherished. Even tourists get into the act, dropping their inhibitions like so many unwieldy packages.

The pace is Southern slow, but the pulse is quick. That rare sense of the unexpected lies in wait around every corner. Stories hover in every bar and behind every walled courtyard. The city's architecture, its party atmosphere, even its misty, sultry air evoke rich imaginings. Even the foods sound sensual: mirliton, cushaw, garlics, Creole tomatoes, okra, grits, chicory and roux, gumbo and étouffée. No wonder countless literary greats have embraced the hedonistic old river city as either a sometime sweetheart or a lifetime muse.

New Orleans' principal allure is a way of life found only in foreign lands if at all, mostly exemplified in that old part of the city that simply cannot be duplicated anywhere else. While other areas, notably the mansion-filled Garden District, are quite worthy, full of quirky charm and genteel ambiance, the real heartbeat of New Orleans is the *Vieux Carré*, onstage since the early 1700s. By now the act has evolved into a 13-block constancy of good music, good food, and good times.

No longer dominated by the tacky T-shirt shops and sleazy strip joints found in the first six blocks of Bourbon Street, the Quarter has a new focus along riverside Decatur Street. Rivers of tourists stream by a fetching assortment of entertainments stretching past the new Aquarium of the Americas, specifically designed to swell the city's coffers with family-style tourism. Other attractions along the levee are on the drawing board, prompting enthusiastic predictions of a



*St. Louis Cathedral, dating back to 1794, is the third to stand in Jackson Square. Named for the patron saint of Bourbon, France, it may be the oldest active cathedral in the United States.*

By
Marda K. Burton

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# Rambling Around

*Horse-drawn buggies and ever-present mimes, magicians, and dancers jam the narrow streets to lend a party spirit 24 hours a day.*

Visitors to New Orleans are especially pleased to find everything they need located in one compact area adjacent to the riverfront. While excellent restaurants are scattered all over town, large concentrations of the best are located in and near the French Quarter and the CBD.

Because parking is always a problem, shoe leather is the favorite form of transportation, but part of the fun is getting around by carriage, streetcar, and riverboat. Carriages wait at Jackson Square; streetcars rattle up scenic St. Charles Avenue and along the riverfront; riverboats leave from behind the Jax Brewery and Riverwalk during the day and evening, churning up and down the river with their calliopes tooting madly as though auditioning for antebellum extravaganzas.

For an overview, consider a bus tour. Both New Orleans Tours and Gray Line

*French Quarter flats have housed Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, and Stephen Crane.*

of New Orleans have tour desks at major hotels and ticket offices along the riverfront. They offer city tours, boat cruises, and golf packages, as well as tours of nearby swamps, Cajun country, and River Road plantations.

Sponsoring on-site entertainment and weekend celebrations in adjacent Woldenberg Riverfront Park, the new Aquarium of the Americas is exceeding all projected attendance figures as it lures thousands into its cool, fishy interior. Nearby, the French Market is always lively with weekend shows and flea markets plus a 24-hour farmer's market.

In Jackson Square street performers entertain constantly, and the Presbytere offers exceptional art and history exhibits. In City Park stands the New Orleans Museum of Art with its many splendid collections. The small specialty shops in the Quarter overflow with everything from pralines to voodoo charms. For extra immersion into the scene, try lodging in one of the Quarter's charming small hotels and guesthouses.

The city's many festivals bestow good cheer upon visitors and locals alike. For further information, including festival dates, contact the Greater New Orleans Tourists & Convention Commission, 1520 Sugar Bowl Dr., New Orleans, LA 70112; 504-566-5011.

—Marda Burton

*Portraits guaranteed to please patrons are a specialty of Jackson Square sidewalk artists. Street musicians entertain models during formal "sittings."*

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*From Jelly Roll Morton to Wynton Marsalis, the jazz tradition continues.*

*The last day before Lent—Mardi Gras—is otherwise known as "Fat Tuesday."*

rosy future funded by tourism.

At the same time, residents wonder if the fragile, crumbling old Quarter can comfortably absorb the expected overflow of bodies, automobiles, and tour buses. What the French Quarter will become in ten years time is anybody's guess.

When I first moved into the Quarter, my intention to follow in the footsteps of all those famous writers, I staked my claim on one of the little tables half on the banquette and half in an open doorway of the Napoleon House on the corner of St. Louis and Chartres (pronounce it Charters, please). Because I lived upstairs in a garret apartment, I didn't have far to go.

At this musty old literary hangout, classical music blares forth (purists grieved when the old gramophone with scratched records was retired some ten years ago), and witty, intellectual repartee seems to be going on at every table. Rather than the philosophy of Sartre or Camus, probably customers are only chatting about trivialities, or debating the relative merits of an in-house muffuletta—a huge, heavenly Italian sandwich—as opposed to one from Central Grocery (a subject good for at least a half-hour's discourse). But you have your fantasies and I have mine.

Eventually, my Napoleon House habit gave way to the habit of eating regularly. Writing on a computer in an office, while not as picturesque, was more efficient and hence more productive than sitting in a beat-up bar writing in a beat-up notebook. Likewise, my romantic but airless garrett was sacrificed to fiendishly hot New Orleans summers. Now I live in a pricey apartment with central air, two balconies, and a swimming pool.

Lately, with my old notebook rescued from premature burial on a sagging bookshelf, I began returning to the "Nap House." It is exactly as before, just as though I had never left, except for more tourists to usurp my table. Classics still play, table service is still ostentatiously slow, and passing buggy drivers still spiel out tales of the failed conspiracy to spirit away the imprisoned Napoleon to "Nouvelle Orleans," where he would reside in this very house.

I'm not sure but what the tables have turned, so to speak. Could it be that sitting in a beat-up bar writing in a beat-up notebook, while less efficient, is more productive than writing on a computer in an office? I'll find that out soon enough. In the meantime, this place still offers the French Quarter experience distilled to its essence—and is likely to do so for years to come. As long as places like this are cherished and cared for, I'll be here.

Often now I sit and watch the expanding world of the Quarter amble by the Napoleon House, grazing my way through a muffuletta washed down with Dixie Beer and desultorily trying to identify Mozart or Hayden. At such times, the past hovers so tangibly I can almost feel its breath.

Then I always remember the words a man named Charles Dudley Warner wrote back in 1887, maybe sitting in the same ancient bar: "I suppose we are all wrongly made up and have a fallen nature; else why is it that the most thrifty and neat and orderly city only wins our approval, and perhaps gratifies us intellectually, and such a thriftless, battered and stained, and lazy old place as the French quarter of New Orleans takes our hearts?"


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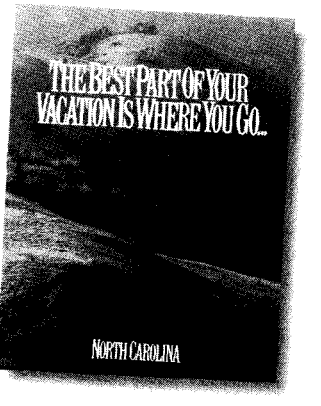


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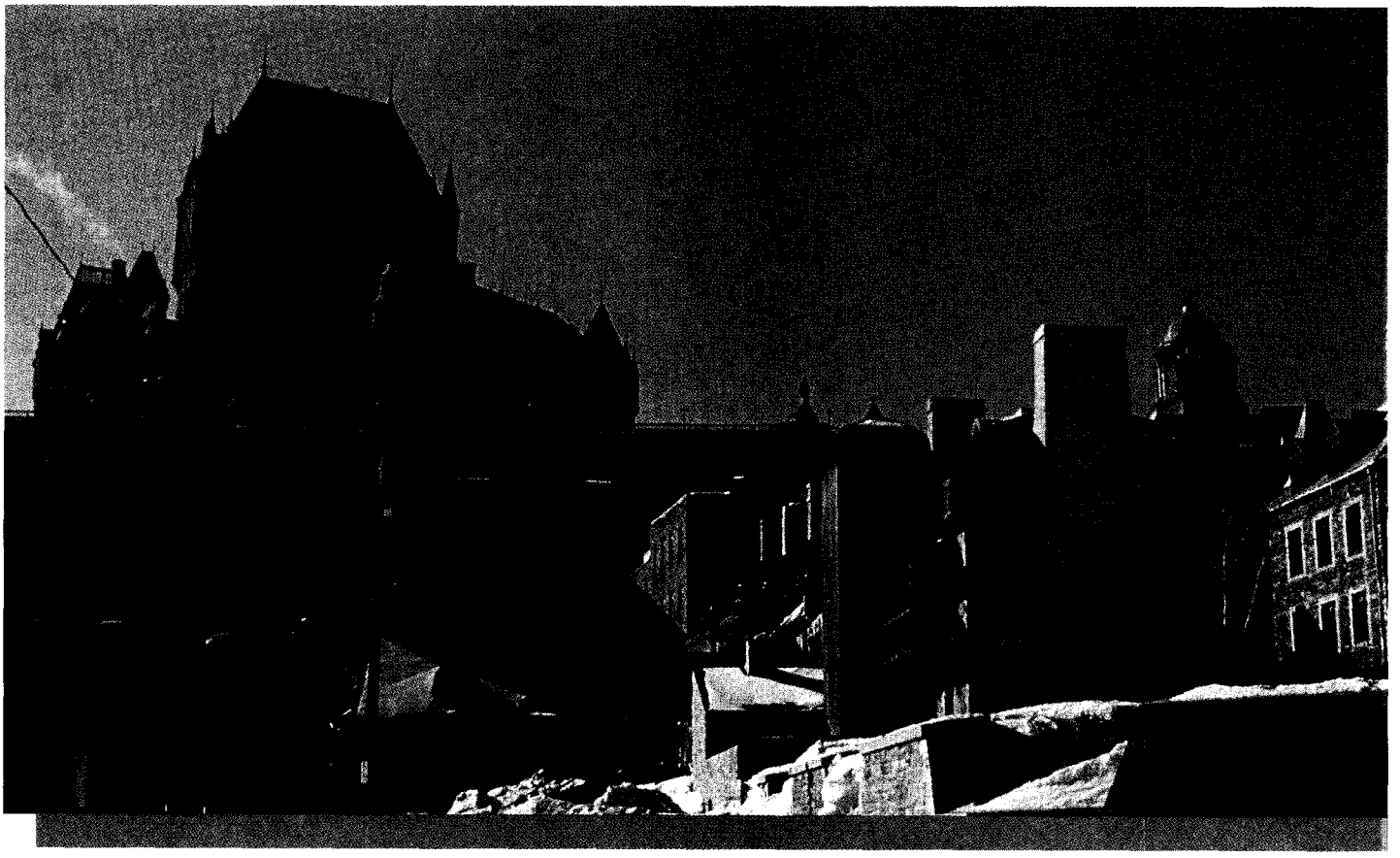
# Bonjour, Quebec

For too long, French Canada has been touted as the next best thing to you-know-where. Can't make it to Paris this year? Consider Quebec, goes the advice. Then the advantages are ticked off: No jet lag, no time change for East Coast residents, no visas, no francs, and no hassles with electrical converters or pocket dictionaries. Even the menus are bilingual; nice touch, especially since entrees often range from basic boar to truffled turkey. Somehow,



**When the weather dips from brisk to brutal, toss another log on the fire and have Antoine bring the dessert cart around.**

By Holly G. Miller

dining on *filet mignon de porcelet* sounds less savage than eating piglet.

Quebec—the province and the city—is about to be discovered, again. Montreal is gearing up for its 350th anniversary celebration in 1992, and the entire region is expected to benefit from tourists trekking north. To beat the rush, the time to travel may be now—if you don't mind missing a few landmarks.

"All the monuments are at the cleaners," one Montreal resident says, struggling to find the right words in either of her two languages to explain the bare pedestals and empty shrines. Translation: Statues are being refurbished and museums are under wraps

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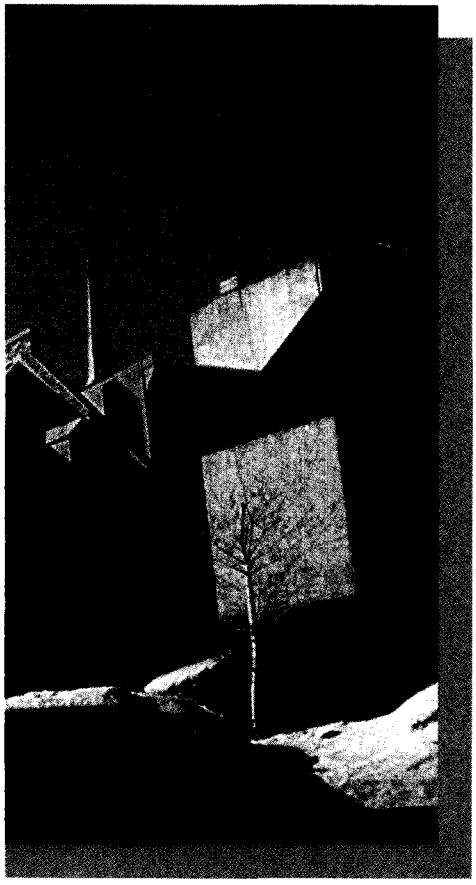
of plastic sheeting, all to emerge postcard perfect in time for the year-long birthday party. Among the new attractions integrated with the old is the giant bug-shaped building housing the Montreal Insectarium, with its display of more than 4,000 insects. The former Olympic Velodrome, built for the '76 Summer Games, is being transformed into a biosphere that will replicate tropical jungles, northern forests, the St. Lawrence River, and polar environments with all their typical plant and animal life.



If a preview of Montreal's celebration nudges you north this season, how far you wander beyond the city may depend on your schedule, your stamina, and your appetite for adventure. Not everyone relishes the idea of schussing the outback of the Far North (see sidebar); but for travelers who like their rustic settings to include well-stocked wine cellars, cozy bistros with singing waiters, and overstuffed chairs pulled close to a hearth, two destinations are recommended. The Eastern Townships, better known as Estrie ("kingdom of the east"), are 50 miles southeast of the city, and Quebec City ("the cradle of

# Canada On Ice

**By C. J. Hadley**

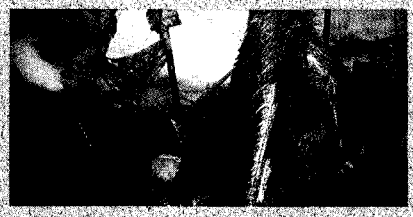
*An Inuit man wears clothes made of sealskin, caribou, and hawk skin.*

The Inuit village of Great Whale sits boldly at the tip of Hudson's Bay. For 25 miles, ice stretches out to sea, and for much of that area the wind has carved peculiar shapes and turned it into exquisite, turquoise-colored crystal. It is Far North Quebec, and the only ones comfortable here are the Inuit, the Cree, moose, and caribou. Temperatures in winter linger around 40 below zero; even so, some natives are tough enough to go out without hats.

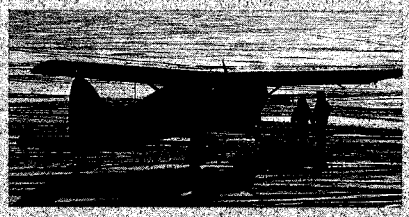
In Cree and Inuit country, the land is practically empty. Shadows are long because this area is so far north. Eyebrows of dogsledders are covered in frost, if not covered up, and skin freezes quickly.

The ways through this part of the province in winter are by dogsled, snowmobile, snowshoe, ski plane, or helicopter. For flying machines, landing is easy on the vast lakes, but trails through the woods are tough, the snow often deep and soft. The wilderness stretches for thousands of miles. Communication is by chance; the Indian villages are nearly isolated.

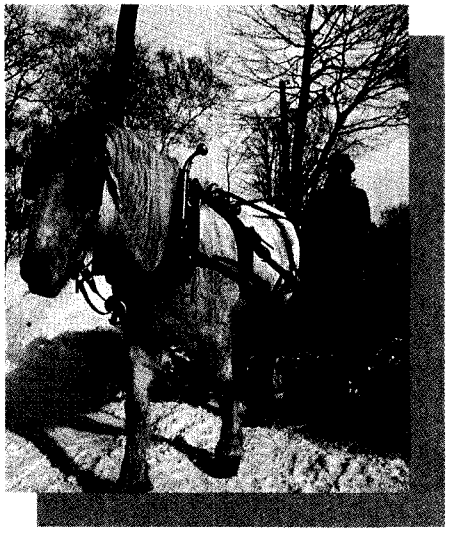
"If you get caught in the slush," one Cree explains, "you have to get out in a hurry or you'll be in trouble." During the Harricana snowmobile race last year, one three-man team got caught in the slush, and two television reporters went to film their plight. All five of their machines froze to the lake. In the morning, the Indians brought in a helicopter and used a chainsaw to cut the machines loose.



*Caribou hide, prepared here, is light, waterproof, and windproof.*



*With temperatures dipping to -40° F., lake landings are safe but bumpy.*



*What better way to see Quebec's 250-acre Battlefields Park than by sleigh or on snowshoes?*

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The Cree village of Mistissini (the Quebec government spells it "Mistassini") sits near the edge of a lake about 100 miles long and more than 20 miles wide. At the edge of the lake, called Lake Mistissini by the Cree, and Lac St. Jean by the government, are several teepees, wigwams, and traditional trappers' tents. Wood stoves burn inside, while men and women scrape hair from caribou hides, stretch and soften moose skins, make rabbit blankets, or cook a traditional meal of caribou, moose, rabbit, goose, and roasted succulent beaver. Fresh evergreen branches are laid on the floor and halfway up the walls for warmth and comfort. There are no tables or chairs.

On poles outside hang animal skins and moose antlers. "The traditional way a trapper shows respect to the animals is to hang the antlers in a row," says Robert Gimician, Mistissini's director of public works. "They are not trophies. On the other side you've got beaver skins, otter, a couple of red foxes and caribou hides that are frost-dried. Everything here is frost-dried."

Native toboggans are handmade from birch or tamarack, wood that's easy to bend but seldom snaps. The toboggans are big enough to carry a moose and small enough to work the trap lines. Three or four families hunt together, and everybody shares the catch. "My friend may be more successful than I am," one Cree explains, "but he shares his catch with me. Next week I may be better." They practice natural conservation as they trap beaver, muskrat, lynx, marten, and mink, and come to the village only in summertime.

*Many Cree children are trilingual. They attend English or French schools, and at home they learn their native Cree tongue.*

But Hydro Quebec and its recent electricity generating projects have changed parts of the traditional lands. Rivers have been dammed and lakes have disappeared under enormous reservoirs. "It's affected a lot of our people," says Gimician. "Where they used to hunt and trap and live in the bush, families have lost their historic trap lines, ones they have held for generations."

Because of the disruption, the tranquil Crees have come to appreciate the old ways, and are now convinced that their traditions are good ones. "We changed because of influence from the outside," says Violet

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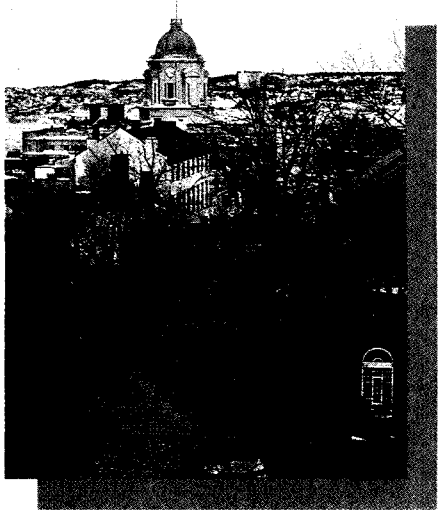

*Activities at Quebec's winter carnival, set this year for Feb. 7-17, range from costume balls to a canoe race across the icy St. Lawrence.*

French civilization in North America") is 169 miles northeast. Against the country backdrop of both locales, Americans may bump into more ancestors than they bargained for.

Numbers can be deceiving in this part of Canada, and anyone who equates low population with little to do will be surprised by the tiny towns of Estrie. A favorite stop for history buffs is North Hatley (pop. 715), with its magnificent old manor houses linked geographically by cross-country ski trails, and economically by inn-to-inn vacation packages. Although French is spoken and the "mother cuisine" is served, the original accommodations were designed by disgruntled colonists from New England and were refined by aristocratic Southerners from the Confederacy.

Many of the early comers to North Hatley were United Empire Loyalists, an intimidating label for the farmers who sided with the Redcoats during the American Revolution. Since these loyalists weren't popular after the war, the British government granted them consolation prizes of plots of land in the hilly townships of Canada. Many of their sprawling farmhouses, later transformed into *auberges* (inns), still dot the countryside.

Other great manor houses of the region owe their existence to another time and another war. After the collapse of the Confederacy, wealthy American Southerners boycotted New England as a holiday destination and continued north to Canada, some by private railway car. The story goes that these well-born travelers quietly snubbed "Yankeeland" by drawing their blinds as they passed through New England.

The genteel Southerners brought with them the trappings of the good life; butlers and maids, horses and carriages, and the oh-so-civilized pastimes of sailing, tennis, and golf. They built their vacation "cottages" on the west bank of Lake Massawippi, an area still referred to as the American Side. The amenities remain intact today and include graceful antiques, wood-burning fireplaces in most bedrooms, and private pocket balconies that all seem to overlook the water. Pampered guests have access to indoor swimming pools, saunas, and whirlpools, and if visitors aren't up to

*continued on page 97*

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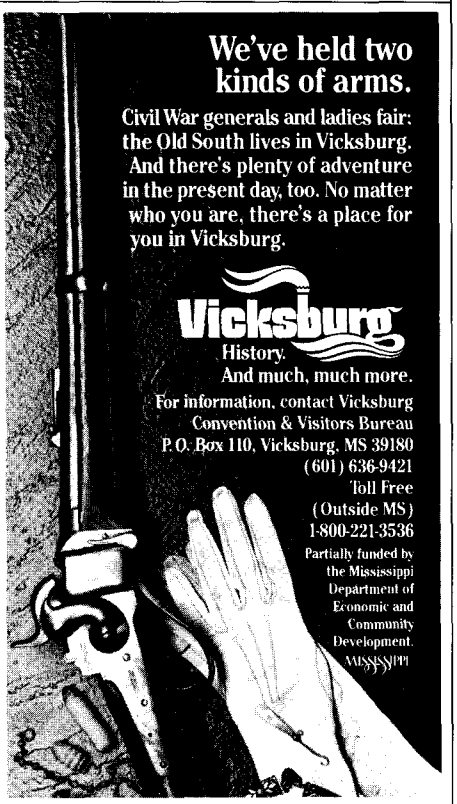

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## *Alexander Botts*

*continued from page 49*

prosperity. He insisted on showing me an adjacent waterfall known as the Bridal Veil, a pool known as Diana's Bath, and a cliff, directly in front of the hotel, with a sheer drop of 100 feet into a portion of the lake which Mr. Chandler said is 200 feet deep. This last feature is known, believe it or not, as Lover's Leap.

After over an hour of tedious conversation, I gradually managed to work around to the matter of the generator set.

"I was wondering," I said vaguely, "why you need this set in such a hurry when you are just starting your reconstruction operations and will have no real use for it until next year."

"I don't need it for myself," said Mr. Chandler. "I have rented it out for the winter to a man by the name of Simsbury."

"And what does he want with it?"

"He didn't say. He just came in here a few days ago and offered me $500 if I would insist on immediate delivery and hold it here for the winter. Apparently the set comes in a weather-proof packing case, so I could leave it outdoors."

"That is correct," I said. "The Earthworm company always goes in for quality—even in packing cases. So what did you do?"

"I signed a letter contract agreeing to his proposition. He gave me the $500 in cash and said he would be back later to check up."

"Just who is this Mr. Simsbury?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before. His address is 227 Vermont Avenue in Burlington."

"This is all very interesting," I said. "If I offered you $1,000 would you rent the electric set to me instead of to Mr. Simsbury?"

"That would be fine. But I have already signed this agreement. And I have taken the $500. So I would be dishonest to back out. You wouldn't want me to do anything dishonest, would you, Mr. Botts?"

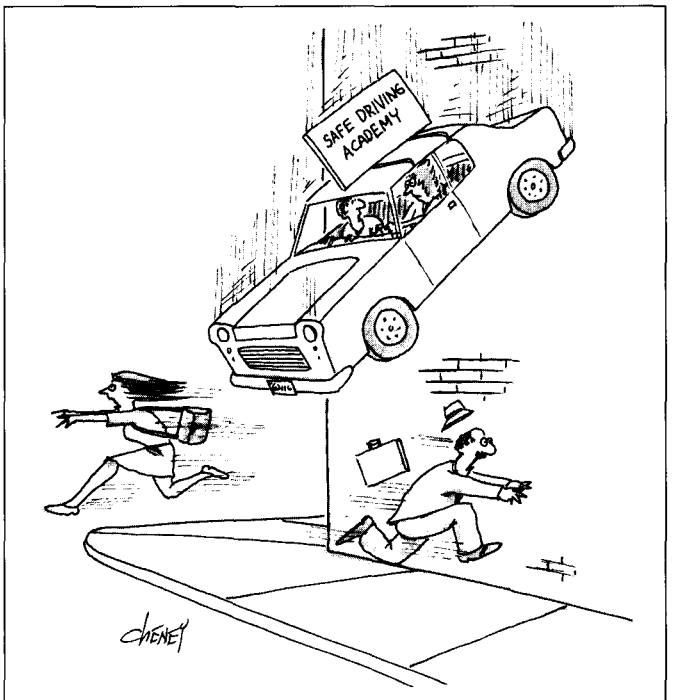
"Certainly not," I said. "But if I can persuade Mr. Simsbury to cancel the agreement, I take it you would rent to me?"

"Of course."

"Thank you," I said. "I will now see if I can find Mr. Simsbury."

I drove to 227 Vermont Avenue in Burlington and found a large building with a sign, SUPERBA AGENCY—TRACTORS AND ELECTRIC SETS. I walked in, stated that I was interested in getting hold of a diesel electric set, and asked for Mr. Simsbury.

I was told that he is a salesman who had recently joined the Superba organization and that he was out of town on important business. He had planned to visit both Mr. Joshua Chandler at Chandler Lake and Mr. Mike Savonarola at Dog River. I walked out and drove back here to the Dog River Motel.




*"Much better than yesterday, Ms. Brentwood."*

I had learned everything I needed to know. The entire sordid plot is now revealed in all its shabby dishonesty. Mr. Simsbury had first checked that Mr. Chandler's set is the only one available in the territory. Then he had paid out $500 to tie it up for the rest of the winter. This, he obviously hoped, would make it possible for him to unload onto the Dog River Ski Development one of his miserable Superba monstrosities.

Under the circumstances most men would have been discouraged. But not Alexander Botts. Now that I understand the facts, I am in a position to plan a course of action. Legally, Mr. Simsbury has won. But morally I am in the right. I cannot permit this scheming reptile to block a perfectly legitimate sale and cheat a customer by selling him low-grade merchandise.

By fair means or foul, I am going to get possession of that set and deliver it to the Dog River Ski Development—thus saving Mike from outrageous penalty payments, and saving the ski people from being stuck with an inferior article. You can always trust me to do what is right.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF
GILBERT HENDERSON,
PRESIDENT

Monday, Sept. 29, 1958

*DEAR BOTTS:* When I read your letter this morning I was naturally worried by your threat to get possession of that electric set "by fair means or foul." But I was not prepared for the truly disastrous results of your reckless action. After finishing your letter I picked up a copy of the *Earthworm City Daily Gazette* and discovered the following headline: BOTTS LOSES GENERATOR IN LAKE, SAYS COMPANY WILL PAY.

The story under the headline is so incredible I can hardly believe that even you could be guilty of such behavior. I will refrain from saying what I think of the kind of man who would light a match to investigate a gasoline leak, and then push a valuable piece of machinery into a lake 200 feet deep. I want to make it plain, however, that under no circumstances will the Earthworm company pay for your stupid blunder. And I call your attention once more to my previous letter in which I warned you that the Earthworm company will not make good on any penalty payments incurred by Mike Savonarola.

Yours,
GILBERT HENDERSON

*"Alexander Botts, Firebug" will be concluded in the next issue.*

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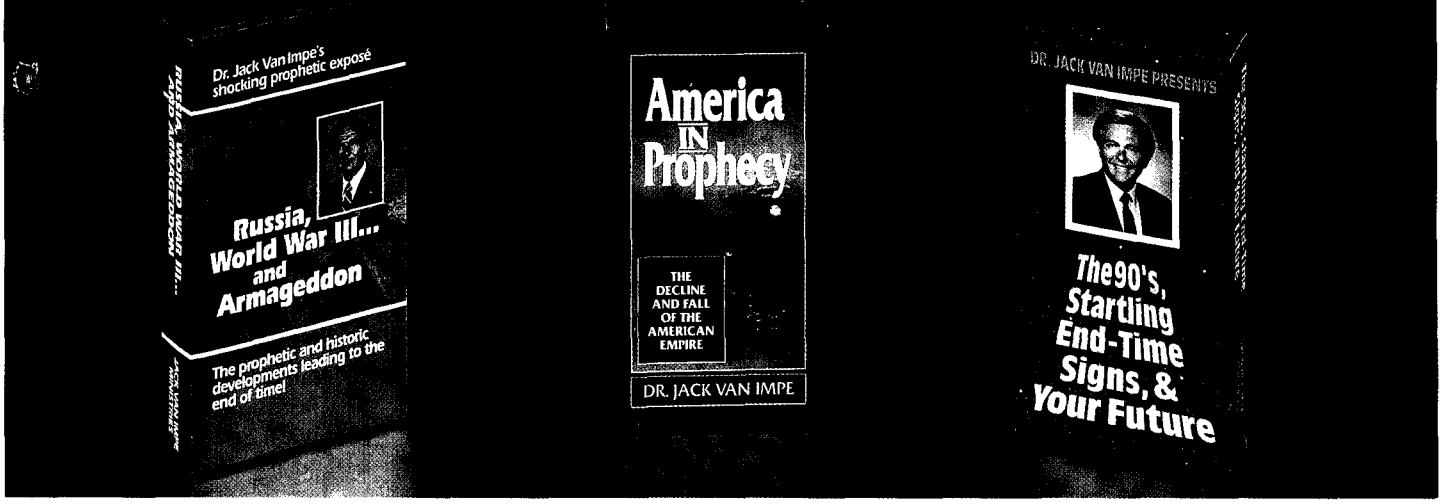
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## *Cassandra Mystery*

*continued from page 27*

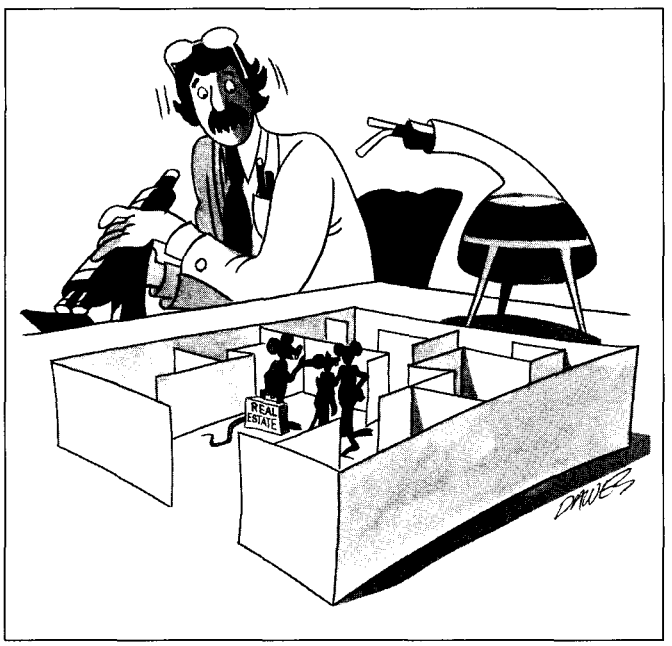
anything for sure.

"It's all my fault," the woman said immediately. "It must have been something I did that caused this. She's my first baby, I've never been around children before, and I don't know what you're supposed to do with them. It must have been the bath I gave her last night. She vomited yesterday afternoon, and she didn't seem to be acting exactly right, but I gave her a bath anyway. I'm sure she got sick because of that. Or maybe it's the way I've been feeding her; no one showed me how you're supposed to feed a baby; they tried showing me while we were in the hospital, but I was too excited to listen. It must be the way I'm feeding her, or that bath. I'm sure I've done something terribly wrong."

"I don't think any of that could have caused what's wrong with the baby," I told her. In fact, I really didn't know; I had no idea whether a bath could cause a baby to become septic, or whether improper feeding techniques could have possibly been responsible for bringing on dehydration and shock, but I figured that it wouldn't be in either this woman's interest or my own to agree with her conclusion; and besides, logically, I couldn't see how feeding or bathing a baby could have caused any damage. "She must have been sick from the time she left the nursery," I continued. "Why don't you tell me the whole story from the beginning."

My reassurance seemed to calm her down a little, and she was able to give me the child's complete history. She explained that Cassandra had been a perfect baby until the night before. She had been discharged from the hospital at four days of age, kept an extra day because of a little bit of jaundice, and had done everything a baby was supposed to do. But on the evening before Cassandra's arrival in the emergency room, the woman noticed that the baby seemed a little sleepier than usual. "And then she didn't wake up at three o'clock like she usually does," she continued. "And then this morning . . ." She started crying again, not able to utter another word.

At that point, Mike reappeared. He had finished making all the necessary arrangements, and after introducing himself to Ms. Giovanni, he, the nurse who had been guarding the baby ever since she had first seen her at the triage desk over two hours before, and I began to move the stretcher bearing Cassandra—as well as the pole from which her IV solution was hanging, the cardiac monitor to which she was attached, a portable oxygen tank, and a small tackle box filled with equipment to be used in case of cardiac arrest—out the back door of the ER, down the corridor toward the bank of




patient elevators, and up to the eighth floor, where the pediatric intensive care unit was located. Ms. Giovanni, still sobbing occasionally into a crumpled handkerchief, followed close behind.

• • •

Over the next two days, Cassandra rallied. In the ICU, she was monitored closely and treated with large doses of intravenous antibiotics, and slowly, her level of consciousness and activity returned to normal. Because of the vomiting on the night before her admission, she was given no feedings by mouth, receiving all her fluid requirements through the IV in her arm. And when the results of the lab tests that had been sent off at the time of the infant's initial emergency room treatment began to come back, they confirmed Mike Weinstein's impression: Cassandra Giovanni had been suffering from a serious, life-threatening infection in her blood. But oddly, the organism that had grown in the culture medium hadn't been the expected Group B Strep; rather, the baby's bloodstream was infected with the more unusual but equally virulent *Escherichia coli.*

*E. coli*, a bacteria that normally resides in the intestinal tract, actually serves a beneficial function in humans by aiding in the digestion of food. *E. coli* is the most common cause of bacterial infections of the urinary tract, but it is only rarely found in the blood of babies or older individuals. If caught in time, it is amenable to treatment, the majority of times responding to the widely used antibiotic Ampicillin.

That this organism was found in the bloodstream of Cassandra Giovanni caused a small amount of concern to those of us who were caring for the child, but the fact was, she was responding terrifically to the treatment. By the morning of the third day after admission, Cassandra was stable enough to be transferred out of the ICU. She was sent to 8 East, where the child's formula feedings were reinstituted, and the antibiotics would be continued for a full ten-day course.

With the apparent recovery of her daughter, Ms. Giovanni's outlook also improved. She still looked tired, drawn, and sickly, but at least she had ceased her constant crying. She was relieved when I was able to tell her that the child's infection had in no way resulted from anything she had done to Cassandra following her discharge from the nursery. Now that the baby was on the ward, where visiting hours for mothers were unlimited, Ms. Giovanni spent most of her time sitting on a chair beside the baby's crib, holding her daughter in her arms, making sure not to disturb the IV through which the antibiotics were running, and feeding her bottle after bottle of Similac. Cassandra responded to Ms. Giovanni's attention by gazing at her face and hungrily sucking down any and all formula her mother offered.

Everything went extremely well with the baby and her mother, until the morning of the seventh day after

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Cassandra's admission. At about eight o'clock, just as our ward team was starting work rounds, the nurse assigned to her noticed that the child had a fever. Within ten minutes, her cardiac monitor alarm went off: the infant had suffered a complete cardiopulmonary arrest.

Having no idea why this had happened, our team sprang into action. The ward clerk announced a Code Blue over the loudspeaker system, and within seconds, people started running into the infant's room from all over the floor. The nurses pushed the ward's code cart from the treatment room to the side of Cassandra's bed and opened all the drawers; Mike began to perform chest compressions, pushing down on Cassandra's breastbone with his thumbs to force her heart to beat about a hundred times a minute; Peter Uris, our senior resident, intubated the baby, passing an endotracheal tube through her larynx and down into her windpipe, to facilitate artificial ventilation; and after affixing an ambu-bag to the end of the endotracheal tube, Peter ordered me to pump the bag. Andy Stewart, the chief resident, appeared, and began ordering medications that the nurses drew up and shot through the infant's IV tubing. All of this occurred while Antoinette Giovanni, horrified, stood by watching.

We got her back. It took a while, and two full rounds of atropine, epinephrine, calcium, and bicarbonate, medications that reverse cardiac arrest, but eventually, Cassandra's heart and lungs began working on their own again, and her blood pressure gradually returned. When the code was finished and she was stable enough to be moved, her crib was pushed back into the ICU, and she was reconnected to all the monitors; blood, spinal fluid, and urine specimens were again taken, and sent back to the lab. And then the greatest minds of the pediatric department got together and tried to figure out what had happened.

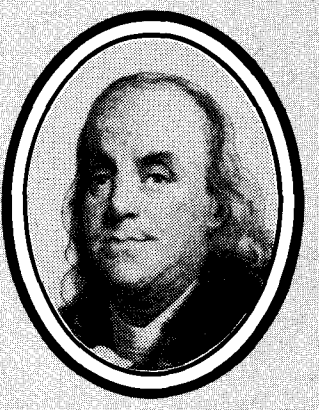
"She's still septic," was the opinion of the chief resident, Andy Stewart. "She's got a bug that's not completely sensitive to the antibiotics she's on. We have to start again and treat her more aggressively."

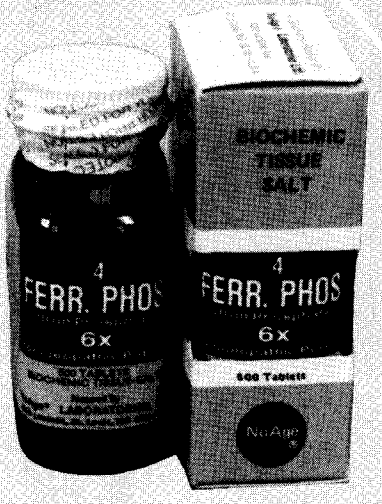
"Yeah, she's definitely septic," Peter Uris agreed. "But don't you think it might be another bug this time?"

"It'd be hard to imagine how something like that could happen," the


## Another Great Discovery

While Benjamin Franklin was Ambassador to France in the 1780s, he agreed with a young physician from Leipzig, Samuel Hahnemann, that medicine should do no harm. Hahnemann became the Father of Modern Medicine and the Founder of Homoeopathy.



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chief resident replied. "Unless she had some weird congenital immunologic deficiency. And those things are pretty rare. No, it's most likely to be a resistant strain of *E. coli*."

"So what should we treat her with?" Mike asked. As the intern responsible for doing the work, he had to try to bring the discussion back from these lofty heights to a more practical level.

"Add chloramphenicol," Andy responded, mentioning an antibiotic that has a great many potential side effects, such as aplastic anemia (lack of formation of all blood elements because of failure of the bone marrow); Peter and Mike nodded their heads.

After this conversation, I went out to find Antoinette. She was still in Cassandra's room on 8 East, sitting in the chair on which she had sat for so many hours over the previous few days, crying hysterically, saying, "My baby, my baby," over and over again. "She's O.K.," I told her, and she looked up at me for the first time since I entered the room. "She's all set in the ICU. They'll let you in to see her in a couple of minutes."

"What's wrong with her, Bob?" she asked. "She was doing so well and then she nearly died again. Why did something like that happen? I'm so frightened."

"The chief resident thinks it's because we weren't treating her infection aggressively enough," I explained. "We're adding another antibiotic. Everybody's convinced this'll clear things up for good."

This seemed to raise her spirits a little. I led her down the hall, toward the ICU, where, after another minute, a nurse led her in to see the baby. Antoinette began crying again the moment she laid eyes on her daughter. I left her there like that and went to have a talk with Mike Weinstein.

He was sitting in the ICU's nurses' station, writing a note in Cassandra's chart. After apologizing for interrupting, I quietly asked if maybe there were things other than infections that might be causing Cassandra's problems. "Things like what?" he snapped at me.

"Well, I've been doing some reading," I replied meekly, "and I came across the fact that sometimes metabolic problems predispose infants to *E. coli* infections."

"Oh, so you've been doing some reading, huh?" he asked. "O.K., so let's hear it: what kind of metabolic diseases cause *E. coli* infections?"

"Galactosemia," I replied.

"Right," he said, slowly nodding his head. "At least you've been reading the right books. Now, do you really think it's possible that this baby has galactosemia?"

"Sure," I replied. I had done a lot of reading about this disease. It was a rare, inborn error of metabolism, an

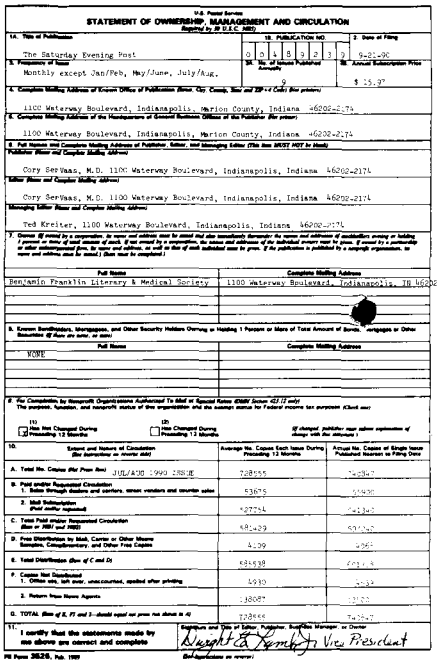
autosomal recessively inherited disorder caused by the absence of a single enzyme, galactose-1-phosphate uridyltransferase. The enzyme is essential for the breakdown of galactose, one of two components of lactose, the sugar found in both human and cow milk. Without the enzyme, the infant cannot use the sugar, a main source of energy, and even worse, toxic levels of galactose build up in the blood, causing damage to many organs. "She's got this infection that's not getting better, she had low blood sugar when she first came in, she even had jaundice in the first few days. Those are all things that happen to babies with galactosemia. And it's easy to test for: all we have to do is get a sample of urine and——."

"Absolutely," the intern cut me off. "You're absolutely right. But it's still impossible for this child to have galactosemia."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because this is New York State. And in New York State, there's a neonatal screen for metabolic diseases that's done on every baby before discharge from the nursery. Since galactosemia's one of the diseases that's tested for, there's not a snowball's chance in hell that this kid could have it. But if you'd like to waste a couple of minutes of your precious time doing a Clinitest on this kid's urine to check for reducing sugars, be my guest!"

Feeling like an idiot, I left the ICU and headed for the nursery. Finding one of the neonatal fellows, I asked very nicely if he would tell me about the screen. He explained that, on the third day of life, just before a baby is discharged to go home, a nurse, using a tiny lancet, pierces the skin of the heel. The few drops of blood that result are collected on a special piece of filter paper, which also contains the baby's name, the hospital of birth, and the home address and telephone number. These filter paper samples are collected at the end of each day and mailed to a lab in Albany, where the actual testing is performed. The fellow explained that, if an infant born at Jonas Bronck Hospital is found to have an abnormal screen, the director of neonataology is immediately informed, and tracking down that infant becomes his responsibility. The majority of babies found to be abnormal on the initial neonatal screen turn out, on subsequent testing, to be "false positives," having no real problem. But a small fraction of the babies found to have abnormalities on their initial sample will ultimately be found to have one of the dozen or so disorders for which testing is performed. "We take this stuff very seriously," the fellow explained to me, "because all of the diseases they test for are treatable with either medication or special diets. If they're not treated, the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kids wind up neurologic disasters. So it's our chance to be real heroes. That's why we make sure to find and treat every single one of them!"

The neonatal fellow's explanation convinced me. There was no way Cassandra could have galactosemia. No way.

• • •

A little after midnight on the night after Cassandra had been sent back to 8 East, the cardiac monitor that was still attached to her chest began to alarm. Mike and I happened to be on call that night, along with Peter Uris, and we all came running. We found the girl with a heart rate of 25.

We worked on Cassandra for hours, most of that time in the cramped, overcrowded room on 8 East, but near the end, we managed to get her down to the ICU. We gave her round after round of medication; she was intubated and hooked up to a ventilator; we gave her a bolus of electrolyte solution, attempting to reverse dehydration, although no real signs of dehydration were present. We managed to get her heart rate up to about 70, and we got her a low blood pressure, but she never again breathed on her own and never regained consciousness.

At four o'clock in the morning, after everything had been tried and nothing had been very successful, Cassandra's heart gave out. She simply died, and there was nothing any of us could do to get her back.

There was an almost palpable feeling of gloom in the ICU. Andy Stewart, Peter Uris, and Mike Weinstein slumped down into chairs in the nurses' station, trying to figure out why this had happened. I stood leaning against a storage shelf, listening to the conversation. "It doesn't make sense," Peter said slowly. "She got sick, came into the ICU, got better, went out to the floor, got sick again, came into the ICU, got better again, went out to the floor, and got sick and died. In the ICU she's healthy; on the floor, she crumps. It just doesn't make sense."

"How is being on the ward different from being in the ICU?" Mike asked. "Answer that question, and we'll probably know why this happened."

That's when the light bulb went on in my head. Without another word, I left the nurses' station and walked over to the crib that held Cassandra's body. With a syringe, I sucked a 3 cc sample of urine from the bag that was connected to the catheter that had been placed in Cassandra's bladder at the start of the resuscitation. With the syringe in hand, I walked to the ICU's small laboratory. I took a glass tube, placed a Clinitest tablet into it, and, following the instructions posted on the lab's wall, added three drops of urine and three drops of tap water to the tube. An immediate chemical reaction began. The fluid began to fizz and change color: in five seconds, the liquid was green; in fifteen seconds, the liquid turned dark brown.

Still with the tube in my hand, I walked back into the nurses' station. All three doctors looked up. They saw the dark brown color in the test tube. And all, as one, said a single word: "Galactosemia."

• • •

Now, 13 years later, I still have trouble believing all this really happened. It's not just that she was the first patient I ever cared for who died; it's much more than that. The death of Cassandra Giovanni should have never occurred, certainly not in the way it did; she died as the result of a series of mix-ups and blunders; she and her mother, inexplicably, had fallen through a series of nooks and crannies that run through the huge and unwieldy medical care delivery system. And she died because I had been intimidated by my intern, because I had allowed myself to be put off by an assumption that should never have been made.

In checking it out over the next few days, I discovered the reason why Cassandra had not been found, on the neonatal screen, to have galactosemia. It wasn't because the test was faulty or unreliable; rather, it was because a sample of her blood had never been received in the state lab in Albany. It might have been because the blood was never taken; it might have been because the filter paper sample had never been sent, or had been lost in handling, or had been thrown away before it was logged in, but when I called to ask for the results, I was informed by a very concerned lab technician that not only was there

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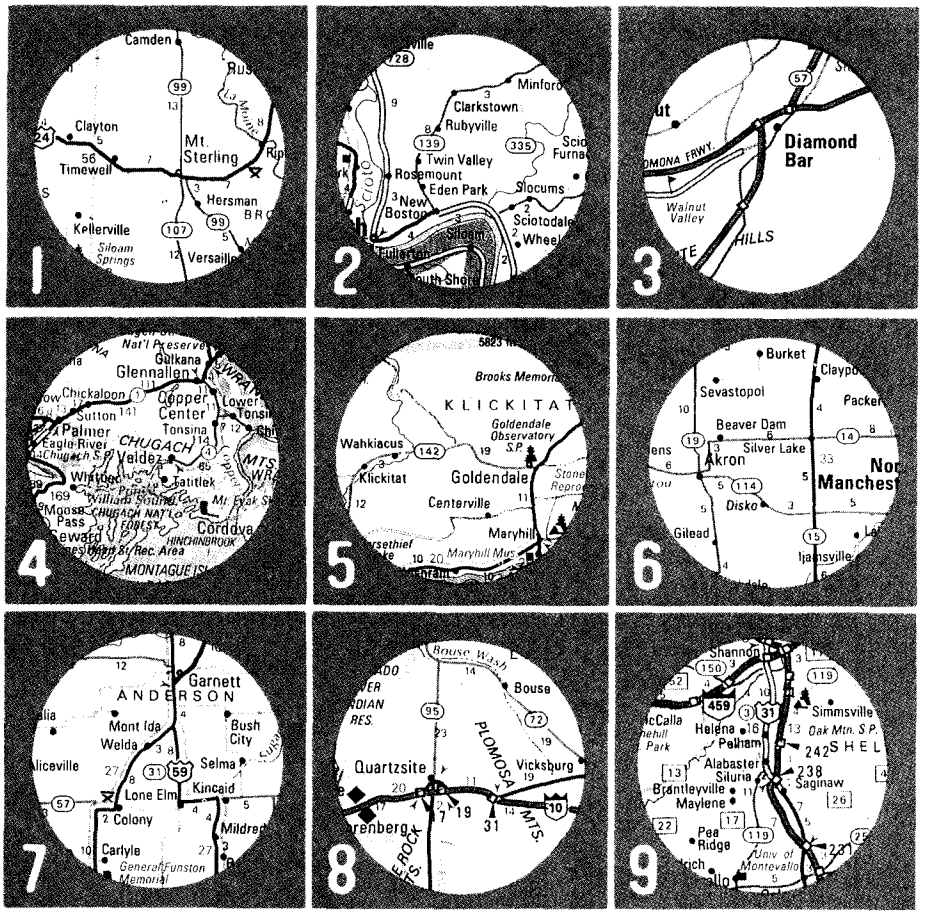
absolutely no record of a sample taken from any infant named Giovanni who had been born at Jonas Bronck Hospital on Cassandra's birthday, but there had been no infants in the state who had been found to have galactosemia in the past few months.

After that first blunder, the others fell smoothly into line; because we had come to rely on the neonatal screening program, it had been assumed that no child with galactosemia could possibly escape detection. So in Cassandra's case, the diagnosis was never really seriously considered. And even when I suggested the diagnosis to my intern, even though I knew that only a simple urine test was needed to confirm the diagnosis, I hadn't done it. I hadn't had the courage or the confidence in myself to follow through until after it was too late; and quite probably, my failure had caused this infant her life.

But the mix-ups didn't stop there. Despite the missed diagnosis, there was the chance that some good might have come of all this. Because galactosemia is an autosomal recessively inherited disorder, it meant that both Antoinette and the infant's father were obligated carriers of an abnormal gene, and that the potential existed for the same thing to happen to their children in the future. The two of them needed genetic counseling. But providing it proved to be impossible.

I never saw Antoinette Giovanni again. She returned to the hospital around eight o'clock, four hours after Cassandra had died. Upon seeing the empty space where Cassandra's crib had stood, she began to scream. A nurse came running and, without saying a word, led the mother into the ward's family room. Andy Stewart broke the news to the woman. She was inconsolable for over an hour, an hour during which I was off in the on-call room, sound asleep. And then, after hastily signing a permission-for-autopsy form, the woman left the hospital and apparently walked off the face of the earth.

I can still vividly remember the moment during the predawn morning when the connections finally came together in my head. In an instant I understood that, in spite of what my intern and other superiors on the staff had told me, Cassandra Giovanni had become sick every time she'd been transferred back to pediatric ward not because she had received shoddy care, but simply because that was when her diet of infant formula, her source of toxic galactose, had always been resumed. It was from that moment that I learned to trust my own instincts and to not be intimidated by what others who are older and possibly wiser than me might believe. And whenever I'm attending on one of the pediatric wards, I make sure to tell the interns, residents, and medical students about Cassandra, and to teach them the lesson I learned from her. By telling and retelling her story, I like to think I'm helping to ensure that what happened to Cassandra never happens to another child.

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## Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state, or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains, and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend finds the game too easy (but you won't), try to guess the theme of this month's map game.

*(Answers on page 73)*

## *Special Occasions*

*continued from page 20*

♦ ♦ ♦

**Chili-Cheese Fondue**
*(Makes about 2 cups)*

*1 1/2 cups milk*
*1/4 cup all-purpose flour*
*1 can (4 ounces) chopped green chilies, drained*
*1 teaspoon garlic powder*
*1 teaspoon ground cumin*
*1/4 teaspoon salt*
*1 1/2 cups (6 ounces) shredded monterey jack cheese*
*4 cups assorted blanched vegetables cut in bite-size pieces*
*4 (7") flour tortillas, cut in eighths*

In a medium saucepan, combine milk and flour until smooth; add chilies, garlic powder, cumin, and salt. Stir over medium heat until mixture thickens and boils; stir until melted. Transfer to fondue pot; keep warm. Serve with tortillas and assorted vegetables.

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## Quebec

*continued from page 88*

plodding the trails on skis or snowshoes, they can always ask to have a sleigh brought around.

An easy way to sample three of the finest inns in Estrie is to take advantage of the "movable feast" package offered by Hovey Manor, built as a private estate in 1900 and inspired by Mt. Vernon; Auberge Hatley, a 1903 converted country estate filled with leather sofas, original art, and beamed ceilings; and Ripplecove Inn, circa 1945, awarded the highest rating of "four forks" for its excellent French cuisine and "four diamonds" for its elegant accommodations. The movable feasts are often accompanied by live chamber music, and the service is friendly but impeccable. Innkeepers mingle with guests, fetch logs for the fires, and stand ready to recommend a good book from the library or bottle from the cellar.

The tradition of great food and hospitality continues north in the old walled city of Quebec, which is reputed to have the largest per capita number of gourmet restaurants in North America.

Making a bad choice of restaurants in Quebec is virtually impossible, since the chefs, often schooled in Paris, are experts at blending delicate French cuisine with hardy lumberjack fare. In cozy cafes such as La Caravelle, Le Cafe de la Paix, and Le Parmesan, culinary masters enjoy inching their way around the tables to accept toasts to their treatments of salmon, elk, quail, and caribou.

Although Quebec is sometimes considered a fair weather destination to be visited from May to September, its ruggedness is best appreciated in the off-season. Sitting atop a 300-foot cliff that offers a magnificent view of the St. Lawrence River, it is a city of stone walls and gates, ancient cannons poking through holes in the fortifications, quaint churches, and winding thoroughfares. Like the province whose name it shares, it is more than an echo of old France in the new world, better than the next best thing to you-know-where. Quebec is a unique mix of north and south, cultured and wild—us and them.

## Canada On Ice

*continued from page 88*

Pachano of Chisasibi, the first female chief of the Cree. "It took us 15 years to realize that ours was a good way and we've been fighting to retain it ever since. We try to educate the public about the Cree way, about subsistence hunting, about the environment."

Though the Cree lost their traditional hunting grounds, the tribe was able to receive payment from Hydro Quebec. The 1975 agreement gave the Cree $250 million and authority over forestry operation. The Cree also promote travel, offering to take tourists into the bush to hunt caribou, fish, or canoe the wild streams. There are even plans to take visitors out on the traplines for a few days at a time so they may learn the ways of the Cree.

While many Native Americans have had their values suppressed or annihilated, the Cree and Inuit in Quebec have survived; perhaps because of the province's lack of industry, their meteorological disadvantages, and their isolation. In some way, this could be a plus to the natives and to the tourists who venture north of the 52nd parallel.


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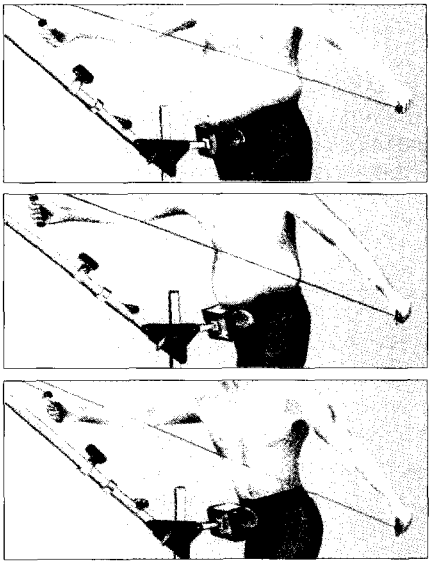

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# MEDICAL MAILBOX

## by Cory SerVaas M.D.

**No knowledge can be more satisfactory to a man than that of his own frame, its parts, their functions and actions.—*Thomas Jefferson, 1814***

### Dr. Sullivan Says

What a pleasure it was to have lunch with Secretary Sullivan recently. He articulated a message that I want to share with all our readers. He put it delicately, but it packed a powerful wallop as we listened to what he was saying about curtailing our skyrocketing health care costs. Fortunately, I taped his message to bring it to you verbatim:

**Dr. Louis W. Sullivan, Secretary of Health and Human Services, brings a delightful sense of humor to his wellness promotion agenda.**

"We have to undertake a number of measures to eliminate waste in our system. We don't really have, for example, evidence that shows that coronary artery bypass surgery that may cost as much as $25,000 is really better than medical therapy using streptokinase or TPA, which may cost $1,000-2,000. So clearly, with the rate of coronary bypass surgeries (I'd say you probably have thousands of these surgeries right here in this city every year)—when you multiply that around the country, you'll see that that's one of the things that we need to address."

He went on to say, "There are various estimates that perhaps as much as 20 to 25 percent of some of the coronary artery surgeries may be unnecessary. We need to find out the best way to treat this so we not only will save money, but also avoid exposing our citizens to risks of procedures that are not of benefit to them, because every time you have a medical procedure, there is always a risk. Fortunately the risk is quite remote in individual instances, but when you multiply that over many procedures every day, that obviously means that these will take the toll. So it's not only saving money, but also avoiding exposing our citizens to risk of procedures that are of questionable benefit to them."

Our *Post* readers know how long we've stressed taking care of yourself to avoid the necessity of surgery. As Dr. Sullivan points out, all procedures have some risks, and when you consider that 300,000 people a year have cardiac bypass surgery, we all will lose a few friends to this procedure.

### Losing a Friend

In my own life, two of our most cherished friends died in bypass surgery. One was an outstanding civic leader and attorney who had helped draft Indianapolis' famous Unigov laws. In a telephone conversation he had told me that he'd be out of the office for bypass surgery, but that he'd be back before Christmas. "Not to worry," he said. "It's as routine as an appendectomy." He was leaving a very busy law practice to go do his bypass surgery. It was a huge loss to our city—we attended his funeral before Christmas.

### And Another

About a year later, another friend died after bypass surgery. A radiologist of renown, he had been president of our local medical society and was leading a very active life. He told us he had blocked three weeks from his practice to have bypass surgery right after January 1. My husband and I spent more than an hour on Christmas Eve urging him to delay surgery and try instead to reduce his plaque with medication, diet, and exercise. He listened, but he decided not to change his schedule; he was due to go in right after New Year's, it had all been arranged at the hospital, and it was hard for him to cancel. We urged him to go to a Pritikin or a La Costa or a fitness resort with exercise and gourmet health food for the three weeks instead. All to no avail. I happened to be seeing a neurologist at our medical center about ten days later when a call came through about our friend. The neurologist hung up looking pale and shaken; he had been called to pronounce the death of

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our friend, who had a straight brain wave. They were resigned to pulling the cord on his life. His wife and son were there, and they had been prepared for the inevitable. Apparently a clot had broken away, and he had been brain dead for several days. The funeral in the main sanctuary of our large church was as packed as it was later for Ryan White's funeral. This beloved man's life was shortened by a procedure that our good friend Dr. Louis Sullivan was now describing at lunch.

While many people come through a bypass surgery with good results, others suffer rare but unavoidable complications. By now all of us know someone who had successful bypass surgery, only to suffer from AIDS or, more often, hepatitis a few years later as a result of a blood transfusion during the surgery.

Even under the best of circumstances, the human body on rare occasions can react dangerously to anesthesia. Blood clots can happen after the most successful surgery.

Dr. Sullivan's message hit home to his audience. He challenged us to improve our medical system by building on what we have—a private-public partnership.

### Preventing Osteoporosis

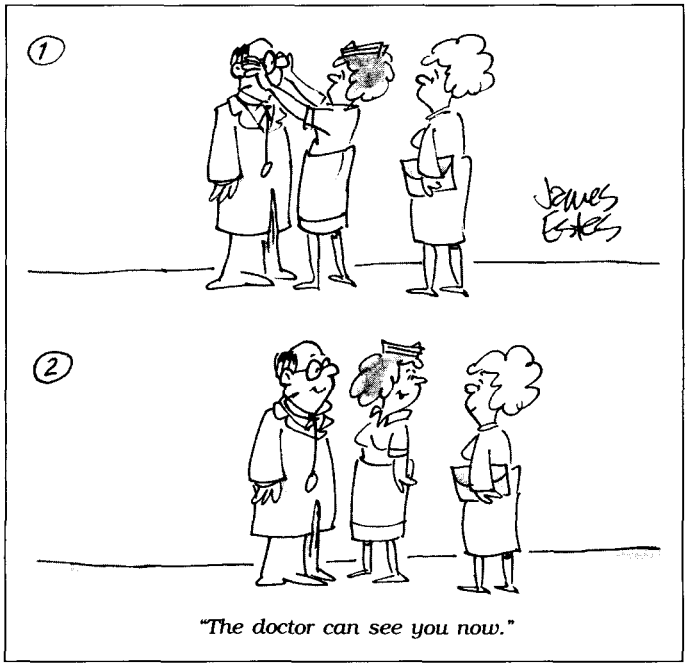
**Dear Dr. SerVaas:**

**I have recently begun menopause and am concerned about osteoporosis because of the way my mother has suffered. While I try to eat enough foods high in calcium, I don't think that it is enough from rough calculations. I also walk three miles three times a week and have begun a low-impact step class at a nearby aerobic center. What is the recommended amount of calcium I should be consuming, and can I do anything else to prevent my bones from thinning?**

***Judy Williams***
**Houston, Texas**

Low-fat dairy products such as skim milk and yogurt are the best dietary sources of calcium, followed by dark green vegetables like broccoli and kale; salmon with bones, and dried beans like kidney, navy, pinto, and soy.

However, when you start calculating, you discover that it takes more than a bit of doing to get the recommended amount of calcium in the diet. One 8-ounce glass of skim milk provides 302 milligrams of calcium, and a serving of broccoli only provides about 88 mg. So, it is not uncommon for women to fall short of the 1,200 to 1,500 mg of calcium post-menopausal women need through diet alone. Calcium supplements can help make up the shortfall.



*"The doctor can see you now."*

Many persons experience bloating and gas from calcium carbonate supplements. Dr. Charles Pak of the University of Texas Health Science Center says this is because carbon dioxide is formed when the tablets are exposed to the hydrochloric acid in the stomach. This can be alleviated by choosing a calcium citrate form of calcium supplement.

In addition, Dr. Pak says calcium citrate is more readily absorbed, especially by older persons. Dr. Pak also found that the amount of calcium absorbed from calcium citrate given orally is greater than that absorbed from an equivalent amount of calcium carbonate.

The importance of an exercise regimen to prevent osteoporosis should not be underestimated.

Those persons with a family history of osteoporosis should consult their doctor about possible estrogen replacement therapy. Since the ovaries stop producing estrogen after menopause, bone loss can rapidly accelerate.

### "Disease" Is No. 1 Employer

**Dear Dr. SerVaas:**

**Two items in the September '90 issue prompt me to write: Dr. Louis Sullivan's "How to Keep Healthy? Mind Your Habits" and Bruce Talbot's "Would You Sell Cigarettes to Children?" Congratulations on publishing these articles.**

**I've lived and practiced medicine in a town of 50,000 for the past 40 years. The "disease" industry is our No. 1 employer. Over 2,500 work at our hospital and in physician's offices and clinics. Services they render include treating people with lung and other cancers, high blood pressure and heart disease, including 1,000 cardiac bypass operations during the last several years.**

**I'm happy to report, though, that our hospital and some clinics are now expanding their services. These include teaching the public how to stay well. Yet, such services would be more comprehensively and effectively delivered if the government and third parties allocated more funds for preventive services.**

**Of course, cigarettes aren't the only cause of disease, but along with high-fat diets, they certainly play an important role. Wouldn't it be wonderful if comparable amounts of our tax and health care dollars could be devoted to spreading messages like those of Dr. Sullivan, Officer Bruce Talbot, and Dr. Cory SerVaas.**

***William G. Crook, M.D.***
**Jackson, Tennessee**

### Urologist Recommends Vitamin E

**Dear Dr. SerVaas:**

**My husband was recently diagnosed as having Peyronie's Disease. We can't find out much about this disease. The only treatment the doctor (a urologist) recommended was massive amounts of vitamin E.**

**We would appreciate any information, treatment, cause, or prognosis you could give us.**

***Judy Wright***
**Bedford, Pennsylvania**

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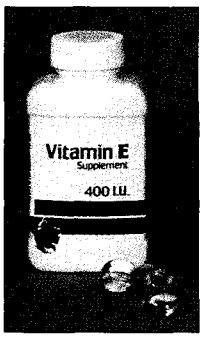
All of the medical literature indicates that your urologist is correct in prescribing large amounts of vitamin E.

Peyronie's disease, named after the Parisian who first recognized it in 1743, refers to the hardening of the elastic fibers due to the accumulation of plaque in the corpora cavernosa walls of the penis. It is also known as the "bent nail syndrome" because the penis becomes painfully curved upon erection.




A report in the medical literature describes 182 patients with Peyronie's disease who have been treated over the last 18 years. The cause of this disease remains a mystery. It usually develops slowly over time and in a number of cases it has regressed spontaneously. Surgery is reserved for very severe cases.

### Lactaid to the Rescue

**Dear Dr. SerVaas:**

**Regarding the letter from Martha Hall about lactose intolerance: When my son was 2½ months old, I had almost come to a point where I didn't even like him. We thought he had colic because at mid-afternoon until late night all he did was cry. Not just cry, but scream. Naturally colic was our diagnosis (as well as our pediatrician's).**

**Then one day my mother-in-law mentioned that it seemed his stomach was cramping and that my father-in-law also suffered stomach cramping due to lactose intolerance. She said he chews Lactaid tablets before consuming any milk products and that maybe PJ (my son) would benefit from Lactaid.**

**I purchased a bottle of Lactaid drops, put 5 drops in one formula mixture and let it sit for 24 hours, according to package directions. When the day I gave him the Lactaid-treated formula was over, PJ was like a different child. He no longer screamed as he had been. When I called my pediatrician, he was not in, but the doctor taking his calls talked to me. She told me that she had never heard of Lactaid and would not recommend it.**

**I called another doctor in the practice and she looked it up and said that, although she couldn't tell me not to use it, she would have to tell our regular pediatrician about it. Bless his heart, he at least told me that he was not so egotistical as to tell me not to use it simply because he had never heard of it. He looked it up, explained it, and told me if it works for my baby, use it.**

**Please tell your readers that if they have a baby who seems to have colic, but is not outgrowing it, to please try Lactaid. It is not dangerous and could make a definite difference.**

**My son is now seven months old, never really cries unless he is hungry, and is a happy playful baby that is a joy to his parents.**

*Mrs. Resa Sterle*
**Irving, Texas**

**Dear Dr. SerVaas:**

**Just a note to tell you how thankful I am for your sending me the Lactaid caplets. They have made all the difference in my life! For many years, even though I tried to avoid milk, even a little unknown to me in a prepared food would cause diarrhea very shortly after eating, with the result that I would be weak and cold! In many cases, I'd have to lie down under a blanket! When I read that this over a long period could cause the brain to suffer from lack of nutrients, I really**

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  Michael J. Nicar, Charles Y.C. Pak, "Calcium Bioavailability from Calcium Carbonate and Calcium Citrate," Journal of Clinical Endocrinology and Metabolism, Vol. 61, p. 391-393, 1985.

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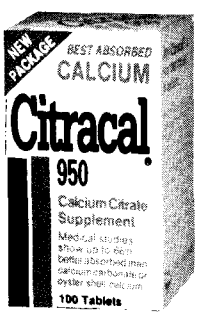

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worried! (I am 74.)

Now with even half a tablet when I know I have had a little milk, I feel 100% better. No diarrhea, but also, including a bran muffin for breakfast, no constipation either. So thank you so much! (I am able to buy Lactaid at a drugstore.) Hope others have found the same relief!

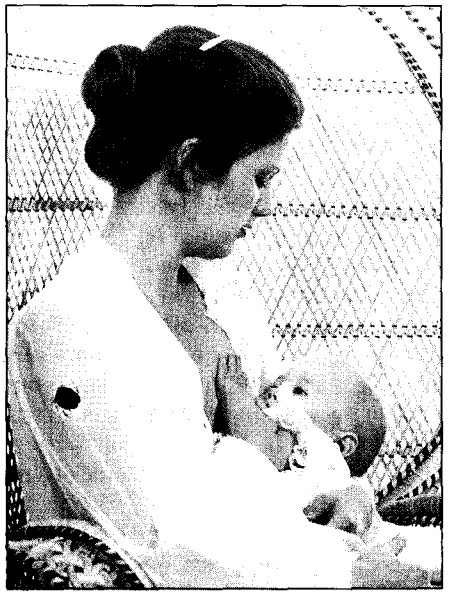
*Christine Smith*
Sharon, Massachusetts

### Attention New Mothers

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I really enjoy your informative magazine. I was disappointed, however, in the October 1990 issue discussing breast cancer. Not once was breastfeeding mentioned as a way to decrease a woman's chance of developing breast cancer. Why? There is substantial research on the topic, proving that in cultures where breastfeeding is the most common way to feed babies, breast cancer is quite rare. Does it make sense to suppress the natural function of an organ and expect it to remain healthy? During the breastfeeding period, a mother's hormonal levels protect her from cancer. The longer she nurses, the better the protection for the rest of her life. In support of this thinking is the fact that childless women have one of the highest incidences of breast cancer.

In light of this, why is it kept quiet? Are the formula companies



behind it? After all, have you ever heard of anyone becoming rich due to breastfeeding?

I'd be thrilled if you'd pass my letter on to Marilyn Quayle. I agree with her—that schoolchildren need to be taught about breast cancer. She needs to go an extra step and teach them that breastfeeding their future children can help them avoid breast cancer later in life.

*Karen Miller*
Celina, Ohio

One day at the National Institute of Health, the then-director of breast cancer research told us of an interesting bit of research regarding nursing and its preventative effects.

It seems that there was an Alaskan group of women who for cultural reasons only nursed one breast and never the other.

I don't remember which breast didn't get nursed, but it was the breast that wasn't nursed that suffered a significantly higher incidence of breast cancer than the breast that was nursed.

Nursing one's baby is certainly a win/win practice. Good for the baby and good for the mother.

Would you please send us some of the "substantial research" you mention? We would like to share it with our readers.

La Leche League International can help mothers enjoy the experience of breastfeeding their babies. By calling 1-800-LA LECHE you can receive a free catalogue of publications on breastfeeding and related subjects. You can also receive a referral to a local La Leche Group in your community.

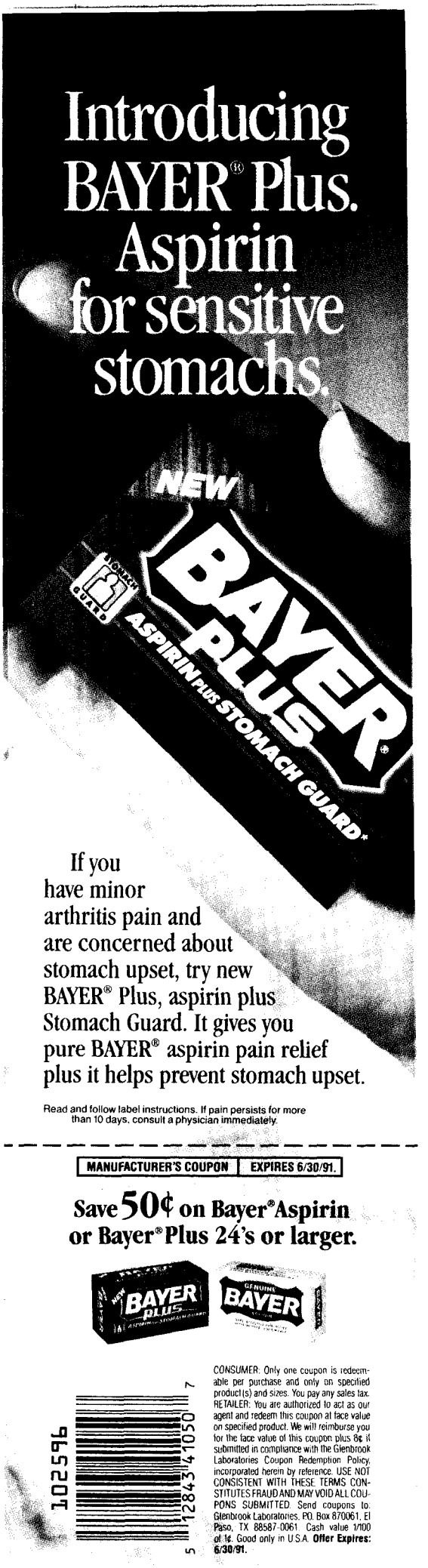
### Six to Eight Glasses a Day

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Thank you so much for this informative, very helpful department of the excellent, looked-forward-to *SatEvePost* (best magazine ever). The recent article "America the Fat" was sure good. Not only do I read the magazine, but I also get to share it with others.

Now a question—I am a retired L.P.N. I learned through urologists that to cleanse the body and kidneys, one should drink six to eight glasses of water a day—coffee, pop, and tea not counted. I try to impress on others the importance of this, with very little result.

Question: Is the six to eight glasses water necessary, like I learned? Also, is there a possibility that no or very little water in one's diet will damage the kidneys because they aren't getting cleansed?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**Thanks again for all in your *Saturday Evening Post.***

***Mrs. Eleanor C. York***
**Chattaroy, Washington**

The water you get in other beverages does count, but be careful with caffeine and those beverages containing alcohol. Both are diuretics, which means that water is flushed out of the body. Eight ounces of coffee or liquor will cause one to lose more than eight ounces of fluid (urine).

Dehydration is commonly a problem when the elderly stop eating well. Such starvation or dieting, in conjunction with not drinking enough fluids, can be injurious to the kidneys and other organs.

If you have interesting ways of increasing your water intake, please share them with us. For example, when a festive occasion brings up the question, "What would you like to drink," try asking for water with triple lime wedges. At home, decorate your guests' water glasses with lemon slices, orange slices, or mint leaves. Make iced tea with all the new herb flavors. Fill a basket with these interesting tea bags and offer your friends their choice.

When Julie Nixon Eisenhower worked at *The Saturday Evening Post*—before having three children and during the time her father was President—she ate her meals here. And how did she keep that ultra-trim waistline? During dinner, there came a time when she would stop eating until she could have her water glass refilled. And throughout the meal she would continue to keep that glass filled. But in many restaurants, this isn't easy, as you have probably discovered.

### Self-Breast Exam *a Must*!

**Dear Dr. SerVaas:**

**How about another story concerning breast cancer that wasn't clear by the mammogram?**

**In January 1990, I had my first mammogram at the local hospital. When it was read, I was told there were no lumps, just a lot of calcium in my left breast.**

**I waited until July to make another appointment for a mammogram. I was told someone from the hospital would call me the evening before the day to tell me what time to be there. No one ever called.**

**Before my husband and I could decide where to go for a mammogram, I found the lump high up in the left breast. A lumpectomy and biopsy revealed cancer. It was so "ill-defined" that I was advised to have a modified radical mastectomy. This was done on September 17, 1990.**

**The breast and 17 lymph nodes were taken. All my tests—lymph nodes, estrogen and progesterone receptors, bone scan, and liver scan—were negative. So I don't even need to take medicine.**

**I am amazed at how good I feel. The only discomfort comes from under my left arm. I've been told that is because the nerve endings are growing back.**

**Enclosed is picture of my husband and me in the receiving line of**

**our "50" wedding reception in June 1990.**

***Ailene Fankhauser***
**Humboldt, Nebraska**

Thanks for helping us make the point one more time: "get regular mammograms but don't neglect monthly self-breast exams either."

### Make Nicorette Nonprescription

**Dear Dr. SerVaas:**

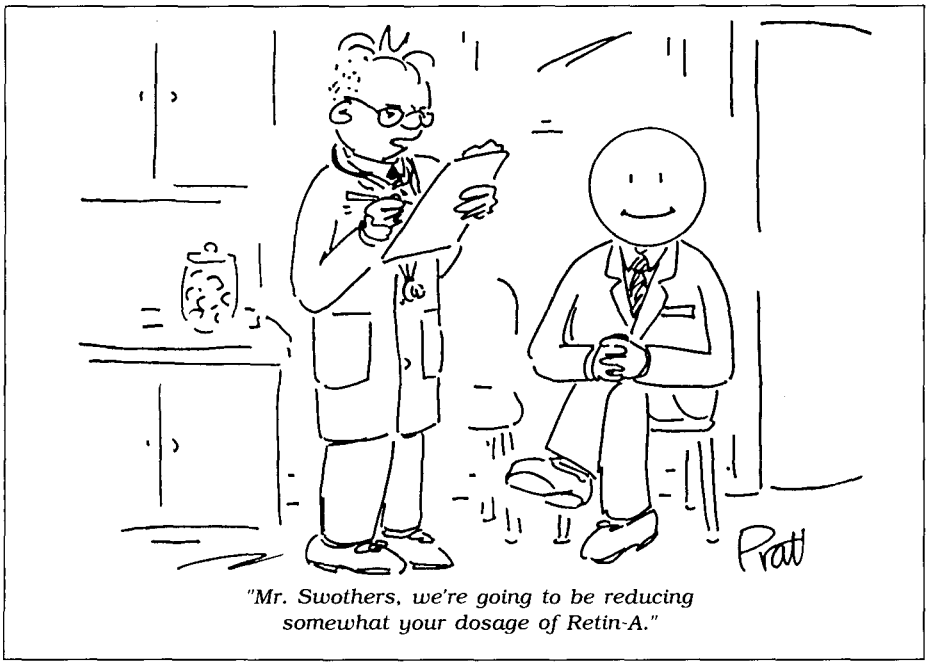
**In your interesting interview of Dr. Louis Sullivan in the September 1990 issue of *SEP*, you asked him why Nicorette gum is not a nonprescription drug as it is in Europe (and also England). He was surprised that it was a prescription drug and he responded that he "would look into it."**

**I too find the designation of Nicorette as a prescription drug illogical and nonsensical. The user is not reimbursed by the insurance company (at least not by Aetna) as one is for all other prescriptions. I have had correspondence with Lakeside Pharmaceuticals-Merrell Dow and the manufacturer of Nicorette, Pharmacia Leo Therapeutica AB, Sweden, but received no logical answer from either party.**

**Making Nicorette a non-prescription remedy would have two positive results. It would allow reformed smokers (I have been a non-smoker for nine years) to keep Nicorette on hand for use in relieving stress, which would be a great deal better than getting an ulcer or some other stress-related ailment, and the nonprescription status would bring the price down. The price has escalated drastically since it was introduced.**

**It does seem strange that one can buy cigarettes over the counter yet need a prescription for Nicorette.**

***Lucy Stahr***
**Toledo, Ohio**




*"Mr. Swothers, we're going to be reducing somewhat your dosage of Retin-A."*

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"Let's play ball, Daddy!"

PREMIERE GRADE
THE ASHTON-DRAKE GALLERIES

# "Michael"

Much to Daddy's delight, baby "Michael" already takes an interest in the All-American sport. Dressed in his new uniform, "Michael" rolls the ball to Daddy. From his look of determination, we can just tell that "Michael's" a future superstar.

"Michael" is the new addition to a legendary collection of porcelain baby dolls by Yolanda Bello and the Knowles China Company.

This little ballplayer reaches eagerly for his hand-stitched baseball. His pinstriped uniform features his initial on the front, the number "1" on the back, and comes with an initialed baseball cap.

Recommended by Ashton-Drake, "Michael" has been certified Premiere Grade—your assurance of superior artistry and craftsmanship. At $63, he's an heirloom-quality doll of exceptional value today, and may be a wise investment for the future.

Welcome this little sports pro into your home. But act promptly... "Michael" is issued in an exclusive, hand-numbered edition. Once the edition closes, the molds will be destroyed and no more will ever be made, so order now.

Doll shown smaller than actual size of 10 inches high, seated. Complete with miniature baseball.

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**The Ashton-Drake Galleries**
212 West Superior Street
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THE ASHTON-DRAKE GALLERIES

PLEASE RESPOND BY:
February 28, 1991

**YES,** please enter my reservation for "Michael" from the *Yolanda's Picture-Perfect Babies*® collection. Limit: One doll per customer. I understand that I need SEND NO MONEY NOW and will pay for "Michael" in three convenient monthly installments of $21.00* each, the first being billed before shipment of the doll.

***My satisfaction is unconditionally guaranteed.*** I understand that I may, for any reason, return "Michael" to the Ashton-Drake Galleries at any time within ***one full year*** after I receive him for a refund or credit of the full purchase price, including postage.

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Signature

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Name (please print) Telephone

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Address

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*Plus $2.94 home delivery fee and any applicable state sales tax. Offer valid in U.S. only. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

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## *Bob Hope*

*continued from page 65*

want to think about what they cut off if you steal someone's wife."

We left them laughing in Bahrain, flew out over the north Arabian Sea, and made a helicopter landing on the deck of the U.S.S. *Midway*. The flight deck was jammed with men who had come, as usual, to see our girls: Cathy Lee Crosby, Ann Jillian, Brooke Shields, Barbara Eden—who had brought her two daughters along—the Super Bowl Dancers, and Michelle Rogers, the new Miss U.S.A. Of course, the U.S. Navy now included women, but the men on the *Midway* outnumbered the females stationed aboard by 300 to one. On this carrier, you didn't ask for a date; you called ahead for a starting time.

So we were doubly welcome, first for bringing them more females, but mainly for showing them they were not forgotten during their strange duty, playing tugboat in a floating shooting gallery, 10,000 miles from home at Christmas time with the thermometer at 106°—that was at night. It was the only part of the world where Santa Claus arrived in a bikini.

I started my routine with "Here we are in the north Arabian Sea aboard the *Midway*. . . . I think this is appropriate, the oldest aircraft carrier meets the oldest operational comedian. . . . I knew this carrier was old when someone grabbed my Geritol and poured it into the fuel tanks."

In spite of the laughs and cheers and applause, we all began to feel a little uncomfortable on this hurried trip, as if we were being used as a Band-Aid on public opinion. Our navy and marines were doing their dangerous jobs, but again this was no all-out military effort, and many people questioned its wisdom. Sure, we did need the oil in America. How else could Dolly Parton get into some of her dresses? But the navy wasn't sure how best to carry out its mission in the Gulf. I told the men on the next ship, the U.S.S. *Kennedy*, "You ought to drain the sucker. Then it'll be the army's problem."

Jokes couldn't make it go away, but we could do a little to help the men endure the heat and the boredom of another nonwar. The U.S.S. *Kennedy* was on station very close to Iran, the Disneyland for fanatics. Iran is where Santa makes three lists: Who's been

*Can you name this picture?*

. . . ***contest:*** $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or a limerick of five lines. Send your entry *on a postcard.* Do *not* send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in the next contest. 8" x 10" photos are preferred, along with a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return of photo if not used. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, *SatEvePost*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be postmarked by February 28, 1991.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Laurie Bartholomew of Hermitage, TN for the winning entry in our October 1990 caption contest.

*What looks like extreme agitation*
*Is really a smooth operation;*
*A family plan*
*To catch a fine man,*
*And make him their newest relation.*

**Text Credits**

Page 18, recipes courtesy Lewis & Neale except South-of-the-Border Yogurt Spread (American Dairy Association) and Winter Vegetable Wreath with Hollandaise Sauce, Vegetables with Herb Crumb Topping, Tortellini with Pimiento Cream, and Garden Vegetables Au Gratin (Alberto-Culver); 30, reprinted from *Dr. Jean Mayer's Diet & Nutrition Guide*, ©1990 Jean Mayer, Ph.D., Sc.D., and Jeanne P. Goldberg, Ph.D., R.D., by permission of Pharos Books, a Scripps Howard company; 46 reprinted from *The Saturday Evening Post*, ©1959 The Curtis Publishing Company; 70, recipes courtesy American Dairy Association except Honey Oat Bran Muffins, Pasta Salad with Parmesan Yogurt Dressing, Yogurt and Spinach Stuffed Shells, and Confetti Fettucine (The Dannon Co.).

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# Memories Are Made of Dolls Like This

## *Lillian Vernon's Doll-In-A-Trunk Complete With 18-piece Wardrobe*

*"The minute I discovered this Doll-In-A-Trunk, I knew it would be a favorite of little girls everywhere. I just know that if we could listen in on the future we'd hear them tell their own grandchildren about, 'My doll-in-a-trunk with all those beautiful clothes'."*

***The perfect doll-companion for hours of play-alone fun.*** Made of skin-soft vinyl, she stands seven inches tall on her own white plastic stand. Her bright blue eyes open and close and her soft hair can be lovingly braided again and again.

***She's the best friend a little girl can take with her anywhere.*** There's even travel space for the doll in the 5½x9⅛" trunk. Made of heavy corrugated cardboard, the trunk has plastic protective corners and carry handle. Inside there's a clothing rack, 3 hangers and an accessory drawer.

***Rain or shine, there's always something perfect for her to wear from her 18-piece wardrobe:*** Red Vinyl Raincoat and Matching Lined Hat, 2 Cotton Dresses with fancy trim, Frilled Pinafore and Lace-edged Petticoat and Bloomers, Straw Hat, Red Hat and Shoulder Bag. Tights and Anklets. 2 pairs of shoes.

*Give her a "Best Friend" she can take anywhere. The perfect doll-companion for hours of play alone fun.*

*Turn her trunk into a playtime boutique. We've included a simple dress pattern for you to add even more things to her wardrobe.*

**233219 Doll-In-A-Trunk $29.98**
**plus $3.95 shipping & handling.**

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naughty, who's been nice, and who's nuts. But before we laugh—or, preferably for me, *after* we laugh—we ought to consider how sane any nation was during the paranoid '80s.

We left the Gulf after doing our final Christmas show aboard the U.S.S. *Okinawa*, where everybody sang "Ave Maria" on the flight deck.

We had hardly finished the hymn when both sides in the Gulf began firing at each other again.

The insanity at home continued with another political campaign. Sen. Gary Hart, running for the Democratic presidential nomination, was seen by the press coming out the backdoor of his girlfriend's house.

His wife was not amused.

Then came November of 1989, when East Berliners danced with West Berliners near the spot where I had swiped the swastika flag from Adolf Hitler's bunker. We hadn't seen so many happy Germans since the last Löwenbrau commercial. Three million East Germans danced through the Wall, took one look at the prices, and danced back home.

I remembered all the shows we had done in the days when Berlin was in ashes, and later when it was sliced in half like a pumpernickel sandwich. And now, the Wall was coming down and being sold in little pieces in the doorstop section of K Mart.

And all the Communists voted themselves out of office and admitted they had been incompetent. This frightened the hell out of Congress; they were afraid democracy might spread to the United States.

Maybe all this means that the Gypsies are now obsolete. I hope so, but knowing the ingenuity of men when it comes to blowing each other up, I'm not going to unpack yet. It's the suspense that keeps me young.

Everything in my life seemed to come full circle on October 2, 1989. I went back to where it all began: vaudeville. I had started out in Cleveland in 1923, doing that dance act with that girl named Mildred Rosequist. Mildred was about 15 at the time and the act bombed, so I figured this time I'd go for a little more experience. Almost 14,000 people showed up at Madison Square Garden to see two guys whose ages added up to 179 years do a live act, which I guess a lot of the audience came to see if we could prove.

They needn't have worried. George Burns on a stage is as good as Mildred Rosequist ever was. And she couldn't dance and smoke a cigar at the same time. George is what vaudeville was all about. When he walked out in that spotlight, you could feel the electricity between him and the audience. Of course, when he first walked out on a vaudeville stage, only George and Benjamin Franklin knew what electricity was. When George walks into a restaurant today and orders a three-minute egg, they make him pay in advance.

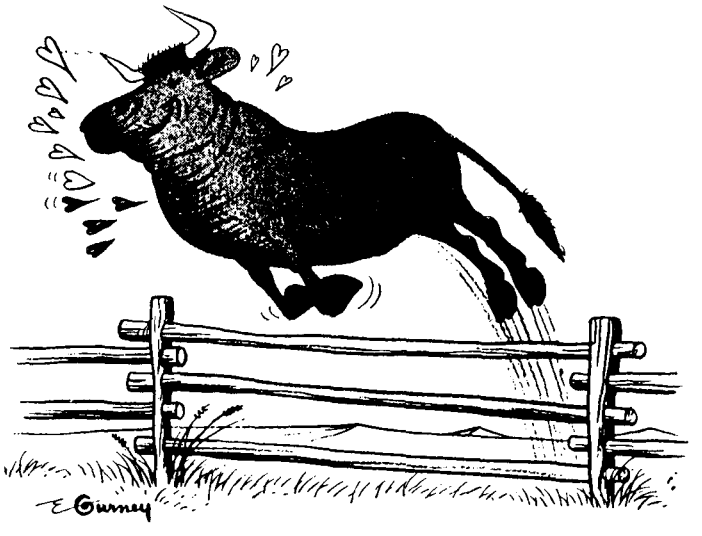
Madison Square Garden would seem to be a pretty outrageous place for two guys to try to keep a crowd's attention, unless they were trying to beat each other's brains out with boxing gloves. But with microphones, a good sound system, and seats crowding right up to the stage, it proved to be sensational.

We both wanted to show as many people as possible what vaudeville used to be like. After all, we were only going to give one performance; it was a little late for us to turn it into a career.

And of course, we both needed the money. Those hormone shots are expensive.

Vaudeville in the old days was something different every night, because you never knew what to expect from the audience. If they got ugly, it was the performer's job to keep them from throwing overaged tomatoes. No laugh machine, no retakes. It was all as live as life itself.

As we stood out there, two lonely figures in the glare of the spotlights, I felt lucky to have the best 93-year-old tap dancer in the business as my partner. We only had to look at each other to see all those years of one-night stands in places like Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and Hamtramck, Michigan, when we both learned to cook hash over a hotplate in our dressing room and wondered if we'd eat again tomorrow. We both knew it hadn't really changed for us since the days of the Gus Sun Time and the Balaban and Katz vaudeville circuit. This wasn't an audience that we faced in Madison Square Garden; it was a jury. These weren't GI's grateful for




## You be the Judge

*by Sarah Morris*

With romance in the air, fences meant nothing to Farmer Jones' unpedigreed but vigorous bull. In due course, Farmer Smith, whose pasture adjoined Jones', learned that five of his choicest purebred cows had given birth to calves of dubious ancestry. Jones admitted that his bull had jumped the fence. Smith sued Jones for damages.

"There is no evidence as to how the bull got into Smith's pasture," argued counsel for Jones, "yet we do know that the fence met all legal requirements and the fence was unbroken. Presumably the bull leaped it, but Jones did all that the law required to prevent the beast from trespassing."

"Nevertheless," Smith's lawyer replied, "the law specifically makes the owner of a trespassing bull liable for whatever damage it causes."

If you were the judge, would you make Jones pay damages?

---

Jones had to pay. The court said that if the law appeared harsh, it was up to the legislature—not the court—to change it.

*Based on a 1960 Iowa decision.*

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**YES!** Please rush me the following quantities of the Sweda™ Sandwich Maker.

- ☐ One Sweda™ Sandwich Maker for just **$19.95** (plus $5 Heavy Weight Shipping).
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any kind of free entertainment, but New Yorkers only half a mile from Broadway. Go ahead, we could almost hear them saying; lay an egg, with two old yolks.

This could be the flop heard 'round the world.

Of course, if it had been, I wouldn't be mentioning it here. We must have done pretty well, because we got offers to play the Miami Arena, the Detroit Dome, and Sun City right after we finished. In Sun City we'll be considered a kiddie act.

When it was my turn to get into the ring at Madison Square Garden, I pretended it was still Cleveland. I hit 'em with local jokes.

George Burns came out all alone, and held the stage for almost an hour. After all the years of being Gracie's straight man, he has finally been recognized as one of our best stand-up comedians. Even though he had to sit down.

When the laughter died down, I walked out to join George for the first time on a stage. We did one of the routines George had made famous in vaudeville with Gracie; I played Gracie under protest and a lady's hat, which somebody tossed to us from the audience.

It was a strange feeling, being half of Burns and Allen, even in fun. The two of them had been the real vaudeville, and one of the true love stories of another generation. I wondered what George was thinking, but I couldn't see through the cigar smoke. But after we danced "Tea for Two" together, George said, "Say good night, Gracie," and I said "Good night, Gracie," and he smiled, and we walked offstage, arm in arm.

The team of Burns and Hope had finally made the Big Time.

The audience in the Garden stood up and cheered the way the crowd did when Joe Louis kayoed Max Schmeling at Yankee Stadium.

You don't remember that far back? It doesn't matter. George and I do.

It was only yesterday.

## *Baby, It's Cold*

*continued from page 57*

Rice. Which I didn't detect until after I had it sugared, raisined, and milked. And you know me—I sure wasn't going to let it all go to waste. Nothing, I say nothing, will set a man up for the day quite like a hearty bowl of uncooked Minute Rice.

The repairman arrived on his double-time emergency run at 7:30 that evening. While dear wife and I held our respective breaths (primarily so that we could not see them), he clanked and banged around until 9 o'clock, presented me with a bill for $168.72, and said, "Sorry, I can't help you."

As I too was wearing earmuffs at the time, I didn't catch all of his explanation. Something about the fuel oil gelling before it could reach the furnace. And we should stick our electric heater in the pit and hope for the best.

So I took our only source of heat and stuck it in the furnace pit and hoped all night. To no avail. Returning next day and finding us still alive, the repairman wrapped the fuel line with heat tape, replaced the nozzle and filter he had installed the night before, and, no doubt attempting to relieve his conscience, charged me only for the parts.

I could tell you how I was talked into investing in baseboard electric heaters to turn on when the furnace turned off. And how our electric bill the next month rose from an average $32 to $182. And how I put a "Use at your own risk" tag on the control knobs. And I could go on, but this typing isn't easy for someone with the head of a blown-glass unicorn stuck to the index finger of his right hand.

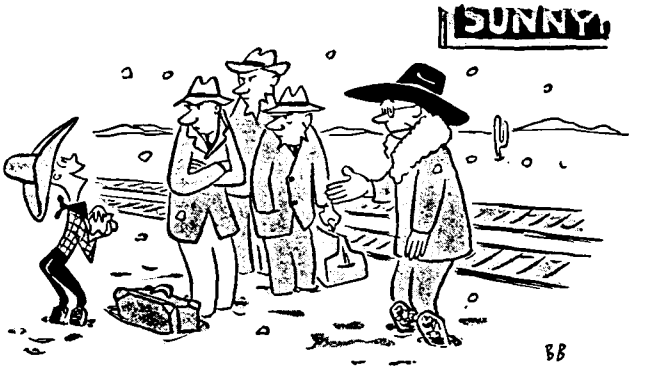
The way it happened, to atone for all the trouble she had caused me by exiling the wood stove to the shed, my dear wife had planned to surprise me with this unicorn for my collection. Unfortunately, due to inflexible fingers (the furnace having conked out again), she had dropped the unicorn and its head had departed its body. Thus I found her in the kitchen, awash in tears, trying to reunite the two pieces.

"My hands are too cold," she whimpered.

The surprise element by this time pretty well shot, I volunteered to apply the glue and hold the head in place until it dried. "It dries in only a minute," dear wife sniffled as she shuffled off to bed until the repairman could reschedule an appearance. (It seems that in retrieving our space heater, I had turned off the heat tape.)

And for once, by golly, she was right. No more than a minute later the unicorn head was cemented to my finger. The glue tube offering no directions for the removal of a blown-glass unicorn head from the human finger, I may have to be so adorned until the thing wears off.

In the meantime, I'll be working in the shed. A unicorn head on my finger won't be too much of a handicap when it comes to putting up a chimney.




## The Perfect Squelch

A real-estate agent, seeking to sell land in southern Texas to a group of frostbitten Kansans, gave them an elaborate buildup about "The Land Where the Sunshine Spends the Winter," and then brought them down to see the region in January—just as it was shivering through the coldest weather and heaviest snowfall ever recorded there.

The Kansans, in an unthawing mood, declared that if they had wanted snow they could have stayed in Kansas.

The real-estate agent, desperate, suggested that they call over a 14-year-old boy and ask him how often he had ever seen snow.

"This is the first snow I've ever seen," the young Texan declared. As the agent brightened, the boy added: "But I've seen it rain twice."

*—Mrs. A. A. Wiede*

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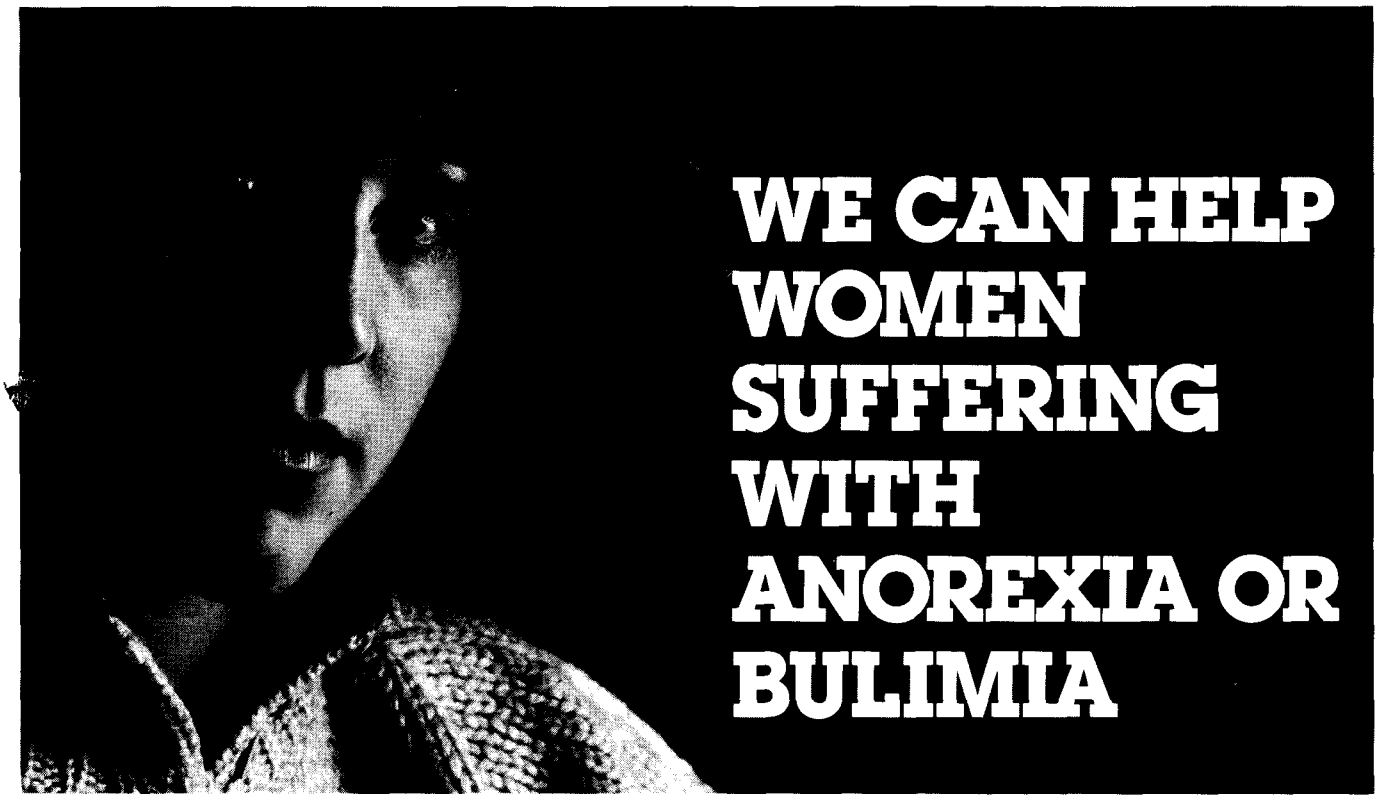

# WE CAN HELP WOMEN SUFFERING WITH ANOREXIA OR BULIMIA

## New Hope Begins at Remuda Ranch

**A SAFE, SECURE, AND CARING ENVIRONMENT.** Remuda Ranch is a residential treatment center for women only and is exclusively dedicated to the treatment of anorexia and bulimia. The ranch is significantly different from the institutional focus of traditional hospitals and clinics.

**A COMPREHENSIVE PROGRAM.** Remuda Ranch treatment programs provide a balance of medical, psychological and spiritual emphasis, designed to produce continuing lifestyle change. Our individualized approach, combined with family involvement, allows each guest to build the confidence necessary to deal with the problems and stresses of everyday life without starving, bingeing or purging.

**A HIGHLY SKILLED PROFESSIONAL STAFF.** Our medical, psychiatric, and clinical program staff prepares each Remuda Ranch guest to return to her family with the courage and determination to live a happy, healthy, and productive life.

A critical part of our continuing commitment to our guests once they have left Remuda Ranch is to maintain a referral program with affiliated professionals around the country who provide our guests and their families with on-going support and treatment.

**A RELAXED WESTERN SETTING.** Remuda Ranch provides a broad range of activities including a complete equestrian program as an integral part of our individualized therapy. Each guest actively participates in every phase of her own recovery. This active yet casual Western setting is located in the high Sonoran desert of Wickenburg, Arizona, 60 miles northwest of Phoenix.

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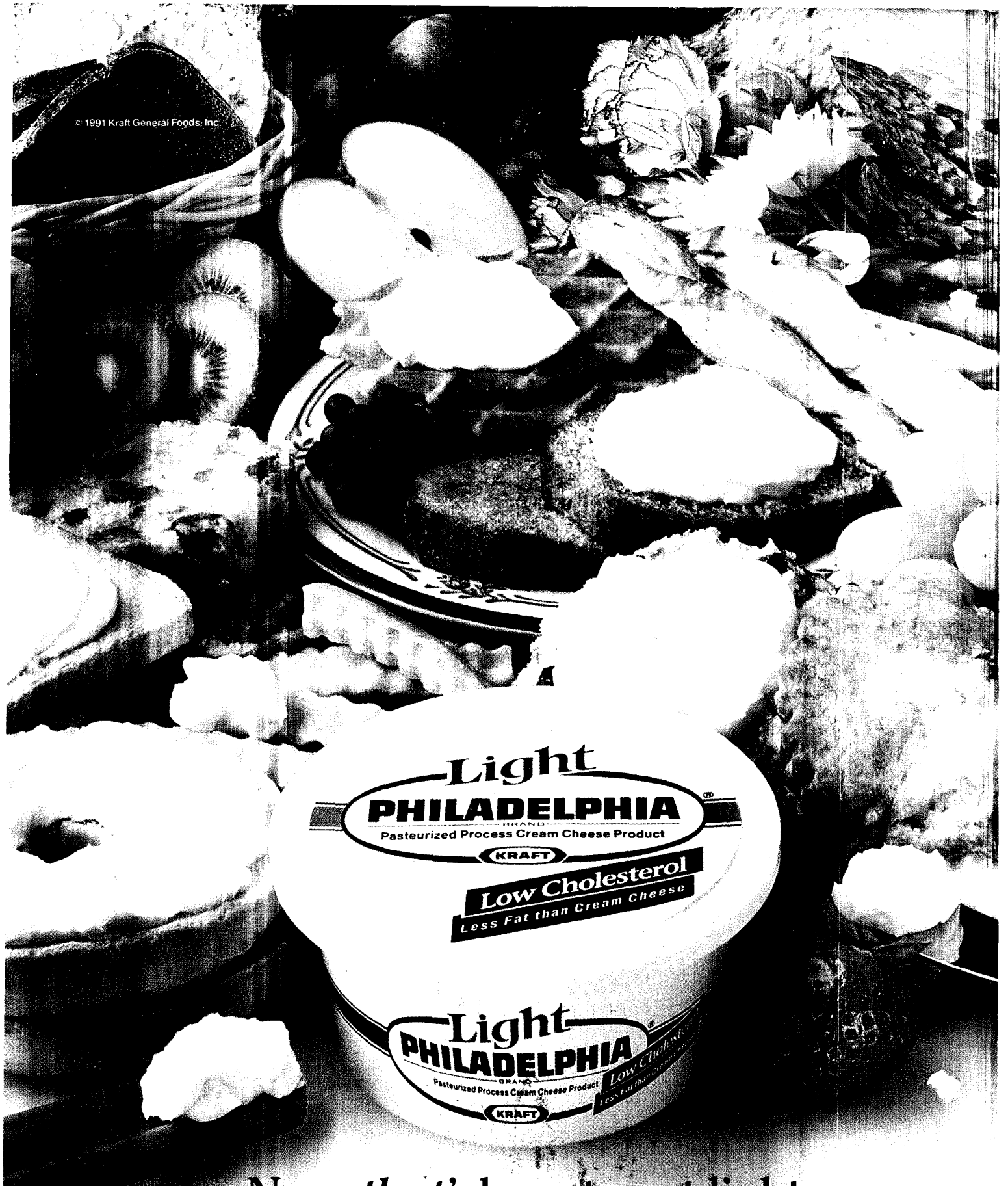


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